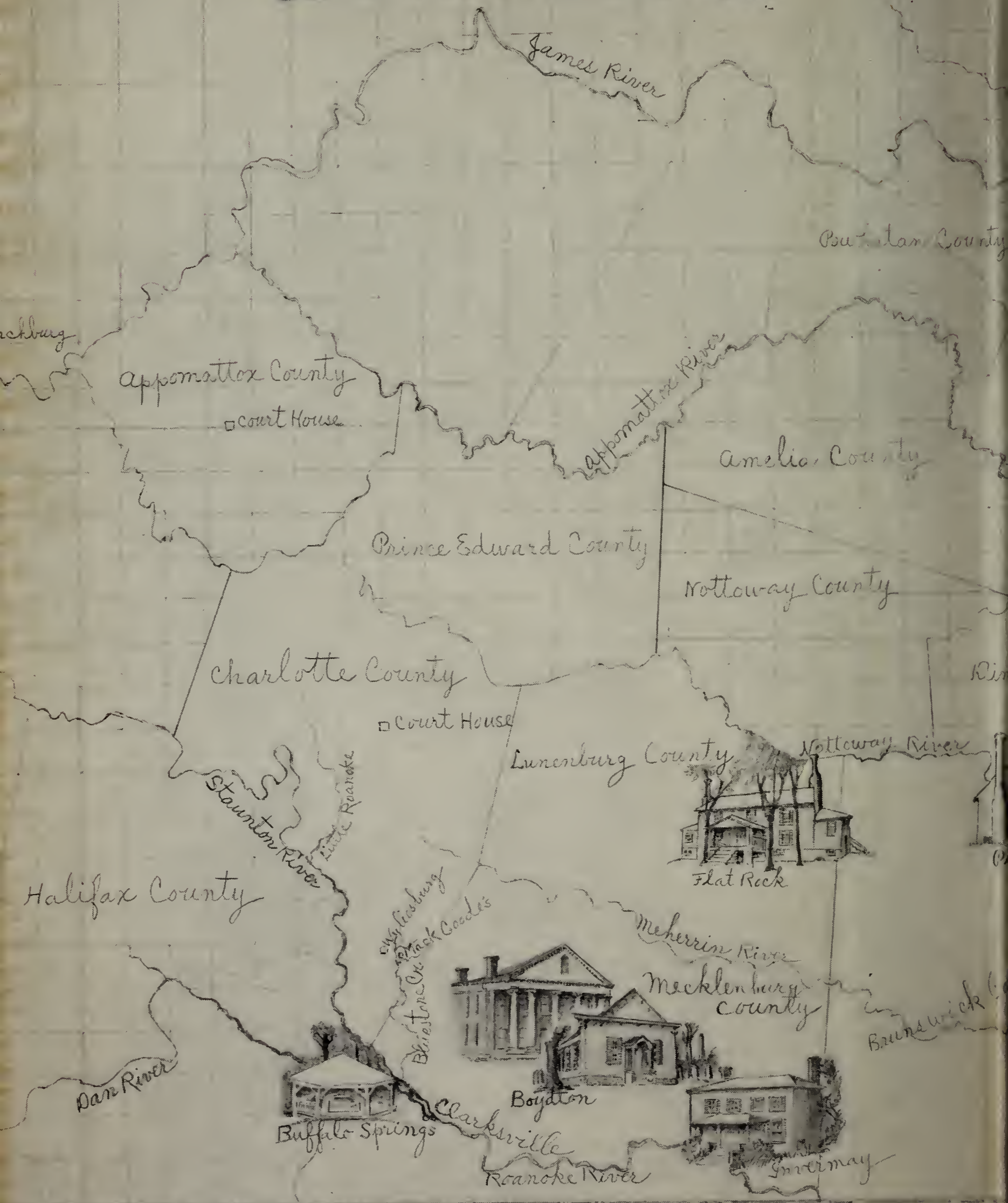


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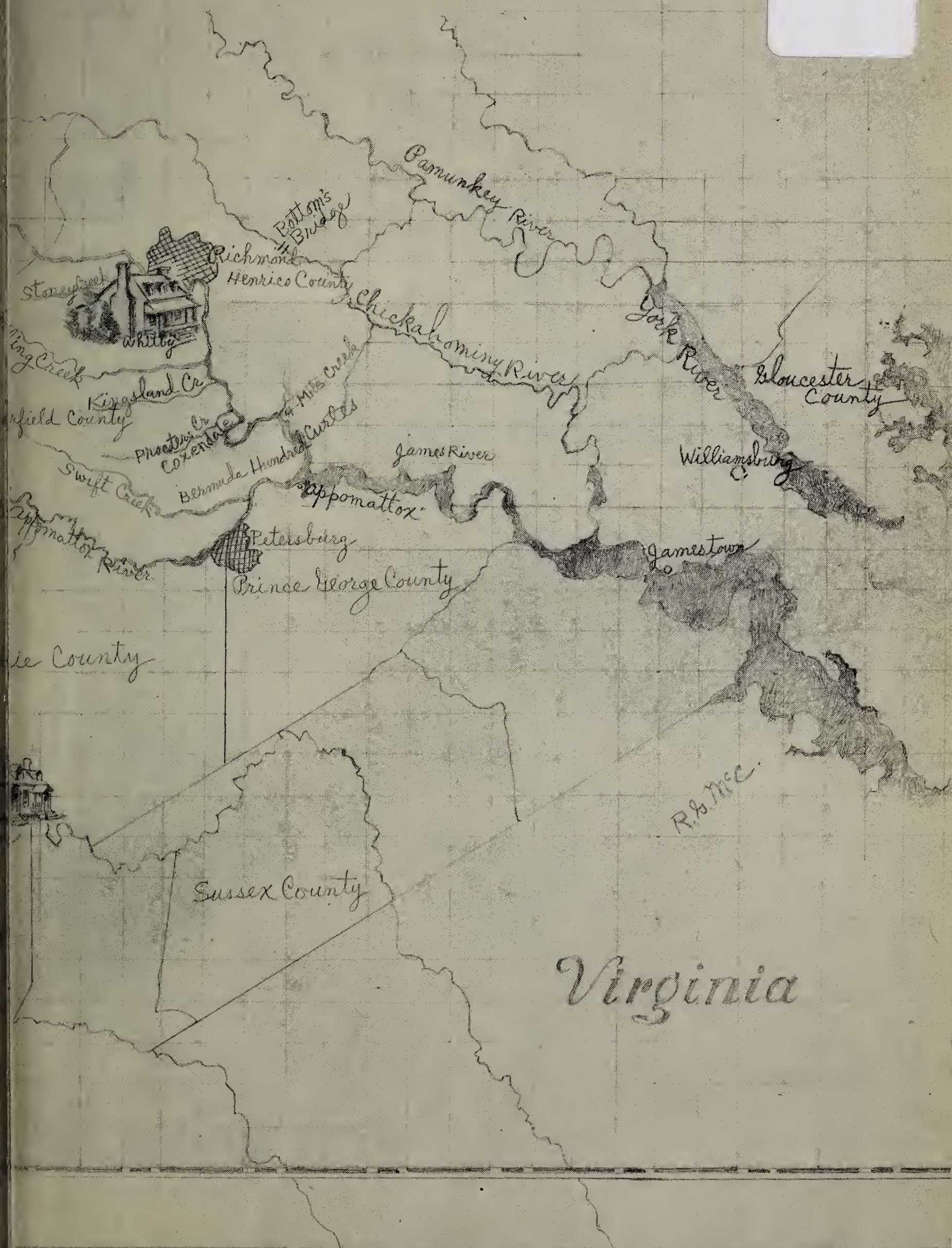


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With best wishes,
Rose Goode McCullough.



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YESTERDAY
WHEN IT IS PAST

FOR EDWARD



EDWARD GOODE McCULLOUGH
at the age of ten
when this book was begun for him by his mother.

YESTERDAY WHEN IT IS PAST



*Written by Rose Chambers Goode McCullough
for her son
Edward Goode McCullough*

“For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past,
and as a watch in the night.”
Psalm 90:4

1957

Richmond

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Virginia

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1206083

Edward, I finished your book today.

Carver - \$7.50
You knew about it, and sometimes I told you some little thing about the people in it which I thought might interest you; but I knew you weren't really listening. Often the manuscript would lie about on one end of the dining room table for days, weighted with reference books to keep it from blowing off in the breeze from the open windows; but you never asked me what part I was working on, or how I was getting along with it. I don't think you ever consciously noticed that it was there. I didn't care—I was like that myself when I was young. I thought you would grow up to it in time, or maybe your children would care.

It seems very little to show for twenty years work; but it doesn't really represent twenty years work, just bits and pieces put together in whatever intervals of time were left over from twenty years of living.

I don't know that I ever would have finished it at all, if you had lived. Making a home for you took more time and strength than you realized. But of course, afterwards, I have had so much time; and now your book is finished.

Fathers and mothers who have died live on in this world, in a sense, in their children. If that is so, might it not be that something of a loving father or mother goes into the next world with a child who went first? For something that was a part of them, is still a part of them, has gone on ahead. Sometimes I think I know more about heaven than I think I do, and that I look on the vicissitudes of life with an inexplicable detachment and serenity. So much that once seemed important has turned out to be of no consequence at all.

But some things grow more real, as others fade. You grow more real. You grow more real all the time, not left behind in the months and years, but a little ahead on the road, so that I move toward you, not away from you.

The people in your book, most of whom have been gone so long, seem very real, too—they and the many others who each had their small share in the making of my son.

I remind myself sometimes, when it sweeps over me like a dark tide how many people there are in all the generations, and how confusing it must be for God (the God of my limited perception) to know each of His children as an individual, that never in all the spaces of the uni-

verse, all the endlessness of time, will there occur again exactly the combination that produced you. There is only one you.

God understands. He won't offer us a substitute for our own.

—Your mother.

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA
JANUARY 22, 1956

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INTRODUCTION

VERY far back in my memory lies a dim impression of my mother reading aloud to Mabel and me a book called "*Did-die, Dumps and Tot*;" so far back, that the only definite impression it left on my mind was that somebody got butt by a sheep, and that we laughed at it a great deal. Later, my dear, I read *Diddie, Dumps and Tot* aloud to you, and I had grown so much and learned so much in the meantime that what impressed me at this second reading was a remark made by the childrens' old friend, Daddy Jake: "An' weneber yer gits de time, an' kin come down hyear any ebenin', de ole man he'll struck you, caze he's gwine erway fo' long, an' dem things wat he knows is onbeknownst ter de mos uv folks."

That applies to your mother, too. She is going away before long, and even now many of the things she knows are "onbeknownst ter de mos uv folks." I must write them down for you, while I am here to do it.

A Mrs. Branham, of Georgia (a great-grand-daughter of Samuel Goode of "Invermay") said of her Goode ancestors: "The Goodes were more refined and literary and were perhaps a little too proud and claimed to be F. F. V.s, but I believe not much can be said against them." It seems, on the whole, a mild estimate; but in writing of the family, it is not my intention to praise or discredit it, but to preserve for my son (and for his cousins) such knowledge of the facts as I have been able to acquire.

In August, 1933, on the eve of our departure from Virginia to our homes in Tennessee and South Carolina, my sister Mabel and I spent a quiet half-hour together in our family lot at the old Presbyterian churchyard in Boydton. You were there, too, more quiet and unobtrusive than usual, as if you realized it was not a time for interruptions, or for a child's demands. When you were tired of standing, you climbed to the big marble Bible open on Aunt Henrietta's massive stone and sat there cross-legged, listening to us with a grave and thoughtful expression, as if you understood, at least in part, what we were saying. Our father had died less than two months before, and his grave was still bare and red among the weathered mounds about it. Ivy had been planted on it, but had not survived the summer sun.

Mabel and I had been staying at Buffalo Springs for two weeks, with our husbands and my boy Edward. You. We had come and

gone between Buffalo and Boynton, attending to necessary business, and superintending the cleaning and putting in order of our old home, to be handed over to strangers. It had been a time of physical and emotional stress, and now, with everything done, we had come to make this little farewell visit to the churchyard before saying goodbye to Virginia, and to each other. It would seem that it must have been a time of peculiar sadness, but to both of us it came as an hour of transcendent peace. Webster gives as one definition of transcendent: "Exceeding the bounds of human knowledge." I use it in that sense, and I know of no other word so applicable to that hour beside the graves of our dead.

Our dead? They had never seemed so real, so close. It was as if the memorial stones had vanished, the mounds been levelled, and in their stead the enclosure held a little company of men and women whose eyes were turned on us with smiling looks of kindness and affection. There were children, too—three babies, and a little boy. We talked of the different ones, and of how some of them had stood broken-hearted where all was now so tranquil. They were the family of one man and his wife, gathered round them in death as in life—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, with their husbands and wives. And we spoke of how nearly complete it was. Room for Gordon Goode to be laid to rest beside his father and mother; perhaps one other, two at most; and then, no more. Mabel and Gena and I, we children of one home, one heritage, would not be gathered to our fathers save in the spirit; and when that time came, who would be left to name the name of one of those we had known and loved, to the children who would come after us? Children whose gaiety, whose courage, whose ability—weaknesses too—will be rooted deeper than they know; will thread their secret way back to some man, some woman, long sleeping in that country churchyard.

Mr. Landon Bell, in *The Old Free State*, says of the scarcity of information about Lunenburg County's Revolutionary record: "Lunenburg had shared the common fate of all peoples who neglect their own history. What is known to everybody of one generation is known by none of the succeeding generations unless someone took the pains to record the facts." That is true of families as of larger groups, and the truth of it came home to me that afternoon. I thought of the questions I could have asked at any time for forty years, which no one in all the world could answer now. I wished someone had anticipated that time, and left for me written, accessible records to which I might turn in my belated interest.

One man had done what he could to fill this need, at least in part.

The Goode family owes a great deal to one of its members, George Brown Goode, LL. D., PH. D., who in 1888 published:

VIRGINIA COUSINS
A study of the
Ancestry and posterity
of
John Goode of Whitby
A Virginia Colonist of the seventeenth century,
with notes upon related families, a key to
Southern geneology
and a history of the English surname
Gode Goad Goode or Good
from 1148 to 1887

It is not my intention to deal with the descendants of John Goode of Whitby in all their branches, however glad I might be to claim kin with them. I shall confine myself to the direct line linking you, my son, and your cousins, to John Goode and the English ancestors of John Goode. This line does not include George Brown Goode, but it seems fitting that grateful mention should be made of his name at the outset, and I hope that no member of the family who reads these words will fail to join me in the personal gratitude I feel toward him for the labor, and above all the interest, which rescued from oblivion so much that concerns us. In April, 1952, the Daughters of the American Revolution honored his memory in a ceremony dedicating the marker on his grave in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, D. C. The inscription on the marker is as follows:

GEORGE BROWN GOODE
Born Feb. 13th, 1851, New Albany, Indiana
Died Sept. 1896, Washington, D. C.
In charge of the United States National Museum
And Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute
Designer of the Insignia of the Daughters of the
American Revolution. Chairman of the Advisory Committee.
A student of History, of Literature, and of Science.
A geneologist, and a loyal American Patriot.
Placed by the National Society of the
Daughters of the Revolution.
In grateful memory of a friend.
April 11th 1952

Virginia Cousins was treasure, but it was not enough. There were questions which might still be asked; records which might yet be searched; and of course I had a great deal of personal information

and a great many memories which would be as unfamiliar as Ancient Rome to the children to whom I suddenly felt such a sense of responsibility. And so here I am, writing a book like Brunfels the Monk, "because," as Donald Culross Peattie says in *Green Laurels*, "it was the book he wanted to read, and nobody wrote it for him." However, if it were not for you, my son, I would not write it. It is for you.

You are too young now, you will be too young for many years to come, to think much about those who are gone; but if you live to be a middle-aged man, you will find yourself journeying toward them, not away from them, and they will come back to meet you. You will understand many things you do not understand now, you will find you have grown close to those who were old when you were young, companionable with those who left the world before you entered it.

I wish to acknowledge gratefully the help I have received from Miss Virginia Goode, Judge Sterling Hutcheson, Messrs. John and Nat G. Hutcheson, Mrs. John Bugg (Carrie Goode), of Boydton; Mr. Morton Goode of Dinwiddie; Mrs. Norton Mason, of Richmond; all these of Virginia. Also Mrs. W. C. Moore, (Madge Goode) of Stamford, Connecticut, and Mrs. J. F. Oertal, of Washington, North Carolina.

I wish particularly to thank the following for permission to use material copyrighted by them: Mr. Fay Ingalls, of Hot Springs, Virginia; Judge Walter Burgwyn Jones, of Montgomery, Alabama; Mrs. Alice V. D. Pierrepont, of 344 S.W. 13th Avenue, Miami, Florida; Mr. Earle Lutz, of Richmond, Virginia; Mr. Landon Bell, of "Bonnie Briar," Falls Church, Virginia; Mr. Perceval Reniers, of "Chevron," White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia; Mr. Everard K. Meade, of "Edgewood," Boyce, Virginia; Mr. John W. Tisdale, of Clarksville, Virginia; and Charles Scribners Sons, of New York City, New York.

There are some others of whom I think gratefully, who have themselves become a part of yesterday when it is past: Miss Willie Garland, of Greensboro, North Carolina; Mrs. Robert Nelson (Mary Brame) of Chase City, Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Tucker of McKenney, Virginia; General Jefferson Randolph Kean, retired; Mrs. Philip Briscoe, Sr., of Knoxville, Tennessee; and Mr. J. Cutler Galusha, of Dinwiddie, Virginia. I know they would all be very happy that the questions they answered so willingly for me were asked in time.

YESTERDAY
WHEN IT IS PAST

FOR EDWARD

THE FIRST GRAVE

MARY CHAMBERS

daughter of EDWARD

R. and LUCY G. CHAMBERS

Born March 13, 1834

Died May 9, 1834

THERE belongs to every family group some one grave which might be labelled: "Introduction to Death."

In our lot at the Presbyterian Church at Boynton there are three little graves in a row which have a poignant appearance, among the taller stones and longer mounds, of being doll-graves, such as a child might make playing at death on a summer morning; but when Mary Chambers, who lacked four days of being two months old, was laid in her small bed, that little mound must have dominated with a strange impressiveness the otherwise empty lot.

Her father and mother had been married ten years when this, their sixth child, was born. Her father was nearing forty, her mother was twenty-nine years old, in that day an advanced and matronly age. There was Big Sister Henrietta, who was eight; there was Brother; and there were little sisters Bettie and Pink and Jinny; and then came this little Mary, who was to do what none of them had done, and teach them things none of them had ever known: who was to introduce that household to Death.

For ten years the doll's-size grave lay solitary under its blanket of snow—of grass—of fallen oak leaves rustling under a chill moon. Probably it was a lonely little grave, not often visited. The Chambers family had not then moved to Boynton, and miles were long over the roads of those days; and the church was new, as churches go, so that there were relatively few graves about it to act as magnets to remembering feet. The land on which the church was built had been acquired, as shown by the record in the Clerk's Office, on the

twenty-ninth of August, 1824, and while the deed states that the church had already been built on the property, it seems unlikely that it would have ante-dated very far the acquisition of the land; though in a letter written in 1845 it is mentioned as the old Presbyterian Church.

When Mary Chambers, if she had lived, would have been quite a big girl, who could read and write and work samplers, her little grave at last had companionship. One early autumn day there was a sound of voices, and of digging, and a smell of simple, homely flowers such as grew in old-fashioned gardens in September; and when everyone was gone, and everything was still again, another doll's-size grave lay close beside it, as if for company.



EDWARD GOODE McCULLOUGH
1923—1953



HENRIETTA LUCY CHAMBERS

THE SECOND GRAVE

LOUISA CHAMBERS

daughter of

EDWARD and LUCY CHAMBERS

. . . 1844 . . .

“**L**OUISA MILICENT CHAMBERS was born Sept. 12, 1844. Died Sept. 20, 1844,” says the family Bible of Edward R. Chambers.

THE THIRD GRAVE

Here reposes
the mortal remains of
HENRIETTA L.
daughter of
EDWARD R. and L. G. CHAMBERS

She was born on the 18th
January 1826
And died August 27, 1845

Young in years, but mature
in virtue and piety—
the grave to her was
the vestibule to a
glorious immortality.

HENRIETTA CHAMBERS was that miracle of miracles in any family—the first baby. It was she who taught a girl wife the meaning of motherhood, she on whom was concentrated for a brief space all the love and wonder of her parents. She was born nearly two years after her father's and mother's marriage, and when my own longed-for son arrived, after some five years of married life, a member of the family said to me that I might yet turn out to be like Grandma Chambers, who wore holes in the skirts of her dresses where she knelt on them, praying that she might have a child; after which, she had twelve, and concluded that after all, the Lord knew best.

But the joy attached to the coming of little Henrietta was not undiluted, indeed it was much tempered with sadness. She was born at her grandfather's home, "Flat Rock," in Lunenburg County, six days before her uncle, Henry Chambers of Alabama, died there under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Her name was after-

wards spelled Henrietta, but her father, writing it for the first time in the family Bible, spelled it Henryetta, and her mother called her "Henrie" till she died. She had at least two namesakes herself, though she never knew it. Her mother had a first cousin, Agnes Eppes Goode, who married James Williamson of Dinwiddie County and went in 1848 to Fayette County, Tennessee. Agnes left nine children, the eighth of whom, Henrietta Chambers, died unmarried. Henrietta's own first cousin, Edward Craig (the son of Ann Chambers Craig) named a daughter Henrietta Chambers. This child was born in Lunenburg during the Civil War, the family of Edward Craig being refugees there at the time, presumably from Kentucky, where he died in 1894. But in time the name, like that of Henrietta's little Aunt Millicent a generation before, became associated more with heartache than with happiness, and was discontinued in the family.

Henrietta's childhood must have been a happy one. She had Jack and Bettie and an endless succession of new babies to play with, and an ante-bellum southern plantation for a playground. She can hardly have remembered much, if anything, of her first home, Flat Rock; not enough to miss it, though perhaps she retained all her life an impression of clear water rippling over the exposed slabs of granite at the foot of the hill behind the house. The house in Mecklenburg was not nearly so fine, but it was in the country, with fields and barns and pasture lands with all their seasonal treasures to fill a child's small world. Not a great while before her death, the Chambers family moved to Boydton. A college town! Heaven might keep its harps and crowns, since its cherubims and seraphims had (inexplicably enough, it might seem to some) moved to Boydton in the guise of college students.

Not that there were many of them that session of 1844-45. We read in Irby's *History of Randolph-Macon College* that "the number of students was smaller than ever before . . . Students failed to attend because the impression was becoming prevalent that the College would be forced to close its doors. Besides, the farming community was receiving low prices for its crops. In 1845 the severest drough prevailed in Virginia ever known since 1816 . . . At the Commencement, June, 1845, a case of smallpox was reported on the first day. This threatened the total suspension of the exercises, and many visitors did return home." However, the first day's exercises were finally held at the Presbyterian Church, in Boydton;

and next day, when the excitement had quieted down a little, the graduation ceremonies went back to the college chapel.

What thrills for Henrie! What alternating depths of despair and heights of reassurance! She and Bettie had such pretty clothes, too, to be excited about. That first sensational day at the old Presbyterian Church, "they wore new white frocks tucked nearly to the waist with tucks about two inches wide leaving a space between of about the same width with a yoke behind and before of elegant insertion . . . with new white Berage scarfs with deep pink fringe on each end and crimped to correspond with the dressing on their bonnets which are of plain straw without flowers on the outside." Next day, when the services reverted to the chapel, "They wore new Berage dresses very pretty and costly of many colors, though purple the predominant one." The Chambers home was crowded with beaux that morning, "Mark among the number who was graduated in law and got the valedictory at the University." Dr. Neblett's son W and Mr. Whittle were there for dinner, "both great beaux, the one remarkable for his intellect the other for his money and good qualities;" also young Mr. Capers, a son of the distinguished Dr. Capers of South Carolina, and a Mr. B from Lynchburg. And even that wasn't all—that night they went to the promenading party, undoubtedly wearing their "new gauze poplins, very pretty."

What a day! I'm glad you had it, my dears—I'm glad you had it.

Childhood ended, Henrietta had that rose-leaf on any girl's cup of life, a suitor to give her stature as a woman, without the drawback of any emotional involvement. There were no heart-searchings in connection with him—Henrietta and Henrietta's mother took him in their stride. "He tells Mrs. Green if Henry does not have him it will kill him I think he will have to die then," observed Lucy heartlessly to Dear Mat, in Mississippi.

But there was romance, too. Even the children born long after she died, knew there was romance, on account of "Aunt Henrietta's rose." There had been some little misunderstanding between her and young Mark Alexander, the newly-graduated lawyer and valedictorian, but while she lay ill with typhoid fever those last days of summer, he carried her a bouquet of garden flowers; and a rose from the bouquet, planted through some prescient impulse, took root. It was the small, hardy red rose to be seen in so many old gardens—"Agrippina," I learned afterwards, was its name.

When I was married, in 1918, it was still blooming in the Chambers garden. Probably it was destroyed when the garden's new owners took over, in 1936. If I had known it in time, I might have made some effort to save it; and yet, to live on, transplanted, would not have been the same.

When young Mr. Mark Alexander was old Mr. Mark Alexander, he came to Boydton on a visit, and went to see Henrietta's sisters, Jinny and Molly, in the house where she had died. I do not know whether they told him about the rosebush, or not. It had all happened so long before, and life had separated them from Henrietta as much as death, or more than death. They were all so old, and she was so young.

It was on the night Henrietta died that her little brother Sterling, supposedly asleep in the room below, asked someone who tip-toed into the room in search of some needed thing, if they had seen the angels; and went on to explain that the hall had been filled with angels, going up and down the stairs. He had not been told that Henrietta had just died, and did not know that it was an appropriate time for angels, and that makes one wonder a little. Perhaps, if no one else saw them, Henrie did, for she said at the very last, "I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Not many young girls memorize that verse from Paul's second letter to the Corinthians: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," but Henrie had memorized it, and when she needed it, there it was, waiting for her.

Henrie had been eight years old when the first break in the family circle took place with the death of her baby sister, Mary. She was eighteen, and Jack was sixteen, and Bettie was fifteen, when "Louisa . . . 1844 . . ." came and went. These three children, who ate and slept and played and quarreled together, and shared these first impressions of Death, were all to meet him face to face while they yet walked beneath a morning sun; and since Henrietta was the only one to be buried in our lot, I will tell you here the brief story of the brother and sister who were nearest to her in age.

Bettie Chambers (Elizabeth Goode Chambers), sometimes mentioned as Liz, was born February 26, 1829, and was named for her mother's Aunt Betsey. Her baptism is recorded in the old Bath Parish Register as taking place in old Spony Church, Dinwiddie County, February 19, 1837. When Henrietta died, Bettie was six-

teen years old, which was older in those times than it is now. Witness the following letter written by her shortly after that same wonderful commencement, to her friend Mary Rainey, who soon afterwards married D'Arcy Paul, of Petersburg. This letter, carelessly folded and written in pencil, bears no address, it was evidently a rough draft of the elegant finished epistle which went to the admired Mary, and don't let it fool you about our Bettie, whose cheerful mind was quite as much on beaux as it was on crowns of righteousness.

My dear, *dear* Mary

We have received today a very unexpected summons to the couch of a sick relative & duty and affection prompt us to leave for Brunswick as soon as practicable, we may not meet again for some time. As you have not honored me with your confidence recently I have no reason to doubt the report that your destiny will soon be irrevocably linked with that of another. Allow me to say dear Mary that I sincerely hope your marriage with Mr. Paul will constitute a bright and joyous era in your life had you sought the world over you could not have found a nobler bosom for the home—the eternal home of your affections. But not even to D'Arcy am I willing to resign the small portion of your heart dedicated to myself. Dear dear Mary the hours I've spent in your delightful society have left me "joy for memory" & now that you are going away I feel desolate and lonely. I rejoice that "kindred age and sympathy of soul" weave ties not easily severed, for my love inviolate, true nothing can change nothing can diminish & I shall still cherish the hope however delusive that I shall not be forgotten after a short separation. I must say adieu altho, reluctantly. May kind heaven in its benignity bless prosper & promote your happiness in this world & secure for you in the dark and unknown future a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.

With every sentiment of esteem I remain your friend.

Bettie.

Five months after Henrietta's death, Bettie was married to Duncan Hubbard of Alabama, and died in Mississippi March 18, 1847, leaving an infant son who did not long survive her.

There was a beautiful old secretary in that upstairs room at the Chambers home known as "the Big Room," and Aunt Jennie told me once, when Gena and I were staying in that room while our home was being remodelled, that her mother had kept in its drawers the little personal belongings of Henrietta and Bettie, and that sometimes she would take them out, and look at them.

When Grandpa Chambers bought the house in Boydton to which the family moved not long before Henrietta's death, there were hanging on the parlor walls two tall mirrors in gilt frames, placed directly opposite each other, so that they reflected each other backwards and forwards in an endless vista. When a member of the family died, the body was placed on a couch in the center of the large room, between these two mirrors; and when a daughter of the house married, the wedding group, also, was reflected in them. They remained on the walls, undisturbed, until the house was sold and torn down in 1936, when one of them went to Jinny Laird's son, Dr. E. C. Laird, and one of them became mine. Sometimes I have tried to catch a glimpse in its misty depths of the child Bettie weeping by her sister's bier; and again, of the same slight figure as a bride: little Bettie Chambers, whom the mirrors of her father's house would not reflect again.

Jack Chambers (Edward St. John Chambers) undoubtedly had a great deal of charm. A number of people loved him, and overlooked his faults, for no valid reason. But he was an arrogant boy. I do not know how the dictionary defines arrogance, but I have my own definition. An arrogant person is one who feels it is a virtue, rather than a fatal defect, that his own pleasure is more important to him than another's pain. Jack did give his mother a present once that pleased her very much, a mahogany box that he bought for her in Clarksville; but a mahogany box once in a lifetime is not enough, and aside from that there is not much evidence of affection or consideration. He was no student, that is certain—his mother mentions in a letter written when he was seventeen that he had “at last squeezed into college by dropping latin;” and he was a restless boy, always on the go. Home ties never bound him very noticeably—he even took a room at the college during his brief stay in scholastic circles, though his family lived only a mile away. He seems to have made his own plans with very little interference from his elders, who had probably learned the futility of contending with him, and he is sometimes reported as being at Brother Edward's in Brunswick County, sometimes at Brother Tom's in North Carolina, and once we hear of him as having been as far from home as Nag's Head, and wanting to go again. “I do not know how he is getting on,” comments his mother wistfully, as she mentions this in one of her letters to Sister Mat (Mrs. Sterling Tucker).

College was not a success, latin or no latin, and when he was eighteen Jack decided to go still further afield, and visit the Sterling Tuckers in Mississippi. Just after his nineteenth birthday we find his mother writing Dear Mat:

"I suppose by this time my dear Jack is with you, far, far away, a mother feels the separation and whilst his heart is light, mine is sad, the fear that I have not discharged my duty as a Christian mother, perhaps that I have not set before him the truly pious example that I should have done, such thoughts force themselves upon me whenever his name is called . . . But dear Mattie, you must take my place, be to him a mother, admonish him when necessary, keep him in the right path, he is young and needs advice."

Jack's visit to Mississippi was a lengthy one. It is a year later that his father complains to Dear Mat that his family has not been hearing from him. "Where is Jack?" begs his mother in a postscript to the same letter. "He writes me very seldom, and I am always uneasy about him since the cholera has raged to such an extent in N. Orleans. Please tell me what is his employment, does he do anything is he attending to any business making a crop with Dick or what . . . Answer all these questions if you please dear Mat."

Another six months, and there has been some purported improvement—at least his father excuses himself to Dr. Tucker for a long silence by saying that he has been hearing from him through Jack who wrote regularly; this change for the better being somewhat modified by an absent-minded observation in a later letter that Jack's father had had but one letter from him since he left home, and that one unanswered. I suppose, with Lucy in the family, no one else felt called on to do much writing at that end. Lucy just about covered the ground.

In the letter mentioning Jack's faithful, if hypothetical, reports from Mississippi, his father goes on to say that Jack's mother is very anxious to see him, and wishes him to come home—a decision he leaves with Dr. Tucker, merely remarking that if Jack was going to reside in Mississippi they could not afford to pay the expenses of a trip every year to see him, "but if you think he could be spared this fall I would be glad for Lucy to be gratified . . . Tell Martha that I know she loves him but she loves Lucy too and she will not object to his coming if it is convenient for him to do so."

That Martha! She loved everybody. But she did not find it convenient for Jack to visit his home that fall, or Dr. Tucker

could not spare him, or he just did not want to go. I know which I'd bet on if there was any money up. He seems to have started planting on his own the following spring, or rather in partnership with his uncle Edward Tucker, who was still living in Virginia; and his father seems to have been considerably disturbed over the first reports of this venture. "We got a letter this evening from Jack written at Mobile," he wrote Dr. Tucker in March, 1850. "Lucy has answered it—I fear he, and Edw will do a bad business, planting—you are best able to advise him—but you are I fear a sanguine calculator . . . I fear he has taken up a wrong impression of the proper conduct of an employer toward his overseer, no man should employ one whom he does not consider honest and trustworthy, and such a man is entitled to respectful treatment, nothing would sooner render a man unpopular in the community than a proud and insolent bearing toward those who are placed below him in fortune's scale—humility is a virtue only when exercised toward those whom we look upon as our inferiors—and even pride ceases to be offensive when it is exhibited only to our equals—Jack complained that the overseer had left the plantation without his permission—now he should not have employed a man who would have made so humiliating a contract, & has no right to complain that it was violated . . . Jack has fallen into an error, his heart I know would prompt him to be kind and respectful to anybody . . . Make Jack write—he says he has written often but few letters have been received and many have been written to him."

That same year Lucy, accepting the inevitable, writes Dear Mat: "And dear Jack what is he doing I wish I knew. I want to see him so much . . . but he belongs to you Mat I shall have to be so accommodating as to give him up." And still the mother in her reaches out wistfully toward her boy, and she paints a little picture of something gay and tender that might have been, but wasn't: "Mr. Chambers," she goes on to say, "took me in the buggy with his horse a few Sundays back to go to college and the horse would not hold back well and I became frightened and would get out and he declared I should never get in it again with him and I was glad of it for I never meant to do it anyhow. But if I had Jack here he would laugh, blep his soul, and help me in, and then we would jog along as sweetly as ever."

This was in October, 1851, and by the following July we find Lucy in anything but a laughing mood where her son was con-

cerned. She wants to know what her dear Jack is doing, also "does he ever talk about dieing, tell him he cannot live here always I do not wish to make him serious but Mat it seems to me if I were to lose one who had *no hope* of happiness in another world I should lose my senses."

Some sober thinking was in order along about then, for Dr. Sterling Tucker's health was failing rapidly, and Jack and Dear Mat got him over the long miles somehow, in time to die at home. Lucy was too ill, herself, to go to Brunswick when they arrived, and Jack went up to Boydton instead to see his family and make his report. Poor Lucy writes in a note for him to take back to Mat: "I will not insist on Jack's staying longer than in the morning knowing that my poor brother was distressed at his leaving him, but when he gets better won't you send him up again . . . I have so short a time to talk to Jack I must say farewell . . ."

Lucy was very ill when she wrote that. She was very ill when she wrote dear, widowed Mat the following fall, begging her to come home, to tell Jack "to *finish* his business so he can stay as long as possible." She had, indeed, so short a time to talk to Jack; but whether he went home at that time, or how long he stayed, I do not know. There was never any permanent return—Mississippi had become his home.

A year or two before his death, Jack married Margaret J. Waddell, of North Carolina—"Sister Mag." His younger sister, Jinny, had a handsome diamond ring which Jack wanted for Sister Mag, probably as an engagement ring, and he persuaded Jinny to let him have it in exchange for two slaves, valued at two thousand dollars; but the Civil War soon made Jinny's exchange a more than doubtful bargain, her two slaves not remaining for any great while currency of the realm. Her brother, however, did not live long enough to be troubled by any question of ethics in the matter. Lucy's cousin, the Honorable William O. Goode, living at that time at "Wheatland," some ten miles from Boydton, had a daughter Lila, who kept a diary begun on New Year's Day, 1857, and ending with the death of her father in 1859. Through her eyes we see now and then a small, clear, fleeting picture of some contemporary incident, unimportant at the time, treasured now; and sometimes a word in her fine, delicate writing tells a story no other pen can now tell. In her diary we find this entry for June 7, 1859: "Dr.

Laird and Mr. Goode came out this afternoon, the first visit from any of the Chambers family since last summer. Jack is very sick, his father started to Mississippi this morning, and Dr. Laird and Pink go tomorrow."

It must have been an urgent message which caused the hasty departure of the father a day ahead of the beloved daughter who had been the head of his household since the death of her mother five years before. One is prepared for the outcome. Jack died of typhoid fever eighteen days later.

After his death, his widow moved to Baltimore, and sometimes she, with her sister ("Sister Annice," Dr. William Howard's first wife) used to visit the Chambers family in Boynton. I never saw her, or heard a great deal about her, but as a child I did not think highly of Sister Mag, and I am sorry to say that now I am a woman, old enough to have at least theoretically developed tolerance and understanding, I still do not think very highly of her. For one thing, she used to observe the anniversaries of her husband's death, quite often as the guest of his family in Boynton, by spending them shut up in her bedroom alone, fasting and presumably praying. This could not have been very helpful or comforting for others, who had burdens of their own to bear, and some of whom, like herself, remembered the day with a heartache. I expect the Greeks had a word for it.

As a widow, Aunt Mag became quite a *religieuse*; so much so, that in after years we were startled to discover that my sister Gena, about thirteen years old at the time, believed "Aunt Mag's Church" to be the orthodox and ecclesiastical name of Mt. Cavalry Episcopal Church in Baltimore. When she died, she left her jewels to this church—Aunt Jennie's diamond, I suppose, along with the rest—and I retain an impression that they were set in a communion service.

I liked Sister Annice better than I liked Sister Mag. Those of the family who spoke of her to me took her for granted, and neither described nor commented on her, but I received a general impression of affectionate regard, and I always thought it sweet and quaint that the sister of their sister-in-law should be so simply and matter-of-factly "Sister Annice" to them all. She left my grandmother, and I believe my grandmother's two living sisters, two thousand dollars each when she died. This may have been—I do not know that it was—because the money came to her from

her sister, and so indirectly from Jack Chambers; but even if that was her reason, it showed what the Bible characterizes as "an excellent spirit."

Of all things on earth, my grandmother, the wife of a small-town lawyer and the mother of a growing family, spent that money for a pair of diamond ear-rings. When I was quite small I used to search about in the grass in our front yard for some little seed-puffs like miniature dandelion balls, which fascinated me because I thought them, and proclaimed them, "just like Grandma's year-rings." She ceased to wear them when she went into mourning for my grandfather, and years later she had the two beautifully matched stones, with a third diamond larger than either, set in a bar-pin for her daughter Kate. At that time my Aunt Kate was very much interested in astronomy, and we learned to identify Altair, one of the twenty stars of the first magnitude, by likening it, with the two smaller stars on each side, to her bar-pin. When she died this pin, with some other less valuable jewelry, was in a box in her bedroom. My grandmother being ill at the time, the room was locked and left undisturbed for months, and during this period the pin was stolen, box and all.

Henrietta would not begrudge space in her brief history for the brother and sister who were her playmates, whose little faces were washed by the same brown hands that washed her little face, who sat around the same table with her three times a day, who laughed with her and wept with her and were thrilled with her over the rich plenty of childish excitements on the plantation; and who lie among strangers, far from where she sleeps, companioned by the loved and the familiar. Still, this is Henrietta's chapter, and it must end, as it begun, with Henrietta. Years after her death, her little sister Rosa's daughter Kate published a volume of poems,¹ which included this one:

A ROSE-BUSH IN A GARDEN

You see this rose-bush by the garden walk,
Its blossoms all a-blush and wet with dew;
Now if some poet listened to our talk,
And heard its story, fresh to him, and new,
I think he would not ask a sweeter theme
Than this old rose-bush in full bloom, would seem.

¹ *The First Fruits*, by Kate Tucker Goode. Fleming-Revell Company, 1914.

A story? Nay, I cannot make it so,
It has no climax, tell it how I may;
Just one of God's unfinished things, that go
To make us thoughtful on a summer's day,
And glad to know that in some way most meet
He brings completeness from the incomplete.

A happy maiden once, in days gone by,
Loved one who loved her; that is all the tale.
Then came a lovers' quarrel, like the sigh
Of gentle zephyrs, when two blossoms frail
Are fanned apart; but by one stem made fast,
Will sway together when the breeze is past.

But suddenly she sickened, and his love
In swift imploring, sent a gift of flowers:
Mock-orange, like those clusters there above,
And roses such as grew in old-time bowers;
She knew full well the meaning that they spake,
And smiled upon the blossoms for his sake.

Then one who watched in silence by her bed
And knew, as youth knows not, what death can dare,
Stole from her hand a spray of roses red
And planted it within this garden fair.
The red rose lived, its young shoots spread and grew,
But she, wrapped in white roses, never knew.

Full sixty springs this old rose-bush has grown
And lifted up green buds and tender leaves;
Full sixty summers have its roses blown,
And breathed their fragrance on the morns and eves,
While that young love and hope slept in the dust;
These blooms may be God's tokens: Wait, and trust.

THE FOURTH GRAVE

Sacred to the memory of
STERLING T. CHAMBERS

son of EDW. R. and
LUCY G. CHAMBERS

Born October 8, 1839
Died July 28, 1848

STERLING was the little boy who said the house was filled with angels the night his sister Henrietta died—who cried out to an older member of the family who slipped quietly into the room where he was supposedly asleep, “Oh, did you see them? Did you see them?” and when questioned, said he had seen angels pass through the room, and that the hall was full of angels going up and down the stairs. It was the back hall, and the stairs were back stairs, narrow and steep. It was August, so “the Chamber” door stood open, and the little boy, lying in his trundle bed, which was pulled out at night from under the great four-poster bed of his father and mother, would have been able to see from the darkened room whatever passing to and fro there was in the hall outside. If you will think of some five-year-old child you know, you will realize that he was a very little boy, and perhaps he did see the angels, for he was still pure in heart, like those who see God; and they may have showed themselves to him because they knew that before very long he would see them again.

Sterling Tucker Chambers was named for his mother’s brother, Dr. Sterling H. Tucker. In his will, made some time before the birth of little Sterling, his grandfather, Colonel John Tucker, named his second son, Sterling H., as trustee for that part of his estate bequeathed to his daughter, Lucy Chambers. The will, which seems to have been a carefully considered one, gives no reason why Sterling, only twenty-seven years old at the time, should have been

appointed to administer the trust rather than one of the other brothers, or jointly with another brother; but as Colonel Tucker seemed to have confidence in all his sons, perhaps it points silently to some special affection between Lucy and the brother for whom, three years later, she named her second son.

I do not know why Dr. Sterling Tucker went to Mississippi, which was further from Virginia then than Australia is today. After completing his education at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, he settled for awhile in Brunswick County, Virginia, and married a Brunswick girl, Martha Field. It seems improbable that his father foresaw such a move, for he not only made him trustee for his sister, but his own legacy would suggest that personal supervision was called for and expected: "... the tract called Farmer's Hope; the tract of land purchased by Colonel H. Tucker of Mike Maidlin and willed by him to me lying on the north side of Sturgeon Creek; also the tract of land called Springfield including the mill thereon, with all the stock, plantation utensils and crops of every description, growing or severed which may be on the tract of land at the time of my death, except the tobacco—I also give him one equal fourth part of all my slaves, to him and his heirs forever."

Perhaps Sterling was naturally adventurous, but held at home by family ties during his father's life-time. On the other hand, Brown Goode speaks of him as planting on an extensive scale in Mississippi, as well as practising his profession, and perhaps Mr. Landon Bell gives us a clue to his migration in the following paragraphs from *The Old Free State*:

"So it turned out, the attitude of the north regarding the freeing of slaves was that they insisted they should be freed by the slave states, but that they should not be allowed even as free men to go into the northern and western states.

"In Virginia, with the slave population, by natural increase, growing more and more numerous, the soil becoming more and more impoverished, and the slave-owners finding it more and more difficult to make ends meet, with mortgages on practically every plantation, the owners of slaves were forced to seek some measure of relief from the congestion of the slave population. This was done in various ways; by emancipation where possible, but the slaves would not always accept freedom.

"The Virginians purchased land in Mississippi and Alabama, and under their sons, sons-in-law, or others, founded new plantations, largely

for the purpose of providing for the expansion of the slave families . . . [this] which under the circumstances was the most humane a justly disposed and generous hearted people could devise, has been malevolently misrepresented, . . .”

Dr. Sterling Tucker moved to Mississippi early in 1845, and had been living there some years when his namesake died, but had his memories of him, and very likely the little boy represented to him the son he never had. “Tell sister she must make up her mind to give me my own little Sterling, for I will have him,” wrote Dr. Tucker’s wife when Sterling’s brother Harvey was born.

Sterling had another friend in his mother’s family, too, for did not his mother’s Aunt Betsey give him, for a plaything, the five-year-old-son of her maid? In my young days, my conception of Aunt Betsey as an individual and slavery as an institution were confused and intermingled. It seemed to me equally monstrous that a woman would, or could, give away another woman’s child, and I thought of Aunt Betsey with an enormous amount of righteous indignation. Later on, I learned from history of the repeated, but unsuccessful efforts of the Virginia colonists to abolish the slave-trade, determinedly fostered by the English government for the benefit of English shipping; and I could comprehend the practical difficulties faced by their descendants. The Virginia House of Burgesses, when it was dissolved by Governor Dunmore in 1774 only to reassemble at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, agreed, among other things, that they would “neither ourselves import, nor purchase, any slave or slaves, imported by any other person, after the first day of December next;” and in 1778 Virginia became “the first country in the world to set the seal of reprobation upon . . . the African slave-trade,”¹ by a law passed in that year prohibiting the further importation of slaves. But it was too late then. The mischief was done, and an ever-increasing negro population was becoming not only a public, but a private problem. So years afterwards, there was Aunt Betsey, well past sixty, with no establishment of her own where a place might be made for him, faced with the necessity of making some provision for the maintenance and training of this child whom she could hardly expect to see reach maturity. No doubt the relationship between her and her maid was a kindly one—if it had not been, she would have chosen another maid. Very likely the two women held consultations together over the problem of the boy’s future,

¹ Minor.

and were in agreement that placing him in the Chambers household, where as Sterling's companion he would be assured of kind and careful supervision, promised more than any other arrangement for his ultimate welfare. The mother and son were not lost to each other. Aunt Betsey spent a good deal of time with her niece, and of course took her maid with her. "Cousin Lucy Capehart," the granddaughter of Lucy's brother Tom, wrote me in a letter dated in her inimitable fashion, the Eve of 15th Sunday after Trinity 1949: "I saw the records [of old Sapony Church] in Dinwiddie. The attention to the servants receiving baptism and confirmation and funeral rites was most gratifying. Aunt Ussie was Aunt Betsey's maid and used to come to see my grandfather in my childhood and was a member of the Episcopal church."

Years afterwards, Sterling's sister Molly spoke to me of this little colored boy. She said that he had never been in the residence at "Rome," the plantation where Aunt Betsey lived with her nephew, Edward Tucker, and when he became Sterling's playmate, and with his little master came into one of the bedrooms for the first time, he was overwhelmed by the sight of the big mirror in a wardrobe door. He had never seen a mirror before, and was terrified by his own reflection. She said that after the Negroes were freed, he went west, and the family lost track of him, but that years afterwards he returned to the community for a visit, a middle-aged man who had prospered under the changed conditions of his life; and that while there he came to see her and her sister Jinny, all that were left in the old home he remembered, to talk of old times and to recall childish recollections which seemed to him happy ones. He thanked them for their family's kindness to the little boy he had been. It is likely that Sterling's "slave," if it had become necessary to return him to the quarters, would have been filled with consternation. It is likely his heart was one of those filled with dumb misery that summer day when Sterling Tucker Chambers, aged eight, became a memory.

He had been ill with typhoid fever, and was convalescent; well enough to be up, to be dressed, to be walking alone, or more likely with his little colored attendant, in the front yard. Someone passed who stopped to speak to him there; someone who was glad to see him out again, who meant all kindness in presenting him with a big, hard red apple, which he ate.

He died that night.

THE FIFTH GRAVE

Sacred
to the memory of
ELIZABETH O. GOODE
who died on the
14th of January 1850
in the 71st year of
her age.

Blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord.

ALL THE time I was a child growing up in Boydton, and afterwards when I was a woman there, and the tomb-stones in our lot at the churchyard were so familiar that I did not really see them at all, I never gave Aunt Betsey a thought. I asked no questions about her, I had no curiosity about her, and those who might have told me about her must have realized my utter indifference to the subject, for they never pursued it very far. After it dawned on me that those who sleep in our lot would be forgotten with the passing of my generation, and I belatedly began to gather together what facts I could assemble with which to stem the rising tide of oblivion, Aunt Betsey had her revenge. Others came smiling out of the shadows at the utterance of a name, or an entry in the family Bible, or a letter from some newly-ferreted-out fifth or sixth cousin; but not Aunt Betsey. Aunt Betsey was proud. She wanted me to know that she could be indifferent, too.

My first conscious interest in Aunt Betsey was stirred in the summer of 1934, when I visited for the first time what was left of Inglewood, the old plantation on the Roanoke River which was acquired by her father, Thomas Goode, in the seventeen hundreds. His grandfather, my dear, was killed by Indians. Brown Goode says so, and why should anybody make up a thing like that? Timid

geneologists report that it is *said* he was killed by Indians, with a sort of faint connotation that people will say anything; but I notice that nobody has said that of any of the other members of the family. He was killed by Indians. That is my story, and I stick to it. Sometimes, when you are looking at your collection of arrow-heads and spear-heads and bits of pottery, pause for a moment and try to realize that in your veins, however diluted, flows the blood of a man who was killed by Indians.

You never saw an Indian but once. When you were five years old, I took you to see the Hundred and One Ranch Show because there were buffaloes and Indians in it, and I did not know whether you would ever have an opportunity to see buffaloes and Indians again. Some years later, we found an arrow-head one day when we were walking together. A heavy rain had washed the dirt away from it, where a newly-constructed road cut across a field, and no one had ever seen it or touched it since the day some Indian loosed it from his bow, until I saw it, and stooped and picked it up. It seemed very wonderful; and the day we went to "the Indian Field" and hunted and hunted for little pieces of broken pottery, and found one with the print of two fingers on it, and a piece which had been decorated by rolling an ear of corn across the surface, before it hardened, to give a woven effect—that was wonderful, too. To think that there really had been Indians—there—in Darlington! It is hard to take in, and it is hard to take in that Aunt Betsey's great-grandfather, John Goode of Falls Plantation, Chesterfield County, Virginia—your many times great-grandfather, too—was killed by Indians near what is now a big city. But do not let that prejudice you against Indians, for another many-times-great-grandfather of yours was an Indian Chief.

This John Goode of Falls Plantation was the third son of John Goode of Whitby. Of the earth's genesis it is said: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and of the genesis of our family in the western hemisphere it may be said with equal brevity that in the beginning God created John Goode of Whitby; and Aunt Betsey, if she was not the first to die of those who lie in our lot in Boynton, was the first of them to live, and one generation nearer than any of the rest of them to the Cornish Immigrant who brought his name across the sea to be an honorable heritage to you, and many besides you.

Save for a few brief glimpses, Aunt Betsey never did come out

of the shadows that enveloped her between her birth in 1779 and the death of her sister Agnes in 1814, so that gives us quite an interval in which we can talk about John Goode and his ancestors, before she really appears on the scene.

Geneologically speaking, John Goode of Whitby means more to you than any other one person, for we trace back through three lines to three sons of his—the three oldest of his children.

There were, of course, Goodes in the old country, or there would have been none to come to the new country, but that logical surmise is probably as far as we would have gotten if it had not been for Brown Goode. He went over there and studied old manuscripts in the British Museum, old parish records, whatever there was to study; and he went to Cornwall, and saw whatever there was to see. I do wish I could do something for him, he found out so many things for me. Let me say at this point that all information in this chapter concerning John Goode of Whitby, his immediate family, and his English ancestors, came from *Virginia Cousins*. It would be absurd for me to duplicate Brown Goode's research, even if it were possible, since we would end up with the same facts. I can only acknowledge my debt to him.

These old-country Goodes seem dim and far away to us, but they were clear and real to a Virginia colonist who died just seventy-four years before Aunt Betsey was born, and my grandmother, when she was a little girl, sat on Aunt Betsey's lap.

I have never been sorry that I left Virginia, never felt that I would have been happier if I had stayed there; but whenever I hear a mockingbird sing in the fall, I am a Virginia girl again, in a Virginia garden. A mockingbird sang there once, on the dead branch of a black-ash tree outside the low picket fence. Inside the fence was a border of newly-set pansy plants—a personal extravagance of mine, come by mail all the way from Peter Henderson's in New York; and under the two apple-trees at the foot of the long walk small, flavorless apples lay thick in the tall grass. Yellow-jackets buzzed about them—buzz about them still, with the song of a mockingbird on an autumn day. Now and then a loaded wagon creaked slowly up the lane on the other side of the lawn, bringing wood from the plantation; or, emptied of its burden, rattled briskly off for another supply. Beyond the grape-vines, the cook gathered turnip-tops to be boiled with a piece of fat bacon for midday dinner. I knew, for it was I who had decreed the turnip-tops, and cut off

the bacon from its parent hunk. She carried a pan to the apple-trees, and her stooping figure moved about there, bending and straightening, straightening and bending, until the pan was full. She was small and black, and her little boy, hovering near, was small and black. Some day, he would kill a man; some day, he would be a number in Sing Sing; but that day, he was just a child in a garden. He and his mother moved along the path in the autumn sunshine, and were gone. Walter, the driver of the wagon, and Burr and Brownie, the horses, made their way toward the tinted woods, and they too were gone. Everything was quiet but the mockingbird.

Burr and Brownie were a pair of beautifully matched chestnuts—Burr's full name was Chestnut Burr—and properly speaking, they were the carriage horses, but they also did the light cultivating about the lot, and in the fall, when the weather was suitable, they hauled two loads of wood from the plantation every morning. Then they rested until the afternoon began to wane, when the carriage appeared at the door, with Walter looking majestic in his beaver hat and dark green livery coat, and Mabel and Gena and I went for a drive. We often went when we would have preferred to do something else. Father took pains that the work was arranged so as not to interfere with our drives, and he would have been annoyed if we had not gone: the carriage and horses would have become pearls, and we would have become swine. Sometimes we went up the road toward Clarksville, and sometimes we went down the road toward Baskerville, and that was about all the choice there was. The Chase City road was so bad and hilly that for us it was practically nonexistent, but occasionally we did turn south at the college and go as far as the Osage Orange hedge. What lay beyond the Osage Orange hedge we did not know, and we did not care.

Brownie was a gallant creature, kind and willing. She was a thoroughbred. Her half-brother, Burr, was like her in color, but in nothing else. He was only part thoroughbred, and he showed it: bigger and stronger than Brownie, but perfectly willing for her to pull her half of the load and his too, and pull him besides; and she did her best. The driver had to be always touching him up with the whip to keep him from shirking. There is no comfort in a horse or a person like that.

Well, as I said, the cook and her little boy walked away in the autumn sunshine, and are gone; and the driver and horses drifted away to the autumn woods and they, too, are gone. They have been

gone for many a year, but when the mockingbirds pour out their hearts on bright October mornings, they come back.

And what, you will long since have asked yourself, has this got to do with John Goode the Immigrant? Only this: that it would have been that way, too, with him. Something of Cornwall crossed the ocean with him, something of him remained in Cornwall, as the sails caught the wind and the gap widened between him and all that he had ever known.

Generations stand between you, my Edward, and the Immigrant. Generations stood between him and his first recorded Goode ancestor, Richard. Little is known of that ancestor except his name, believed to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon name Goda, or Gode. It is not of Cornish origin, and came there by way of one or another of the English counties to the east of Cornwall. On a wall of the Holy Sepulchre Church ("The Round Church") at Cambridge, built about 1100, there is a marble tablet, inscribed:

In a Vault
On the north side of this church
Lie the remains of
Edward Goode
For many years a reputable inhabitant
of this town
Who died the fifth day of February MDCCCXV
Aged LXXVIII

Your name goes back a mighty long way, to Cornwall and beyond.

Well, then, we know of this first recorded Goode ancestor that his name was Richard, that sometime about the middle of the fourteenth century he lived and died in England, and that he had a son William. And that is all.

Richard Goode's son William lived at the close of the fourteenth century. "His contemporary, Chaucer," clarifies Brown Goode, "has left us in 'The Canterbury Tales' a delineation of the men and women of his time, their customs, language, and modes of thought." Modes of thought . . . I wonder. We would have no small trouble in understanding the meaning of this, our ancestor, if he said so much as good-day to us; and there would be a great gulf between us even if we understood his language. And yet there must be some fundamental kinship holding fast through all the centuries. He had a family—doubtless his wife and children meant to him

what a man's wife and children mean to him today, doubtless he could have put his hand on my father's shoulder with all a comrade's understanding when my brother Gordon went to war, for his two sons fought at Agincourt: William the second, and John. William was man-at-arms in the retinue of Sir William Phillippe, and John was in the train of Lord Camoys. Perhaps their father was near to me as I raised my face for your goodbye kiss and watched my tall young paratrooper going away from me into the pages of history—not just to the corner of the street, where you stopped and looked back and waved your hand; but to Holland, to Bastogne, to Berchtesgaden.

William the third, son of that Veteran-of-Foreign-Wars, William who fought at Agincourt, “lived in the days described by Bulwer in ‘The Last of the Barons,’ ” proceeds the account of Brown Goode. “The days of the establishment of the first printing press in England, when Savonarola and Luther were moving Europe in a new religious life, and Raphael, da Vinci, and Michael Angelo were creating a fresh world of art. Little did he know about such matters, a stalwart man-at-arms, or a yeoman, or a plain country squire in the quiet west of England.”

Walter Gode, son of William the third, “had a son, William . . .”

With this fourth William Good, or Gode, definite names and dates began to appear. He was born after 1470—(“Fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue”—that was when *he* came along)—his wife was named Milicent—he was probably the possessor of Whitley or Whetley, manors or farms adjoining Whitston in the north of Cornwall; and his son Walter about 1530 or 40 married Joan Whitston.

Walter made an excellent match when he married Joan. She was daughter and heir of William Whitston, and her husband came into the possession of the manor or barton of Whitston, which remained the homestead of the family until the name became extinct in that vicinity about 1660, by the migrating of the younger branches of the family to America or other parts of England. Walter and Joan had four children: *Richard*, Digorie, Milicent, and Elizabeth.

Richard, the oldest of these children, is designated in the Herald's Visitation recorded in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum as “Richard Goode of Whitley or Whitston, in Cornwall.” At the time the visitation was made, he was head of the

family, and owner of the barton of Whitston, and probably also of the adjoining estates now known as Upper, Lower, and Middle Whitley, which belonged to his father's family. Vivian and Drake's Visitation mention him in more detail as "Richard Goode of Whitston in Cornwall, living in 1620 . . . married Isabell, daughter of Philip Penkivill of Penkivill and Rosorrow, 1558-9, and had eight children: *Richard* Goode, born 1660, 'son and heire, aet 60' in 1620; George, '2 son, aet 50' at that date; 'Walter, born 1585, aet 35;' 'Digorie, born 1588, 4 sonne, aet 32;' Isabell—Nazareth—Florence—Margarett," whose birth-dates are not given.

"Goode" and "Penkivill" are among the earliest names mentioned in the parish register of St. Minver, which begins in the year 1558. The Penkivill family was prominent in Cornwall from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. On January 9, 1607, Richard Penkivill, of Rosorrow, in Cornwall, received license to discover the passage to China, Cathay, the Moluccas, and other regions of the East Indies by the N., N.E., or N.W. for seven years and to form a company to be called "The Collegues of the Fellowship for the Discoverie of the North Passage." Well, all those Cornish folk were children of the sea. Maybe he found something, we will never know what. At least he must have had some high moments, trying. Sir Philip Penkivill, Isabel's father, "was a proprietor of some importance in the northwest of Cornwall, his son and heir Francis having had in his possession 'divers great bartons, etc. amounting to one-fourth of the whole area of the parish.' "

St. Minver, which is only twenty miles from Whitston, is a few miles south of Tintagel. King Arthur's Tintagel. It had belonged to his mother, and while he was an orphaned child in the home where Merlin had placed him, it had fallen into the hands of two gaints, very evil; so that when on a later day Sir Launcelot came riding by, he found in the castle three-score ladies and damsels, all great gentlewomen born, who had long been prisoners there, "working all manner of silk works for their meat." And Launcelot, after hearing their stories, said to them: "*And what treasure there is in this castle I give it to you for a reward for your grievance; and the lord that is the owner of this castle I would that he received it as is right.*"

"*Fair Sir,*" said they, "*the name of this castle is Tintagil and a duke owned it sometime that had wedded fair Igraine, and after wedded Utherpendragon.*"

"Well," said Launcelot, "I understand to whom this castle belongeth."²

Thereafter Tintagil became the seat of King Mark, that Mark who had a nephew named Tristram, and a wife named Isolde. For a long time Cornwall had paid tribute to the king of Ireland, but for seven years, under Mark, the annual payments had been in default. Then Anguish, the king of Ireland, sent to collect them, and his messenger returned with the answer that Cornwall would no more pay tribute to Ireland; and the suggestion that if King Anguish were dissatisfied in the matter, he should send as good a knight as he could get hold of, to represent him, and Cornwall, in turn, would produce its own champion, and the two could fight it out and settle the matter once and for all. So Sir Marhaus, brother of the queen of Ireland, "one of the famousest and most renowned knights of the world," departed out of Ireland with a little fleet of six ships and arrived up in Cornwall, hard by Tintagil, and waited for his opponent to appear. But Marhaus was a Knight of the Round Table, respected and much liked by the other knights, so no one wished to fight him in what would probably turn out to be mortal combat. Then Tristram, not yet a knight, full of anger and shame that Marhaus should return to Ireland unchallenged, journeyed through Cornwall and made himself known to his uncle Mark, who knighted him that he might appear as Cornwall's champion; and when he had been provided with the best horse and armour that might be gotten for gold or silver, he departed in a little vessel to the island near by, where, by agreement, the fight was to take place. *And when King Mark and his barons of Cornwall beheld how young Sir Tristram departed carrying himself so bravely to fight for the right of Cornwall, wit ye well there was neither man nor woman of worship but they wept for to see so young a knight jeopard himself for their right.*

It was a tough, fair fight, with mutual respect, and no quarter asked or given, until Marhaus, dazed by a head wound, withdrew from combat and was carried by his men back to Ireland; and there he died. And Sir Tristram, that was sore wounded, *set him softly upon a little hill, and bled fast. Then came Gouvenail his man with his vessel, and the king and his barons came with procession, and*

² From *The Boy's King Arthur*, edited by Sidney Lanier. Published by Charles Scribners Sons, 1947. Copyright 1880, 1917 by Charles Scribners Sons. Copyright 1908, 1922 by Mary Day Lanier.

when he was come to the land, King Mark took him in both his arms and the king and Sir Dinas the senechal led Sir Tristram into the castle of Tintagil, and then were his wounds searched in the best manner, and laid in bed. And when King Mark saw all his wounds, he wept right heartily, and so did all his lords.

So there lay Tristram for a long while, becoming worse instead of better, until by the advice of a wise lady, who said the poison of his wound would never be healed save at the place of its origin, he was carried to Ireland; and there, under an assumed name, he was well received and treated with great kindness by the king and queen and by their daughter Isolde, who was at that time the fairest lady in all the world, and she was besides much skilled as a leech, and under her care Tristram mended. For a time he and Isolde were happy, for these two loved each other long before King Mark came into the picture; but by mischance the queen discovered that it was Tristram who had slain her brother Marhaus, and her bitterness and anger were beyond all description. So Tristram and Isolde parted, with promises and weeping, and each having given to the other a ring. Tristram vowed to be Isolde's knight as long as he should live, and Isolde vowed that for the space of seven years she would marry no man save of his choice or by his consent.

Then Sir Tristram returned to Tintagil, where he was received with great gladness; and he made Tintagil his home. For awhile, it was a good time, and as adventures followed each other, Tristram stood taller and taller among all the fine men who were his friends. Then King Mark's jealousy, like a wolf that has been curled up asleep and harmless in its den, stirred in the dark recesses of his mind, and stretched itself, and fed on whatever came to hand, until there was no holding it, not even by Mark, the most wretched of its victims.

With sadistic cunning, he thought up a plan which would not only hurt Tristram cruelly, but promised to embroil him in a way which might lead to his death. He commissioned Tristram to go to Ireland, and return with Isolde, to be Mark's bride. But Tristram undertaking to carry out this devil's plan faithfully and honorably, and being by chance, in the meantime, placed in a position where he was able to save King Anguish from an ignominious death so that Isolde was cheerfully handed over to him to dispose of in his own discretion, he escaped this malice; but at what a cost, only he might know. For after awhile, perceiving how wrong a thing had been

done, and grieving that it could not be undone, he went out of his mind, and put by his armour and wandered in the forest, weeping, and sometimes playing on a harp which had been given him by a lady who befriended him. And his plight worsened, until finally he ran half-starved and naked in the wilderness, fed by herdsmen and shepherds who beat him when he displeased them.

Time passed, and he was picked up at last and carried to Tintagil, where he was well cared for, though none recognized him, not even Isolde when she went, attended by her serving-woman and followed by her little dog which Tristram had given her, to see the sick man of whom she had heard talk, and who at the moment was resting in the garden. Only the little dog knew him, and licked his face "and whined and quested," and then the serving-woman, seeing this, said it was my lord Sir Tristram, and Isolde fainted. When she had recovered, and blessed God that Tristram was alive, she was quick to realize that his identity would not be a secret long, and that King Mark would either banish him or else destroy him, and she besought him to agree to whatever plan Mark proposed, so that he got away from there; and then to go to King Arthur's Court, where he was loved. Then Isolde left, but the little dog would not leave, and growled at King Mark when presently he appeared, and barked at his companions, until one of them said, "Sir, it is Sir Tristram." Even then, the king did not believe it; but he asked Tristram point-blank who he was, and Tristram, whose senses had returned to him, declared his identity, adding in his helplessness, "And now ye may do with me what ye list."

And so, by the advice of all of them (they no doubt fearing a worse thing), Tristram was banished from Cornwall for ten years, to which he agreed.

When he left, a crowd of them went down to the shore to see him off, and from the deck of the ship he made them a sad and bitter farewell speech:

Greet well King Mark and all mine enemies, and tell them I will come again when I may. And well am I rewarded for the fighting with Sir Marhaus, and delivering all the country from subjection. And well am I rewarded for the fetching and costs of la Belle Isolde out of Ireland, and the danger that I was in first and last. . . . And well am I rewarded when I fought with the king with a hundred knights and the King of Northgalis, and both of these would have put his land in subjection, and by me they were put to a re-

buke. . . . And many moe deeds have I done for him, and now I have my guerdon.

And with that, he departed—poor young thing, so sorry for himself, but all he said was true; and in due time he was made a knight of the Round Table, and sat in the seat which had been Sir Marhaus' seat. But Mark, in Cornwall, was not free of him. Mark noted the shadow on Isolde's face, Mark felt the wordless condemnation of his barons, Mark could find no hiding-place from himself. To jealousy had been added guilt, and these twin corrosives did their work; so he could no longer rest at Tintagil, where Tristram might not come, but whence the thought of him might not be banished, nor the news of his renown. So he disguised himself, and took himself to England, to kill the man he had wronged. And there it happened that Sir Dinadan met King Mark, "and began to mock him for a Cornish knight of no worship," and when six armed knights came riding toward them, Dinadan got the idea of inveigling Mark into a fight with one of them.

"Lo," said Sir Dinadan, "yonder are knights that will fight with us."

"God forbid," said King Mark, "for they be six, and we be but two."

"As for that," said Sir Dinadan, "let us not spare, for I will essay the foremost."

And therewith he made him ready. When King Mark saw him so do, as fast as Sir Dinadan rode toward them King Mark rode from them with all his menial company. So when Sir Dinadan saw King Mark was gone, he set the spear out of rest and threw his shield upon his back. And anon Sir Uwaine knew Sir Dinadan and welcomed him and so did all his fellowship.

"What knight is that," said Sir Brandiles, "that so suddenly departed from you and rode over yonder field?"

"Sir," said he, "it was a knight of Cornwall, and the most horrible coward that ever bestrode a horse."

Then for a jest they dressed King Arthur's fool, who happened to be with them, in armour, and set him upon a horse, and all the knights went into the woods and waited for King Mark to pass; and when he passed the fool rushed out at him, crying a challenge, that he defend himself or else be slain; and Mark said to himself that it was Launcelot, and now was he destroyed.

Perhaps the most tragic hour in all that tragic life was when a

king turned tail and fled, with a fool in hot pursuit, berating and insulting him; and six good knights following after, hardly able to stay in their saddles for laughing.

But Arthur and his knights are no kin of ours, and the Goodes are. Let us get back to them.

Something over a thousand years lay between the time when knights of the Round Table roamed Cornwall, and the wedding of Richard Goode and Isabell Penkivill of St. Minver's Parish. But what are a thousand years to a castle like Tintagel?—a great castle, set on a great crag, a landmark for roving Goodes and Penkivills. "As far as from here to Tintagel." "As long as it would take to ride to Tintagel." There must be some least fraction, some split-atom of me which, if it came upon these ruins today, would whisper, "There it is. There is Tintagel."

In September, 1936, Mabel went to England, and I had this letter from her, written a few days after she landed at Plymouth:

September 11th 1936
Lynton, North Devon.

. . . *This letter is to say—I have been to St. Minver!* After breakfast this morning, we drove fourteen miles south of Tintagel, through one of the noblest of England's counties. Cornwall is steeped in the sea, even when it is not in sight; grand, lonely sweeps of open country, mostly pasture-land, and wilder spaces covered with gorse and heather. Little villages of grey stone, the houses close together—pink roses on many, and bright cottage gardens; but the general effect simple, strong, and severe. I can see how the love of solitude could easily be our heritage from this country and how its inhabitants could scarcely be weaklings. St. Minver (lovely name) is a tiny village at which tourists probably never stop, but one of the loveliest, most picturesque you can imagine. Little stone cottages (some white-washed) clustering down hilly, cobbled streets and lanes; centering around the ancient, beautiful little church. We couldn't drive to the church on account of the steepness and narrow street, but stopped at the lych-gate and walked down into the old churchyard, with its crumbling stones and cromlechs and ivy mounds. Inside—the first English village church I ever was in, and I was so glad it could be this one—a stone interior of great dignity and beauty; a few restorations, so that it was in perfect order and in current use; but all of great age, and wonderful old time-blackened pews. No one was there to ask questions of or to show us around, so we wandered gently about by ourselves, and I found a quiet moment alone before the altar to remember in a silent prayer that bride and groom from whom we sprang, who knew St. Minver four hundred years ago."

Richard Goode of Whitston, or Whitstone as it had come to be called, son of Richard and Isabell Penkivill Goode, was born at Whitstone, 1560, and died after 1620. He married Joan, daughter of John Downe of "Pilton," in Devon, and they had five children:

John

Richard

Dorothy m. Rev. John Babcock

Isabelle d. 1670

Robert, tenant of Trelightres in the manor of Tragvide,
Cornwall, in 1656

Now listen while Brown Goode tells us something about that old house in Cornwall which you and I will probably never see; but let us think about it for a minute, just the same. It won't take us long to read what he has to tell us, but he had to cross an ocean to get this information, and it took him weeks and months, and cost him a lot of money; and it is ours for free.

Whitston, or Whitstone, the seat of the Goodes from about 1540 to 1669, was the principal estate in the parish of Whitstone, in the north of Cornwall. Whitstone was the "Whitstan" of *Domesday Book*, and in the time of Edward the Confessor was held by one "Aluuold." The manor was given by William the Conqueror to his half-brother Robert, Earl of Moriton, by whom it was granted to one of his knights called Carminow, who undertook as a fee to supply the Earl's castle at Dunheven, ten miles away, a certain number of men, skilled in arms, whenever he might be called upon. The manor, according to one authority, continued in the Carminow family until fourteen hundred, when it passed to the Arundells of Langherne and Wardour; according to another, it became the seat of the Cobham family. How it passed to the Whitstons no one knows. It is quite possible that the name of the estate may have been assumed by some member of the Cobham or Arundell families. William Whitston must have owned it in the early part of the sixteenth century, for he died before 1560.

John Goode, Esq. M. P., of Whitstone, son of Richard and Joan Downe Goode, was born 1580-90, and in 1604 represented the neighboring borough of Camelford in Parliament. He had two sons, John and *Richard*. John, who was born 1610-20, married on June 20, 1648, his second cousin, Dorothy Penkivill of St. Kew, and is described in the parish register as "John Goode Gent. of Whitstone"

—the last Goode to be so designated. Brown Goode thought, he did not say why, that he died about 1650, only two years after his marriage. That would explain the small family he left, consisting of two little girls: Dorothy, born in 1649, died unmarried; and Johanna, born 1649-50, married in 1669 Henry Babcock, her cousin.

John's brother Richard, the second son of Richard and Joan Downe Goode, was born 1580-1600, and is supposed to have lived at Whitley; and it is he who is indicated as the father of the two brothers who came to Virginia: *John Goode of Whitby* on the James, and Richard, who preceded or followed him, probably by some mutual understanding, and died in old Rappahannock County in 1719. This was no doubt the same Richard Goode named in Patent Book II: "Joseph Hayes to York County 5 Apl 1651. Among his headrights, Richard Goode." According to Lutz,³ John Goode came to Virginia in 1650; but the Abbreviated Compendium of American Geneology states that his son Samuel was born in Barbados in 1655-58. The records are not very clear on this.

York County lay north of Jamestown, and in the general direction of the Rappahannock River, which is less than forty miles as the crow flies from the James, at the point where Whitby was located.

The will of Richard Goode of Rappahannock leaves his plantation to his son John, and mentions a son Richard, daughters Sarah Gray and Margret Farmer, and wife Mary.⁴ The division of the estate of this John Goode is recorded as taking place in 1742.⁵ Trustees were named to handle the estate until his son, Robert Goode was of age. Richard, brother of John, died after 1740.

Geneologically speaking, Richard the Immigrant is rather negligible. He seems to have left few descendants, and there are not many records to shed light on the ones he did leave. But I take an interest in Richard. I wish we knew more about him.

By far the greater number of Goodes in America are descended from John Goode of Whitby (1620-25—1709). Family tradition, which accords with the historical setting of his migration, says that John Goode left England on account of being in disfavor with the Cromwellian authorities for his leanings toward royalty. He was young, no doubt he regarded discretion as a minor virtue, if a virtue

³ Earle Lutz: *Chesterfield, an Old Virginia County*. Pg. 56.

⁴ Essex County, Va. (Old Rappahannock County) Will Book 3, pg. 127. Proved January 19, 1719.

⁵ Essex County Will Book 6, pg. 432.

at all, and was certain to come to grief with a dissenting government. So we find him, somewhere between 1643 and 1650, in Barbados, where there was at that time a considerable colony of loyalist refugees; no doubt wondering now and then as he remembered Cornwall's clean winds and wet rocks while he sweltered in the tropics, whether His Majesty was worth it. Barbados was also the home, at that time, of a Miss Frances Mackarness, whom he courted and married. The name is very unusual. "No one of that name, so far as I can learn, has ever come to America," says Brown Goode; but it is on record that there was a family by the name of Mackarness living in Barbados at approximately the time of John Goode's sojourn there.⁶

Probably our ancestor went to Barbados without settled plan or purpose, other than to put distance between himself and the Cromwellians. Whether he ever intended to stay there, or whether he became dissatisfied and began to look elsewhere, we do not know. It is a very small island, and even at that time the population was dense. Around 1650 or somewhat later, he came to Virginia with his wife, his infant son Samuel, and a serving maid. Brought along to mind the baby, of course. His name was entered on the passenger list, as in his will, under the style of "John Goode, Gentleman." In later documents signed by him, he sometimes uses the term Gent., and sometimes Planter.

He landed at Jamestown, but did not linger there longer than necessary to spy out the land and make arrangements to transport his little family to that spot in the wilderness where he was to take root—to live, die, and be buried. This was on the James River, four miles below the present site of Richmond; and he named it in honor of his home in Cornwall. In Appendix II of *Virginia Cousins*, Brown Goode says: "The change from 'Whitley' to 'Whitby' was accomplished just as that from 'Inverness' to 'Invermay' two generations later—possibly for euphony, but how or when we do not know." However that may be, it was certainly known as Whitby during John Goode's life-time, for he mentions it by that name in his will; but I have seen at least one mention of it, in an old record, as "Whitley."

The old house at Whitby is thought to have been the first house built on the James River near what is now Richmond, and its location is one of the few private home-sites in the world, if not the only

⁶ Hotten's "Lists of Emigrants to America."

one, whose first visitation by white men was noted in writing, with much detail, by a person of historical consequence. This occurrence took place May 23, 1607, when Captain Christopher Newport, with twenty-three men (Captain John Smith among them) made his exploration of the James. They had landed at Jamestown only a few weeks before, and were r'arin' to find out if the James was the gateway to India.

"We came," wrote Sir Christopher, "to the second ilet discovered in the river, over against which on Popham syde"—the north side—"is the habitation of the great Kyng, Pawatah, which I call Pawatah's Tower. It is scituate upon a high hill by the water syde; a playne between it and the water, whereon he grows his wheat, bran, tobacco, pompions, gowrds, hemp, flaxe, &c." The "second ilet" mentioned, lying between Pawatah's pompions and gowrds on the north bank and the site of Whitby on the south bank, was occupied at the time by five or six families of Indians.

John Goode purchased the five hundred acres on which he established himself, from Captain Matthew Gough, who had received from the Crown a grant of three hundred and fifty acres in 1635, and was one of the Burgesses from Henrico County in 1642. In some of the early records concerning this tract of land, mention is made of Stoney Creek, which later became known as Goode's Creek.

It is difficult to tell much about the actual size of Whitby from the sketch made of it in 1860, but judging by houses of a comparable age and type, its dimensions were generous, its rooms large, and there was a surprising amount of space under its sloping roof. It ante-dated the mansion-type house which later lent distinction to the lower James, by at least sixty years; and when one considers the scarcity of materials and of skilled labor in what was, after all, a wilderness, it was a very fine house. If it were still in existence, societies and individuals would fight, if necessary, for its preservation, but at the time it was taken down it was just an old house on a riverbank which was, at the moment, of no particular use to anybody; just one of the many treasures of the past which we let get away from us because we had not yet learned to value them, and which, being gone, are gone forever.

As the tide of migration flowed inland along the river, "Pawatah's Tower" was succeeded by "Powhatan," the seat of the Mayo family. Next below Whitby is—or was—"Amphill," and

adjoining "Ampthill" lay "Warwick," the seat of Henry Randolph, who married one of the daughters of Whitby; and still below was "Sheffield," the seat of the Wards, one of whom also found a bride at Whitby. But these neighboring estates were to come later. When John Goode went to live at Whitby, it was on the frontier. Cornwall was behind him; Barbados was behind him; Jamestown was behind him; before him was the unknown. This was both literally and figuratively true. He could not have foreseen, when he took his wife and baby into the wilderness, that he would shortly be a widower there, with two small children on his hands. The exact date of his wife's death is unknown, and the cause; but her sojourn in Virginia was a brief one, and the abruptness with which her family ended with her second child, Robert,⁷ in that day of big families, suggests that she may have been one of the many wilderness mothers who gave a new life to the world at the cost of her own. On the other hand, the frontier had its daily perils of privation, of exposure, of savages, and of disease. One might die of so many things.

John Goode's second wife was Anne Bennett, an Englishwoman newly arrived in Virginia by way of Holland. What combination of events brought Anne to this country, and to Whitby, remains now as it was then, her personal affair. She must have been much younger than her husband. Brown Goode reasons that he must have been a grown man at the time of the Cromwellian revolt and was between fifty and sixty when he married Anne. She did not outlive him, however, having died prior to 1708, when his will was drawn. He had thirteen children:

Samuel born in Barbados before 1660

Robert born in Virginia after 1660

Children of
Frances Mackarness

John

Katherine (Roberts)

Elizabeth (Blackman)

Susannah

Anne

Thomas

Joseph

Mary

Martha

Ursula

Children of Anne
Bennett

⁷ *Virginia Cousins*, Agenda: pg. 468.

These children were all mentioned by name in their father's will, only the first two daughters being married at that time. The will is given in full in *Virginia Cousins*, as is also a letter written to Sir William Berkeley by John Goode, giving a detailed account of a conversation between himself and Nathaniel Bacon in September, 1675.⁸ Bacon was a young man at the time, not thirty. "Goode, on the other hand, was a man of sixty or more, a veteran colonist, frontiersman, and Indian fighter. Doyle characterizes him as 'a leading colonist, apparently a man of moderate view and a personal friend of Bacon.' " Nathaniel Bacon was "one of the nearest neighbors of our ancestor, and it is not at all strange that John Goode should have been associated with the impetuous young leader in his early expeditions. It appears, however, that he was too old a warrior and too loyal an Englishman to follow in his later rebellious schemes . . . Goode was, without doubt, one of the little band of planters at the head of the James who rode to resist the incursions of the Indians in May, 1676, and placing Bacon at their head, marched into the wilderness."

This expedition caught up with the Indians on the Roanoke River, at Occoneechee Island. There was an article in the Mecklenburg (Virginia) Times for October 6, 1939, which ought to be very interesting to a boy whose ancestor was in that party, whose grandmother was born and raised at Clarksville, across from "the Island," and who has some beautifully made Occoneechee arrowheads in his collection. With the permission of the author, Justice John W. Tisdale, I am going to quote from it at some length:

" . . . The Occoneechees first appear in history with the report of Captain Abraham Woods, military man and trader, who explored this region in 1650 . . . In 1669 John Lederer and a single Indian guide named Jackzatavan, visited Occoneechee Island and found the Indians a wealthy people, being the merchant traders for all that part of the east. The Occoneechee trading path, extending from the James River, was the main Indian path across Virginia. Lederer stated that Occoneechee Island was the mart for all Indian trade for five hundred miles around . . .

"In the year 1675 the Susquehannocks, who had been driven into Maryland by the Seneca Indians, crossed the Potomac into Virginia. These savage Indians, murdering and plundering, gradually worked southward until they reached the Roanoke. Under duress the Occoneechees gave them permission to cross the Staunton to their island and erect there a fort surrounded by earthworks.

⁸ Colonial Entry Book, Vol. LXXI, pp. 232-240.

"Pursuing the Susquehannocks, to punish them for their outrages against the white settlers, Nathaniel Bacon reached the island in May of the next year with a small company of fighting men. In an interview with Rosseechy, King of the Occoneechees, Bacon was told by the king that his tribe loved the English as brothers, and had never broken the peace with them; that they had received the Susquehannocks as brothers but he now suspected that the Susquehannocks had concocted a scheme to make a sudden attack on his town and its several forts, and, if successful, to convert it into their own citadel, and drive the Occoneechees from their beautiful and fruitful country.

"He now proposed that the English and the Occoneechees together attack the forts of the Susquehannocks, and to this Bacon agreed. The attack was successful, and the Susquehannocks were soon either captured or driven across the river, where they hid among the bluffs at the present site of Clarksville.

"The victory won, the Occoneechees changed their attitude toward their allies. They posted men along the river banks to bar the withdrawal of the English from the island and refused them food. The king, with most of his warriors, retired into the forts, which had been hastily strengthened to resist assault. Bacon then sent word to the king that his scouts had reported that the defeated Susquehannocks had established themselves on an island down the river, and commanded the king to furnish boats and assist him in driving them from the island.

"While Bacon waited for the king's reply, one of his men was shot down from the further bank of the river by an Indian bullet; he determined to attack the forts immediately. At the word from Bacon, the English blazed away at the Indian shelters, and in spite of the hot return from the forts, several of the soldiers rushed through the smoke and applied a torch to the king's retreat, which was soon consumed along with the lives of many of its defenders.

"The Indians in the other forts, fearing a like experience, sallied out, and hiding themselves behind trees, endeavored to pick off the exposed soldiers. A running fight ensued, which did not come to an end until the night had fallen. The Occoneechees made every effort to throw a cordon around the English. Not being able to do so, and discouraged, they deserted the island during the night. King Rosseechy, and more than a hundred men, women, and children had been killed.

"The next morning, finding his way across the river was clear, Bacon set out through the great woods to Jamestown to settle his accounts with Governor Berkeley, who had forbidden the expedition. The site of the future Clarksville so appealed to him in all of its rugged and primeval beauty, that he declared that in the event of the failure of his cause he would retire to the woods at the juncture of the Dan and the Staunton."⁹

⁹ John Goode, in the letter to Governor Berkeley mentioned above, quoted Bacon as saying: . . . 'and if we cannot prevaile by Armes to make our conditions of Peace, or obtain the privilidge to elect our own Govenour, we may retire to



St. Minver Parish Church.

ST. MINVER PARISH CHURCH



252 Interior of St. Minver Church



“WHITBY IN 1860

If John Goode was indeed present at that tragic scene, and if there was time to be interested in anything but the exigencies of the moment, he might have been interested to know that two hundred years later, at just that spot, a mutual descendant of his sons Robert and John would lay eyes for the first time on a descendant of his son Samuel: a slim, brown-eyed girl in a pink dress, wearing a broad-brimmed hat. She had been with a party of young people fishing in Island Creek, and he was passing in a buggy, on his way to the ferry; and thirty years after her death he still remembered how she looked and what she wore, that day. And that, my dear, is how you come to trace your descent from John Goode of Whitby through three different lines.

The world had not stopped turning round when young John Goode left Cornwall; it had not stopped turning round when she—that-was-a-Mackarness slipped away from him, silent and trackless as an Indian in the forest; it had not stopped turning round when the spring moon looked down on bloody Occoneechee; and it did not stop turning round now. Governor Berkeley—"that old fool"—hung an associate of Bacon's here, and a friend of Bacon's there, but John Goode and time marched on. Ten years they marched together—twenty years—thirty years. His older sons were men, his older daughters women: Virginians. They had never seen the gorse spread splendor like a carpet over the wastelands of Cornwall, nor heard the ocean thundering at its feet. His affairs had prospered. The land records of Virginia show that at the close of the century the family held at least 2270 acres of land in what is now Chesterfield County. The twenty-ninth of November, 1708, finds him "sick and weak of body, but of sound and perfect mind and memory, thanks be to God for it." Anne is gone, strength is gone, everything is gone but a responsibility to the children who will outlive him—a responsibility which must have weighed heavily on him at times. It was his old acquaintance Governor Berkeley who said to the commissioners sent to inquire into the state of the Colony: "Thank God! there are no free schools or printing presses, and I hope there will be none for a hundred years." For awhile it looked very much as if the Governor was going to have his wish. Bishop Meade tells

the Roanoke,' and here he fell into a discourse of seating a Plantation in a great island in the river, as a fitt place to retire for refuge." But do not grieve, Occoneechees, that the white man has your island—your beautiful, storied island; for "progress" has taken it from us, as we took it from you. Nobody has it now.

us that in 1723 when the Bishop of London was making inquiries among the forty-odd Virginia clergymen as to conditions in their parishes, all but two or three reported no schools in the parish, and those two or three in favor of charity schools.

Such was the atmosphere, and such had been the conditions, under which John Goode had raised his children, and educated them too, God knows how. But now they were raised, and the time had come to say goodbye. John Goode of Whitby wrote his will.

Four months later, on April 1, 1709, this will was proved in the open Court (Henrico County) by the oaths of the subscribed witnesses; John Goode's body having no doubt been "decently interred" in the meantime, according to his directions, in one of the unmarked graves mentioned by Brown Goode in his account of a visit to Whitby.

This visit took place in October, 1880, and with Brown Goode when he made it was his friend Mr. Brock, who did so much to keep Virginia history alive. He writes of Whitby:

"It is a beautiful spot, about four miles below Richmond, the [site of the] house occupying a commanding view of the river and the whole city. Between the house and the river is a large area of bottom land upon which is growing a luxuriant crop of corn. The higher land, south of the house and away from the river, is poor, and apparently exhausted by tobacco culture. It is overgrown with alders, persimmons, and sweet gum trees. Along the main road at the gate is a series of deserted fortifications. Although the house has been taken away, the quaint old stone barn still stood . . . In the bottom land, an eighth of a mile from the house, is the family burying ground, marked by a clump of sycamores, butternut, and sassafras trees. There are no formal monuments, but I found six rude headstones.

"In the river, in front of the plantation, is a rock dangerous to navigation, familiar to the James River pilots as 'Goode's Rock,' while through the middle of the plantation ripples a brook known as Goode's Creek, well known as a military landmark during the late war. (Goode's Creek was laid down upon all war maps in the vicinity of Richmond.)

"Whitby remained in the family until 1876, when it was purchased by Mr. A. D. Williams, of Richmond, Va., from Col. S. Bassett-French, by whose wife, Helen Lyle, it had been inherited."

The old house was torn down in 1878, two years before Brown Goode's visit to the spot where it had been. It had been gone for sixty-nine years when Mabel and I made our pilgrimage there, too, on April 25, 1947. We had little trouble in locating it. There were

still people who knew what we meant when we spoke of Whitby, and could tell us how to get there, though it had been a ghost such a long time; but the pleasant young woman who lived in a little new frame house on the property had never heard the name. She had lived there only a year, she said, and did not know much about the place, but she and her husband thought there must have been a house there at one time, for his plow had turned up, the previous spring, a lot of old bricks at one spot, as if there might have been a chimney there. She took us to the place, a few hundred feet from her home, and we stood there on the crown of the gentle slope, looking down toward the river. The sycamore and butternut trees mentioned by Brown Goode were no longer there, but sassafras grew thick along the bottom land, and the woman told us that her daughter, playing down there in the bushes one day, had come across some graves. She pointed out their location, between us and the river and somewhat to our right. There were other graves, too, she said, still further to the right, on what she called "the Dupont property." Cary graves, these must have been; and from over the tree-tops back of them rose the great smoke-stack of the Dupont plant, on the spot where Amphill used to be. The low-grounds were wet from a recent rain, and the sassafras thickets dense and pathless, so we did not try to go nearer to the graves, but looked toward them with a gentle and wistful acknowledgement of their presence. We stooped and picked up some pieces of broken brick, half buried in the soft ground. I brought half a brick away with me, and have it still. You met me at the bus station when I got back from that trip, and you said, lifting my suitcase, "It feels like it had bricks in it!"—and you didn't know whether to believe me or not when I said, "It has."

I hardly know what to do with it, but it stands for something—it stands for many things. When I touch it, I touch Whitby. What was it Shakespeare said?

"Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
And the bricks are alive to this day to testify to it."

Down toward the river, on our left, there were some men working, and we could see surveyors' instruments set up, and measurements being taken. The Richmond Deepwater Terminal was to be located there, our pleasant woman told us. So perhaps Mabel and I were the last children of Whitby to identify the spot where it stood,

for with the Terminal will come other changes, and the green knoll, with its scattered fragments of bricks, will hardly be unaffected.

I wish I could tell you how beautiful it was that spring afternoon. I do not want to go back, ever, for I do not want that memory erased by any other. The soil where the house stood must have had a special richness, for the young grass was thick and soft as velvet, and we stood ankle-deep in violets. I have never seen so many violets, such freshness of leaf and bloom. Whitby's children had come a long way to stand for that brief moment on that one little spot out of all the world, and Whitby was ready for them, with a never-to-be-forgotten loveliness for welcome, and farewell.

All this time, while we have been digging about the roots of the family tree, Aunt Betsey, like Br'er Fox, was laying low and saying nothing; but she was there all the time, and now we are getting close to her. We have come to her great-grandfather, the Immigrant's third son, John, born 1670-80: John Goode of Falls Plantation.

John Goode of Whitby was a man of action, a traveller, an adventurer. He defied authority in Cornwall, he found romance in Barbados, he fought Indians in Virginia. His son John lived and died within a stone's throw of the place where he was born.

This John did not think of himself as a pioneer; he was at home. He did not consciously live in a world of heroic significance; his life was one of toil and hardship and resourcefulness taken for granted; and to some extent of loneliness, hemmed in as he was between the rocky, unbridged river before him, and the endless woods behind. There was much to do, there was little to tell. Perhaps that is why one of the very few things recorded of his life is its dramatic end. He was killed by Indians—"near Richmond," the record says. Of course. His home was opposite the spot where Richmond is today. It may have been in his own fields—beside his own door.

Falls Plantation was a part of the large Byrd holdings which adjoined Whitby, with Stoney Creek as the boundary between them. The first William Byrd had come there about the time that John Goode the second was born, to stay with his uncle, Thomas Stegg, who owned the property. Lutz tells us that the original Stegg home, of stone, had already been built in 1662, which would make it about the same age as Whitby; and he surmises that it was

probably because of the frequent freshets that a second and larger stone house was built later, on higher ground. It was in this house that William Byrd II, the builder of Westover, was born in 1674—his father having inherited the Stegg property while still very young, and brought his bride there. There were three other Byrd children born there, and no doubt John Goode and his little sisters knew them and played with them on occasion; but while they were still small the family moved to the north side of the river, driven to even higher ground by the great freshet of 1685. “A deluge the like of which has not been heard of in the memory of man,” Byrd said of it; “the water overflowing my plantation came into my dwelling house.”¹⁰

Think of the excitement at Whitby, which of course would also have been inundated. The adults in both homes must have been sick over the loss of crops and cattle, but I doubt if the children were ever as thrilled and happy again. Man, this was living!

Apparently the second William Byrd, who inherited the Falls Plantation, never made it his home, and it seems to have passed from hand to hand until it lost its identity, and is not even mentioned by name by Charles Dickens in describing a visit there with his wife in 1842.¹¹

Mr. Dickens hated slavery as an institution, but had had little experience with the reality, and seemed to be confused by his first contacts with it. For instance, he seemed to feel that there was some deep, dark reason why he was not invited to inspect the interiors of the cabins in the slave quarters, which he described as “very crazy;” and no doubt, compared with the neat thatched or white-washed stone cottages of England, they were. I suppose it never occurred to the owner to invite a distinguished guest into one of the slave cabins, which to him were a commonplace, but Mr. Dickens appeared to feel that he was being kept in the dark about something. Even so, he wrote of his host (whose name is not mentioned): “But I believe this gentleman is a considerate and excellent master, who inherited his fifty slaves and is neither a buyer nor seller of human stock and I am sure, from my own observation, that he is a kind-hearted, worthy man.”

This must have wrung the heart of any abolitionist reader, who could not even comfort himself that a man who reported mag-

¹⁰ Earle Lutz: *Chesterfield, an Old Virginia County*.

¹¹ *American Notes*, by Charles Dickens.

nolias blooming in Virginia in March would say anything, for very few abolitionists knew much more about magnolias—or Virginia—than Dickens did. Or about the life of Virginia planters, either. Mr. Dickens found the heat of the March day oppressive, and was grateful for the shady coolness within the dwelling, with windows and doors open. “Before the windows was an open piazza,” he wrote, “where, in what they call the hot weather—whatever that may be—they sling hammocks, and drink and doze luxuriously.”

It was probably soon after the death of John Goode the second that Falls Plantation came into the possession of William Black, a native of Scotland who in 1774 accompanied the Commissioner from Virginia appointed to treat with the Six Nations of Indians at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In the geneological notes attached to the Reverend Philip Slaughter’s *History of Bristol Parish*, we read that one Herbert Augustine Claiborne married Delia, grand-daughter of William and Anne (Dent) Black of Falls Plantation.

The second John Goode died after 1718, when he received a legacy from his brother Thomas; and prior to 1725, when Francis James, “who intermarried with Mary, relict of John Goode deceased” is ordered to appear before the Court and give an account of property held by him for her Goode children.¹² There is nothing to indicate that John Goode (second) ever owned Falls Plantation. He probably leased it from William Byrd and cultivated it along with lands of his own obtained from his father and brothers. It is this Whitby land which was inherited by his children.

Brown Goode tells us that after his death, his widow went with her three sons and a daughter to Mecklenburg County, but this was merely an assumption, based on insufficient evidence. Which is not intended as a criticism of Brown Goode—any geneologist knows how much information is passed on as authentic by people eager to be helpful, who are jumping to conclusions. A change of name, and her move to a new locality, confused the record, but later investigations make it clear that Mary Harris (Goode), wife of Francis James, was John Goode’s widow, and the mother of his children: John, *Thomas*, Bennett and Mary. She was the daughter of Thomas Harris, son of Major William Harris, who was the son of Captain Thomas Harris who came to Virginia in the ship *Prosperity* in 1611.

Seven years after he landed, this first Thomas Harris was granted

¹² Henrico County Records, Vol. 1694-1739, pg. 54. October 5, 1725.

seven hundred acres of land in Henrico, "100 being due unto him as an Ancient planter and Adventurer in the time of Sir Thomas Dale his government . . . and also 650 acres—for the transportation of 13 persons into this Colony whose names are in the records mentioned under this patent."¹³

"Thomas Harris and wife Harris" are mentioned in the census taken in 1623, so they both survived the massacre of the preceding year. Indeed the census was taken to see just who had survived. "Wife Harris" must have been his wife Adria (Audrey) who came over in the ship *Marmaduke* in 1621.¹⁴ Just in time for the massacre! What an introduction to Virginia, even if she did survive. She did not have long to live in any case, leaving this world, so far as we can tell, when her son Thomas entered it in 1623-4. After her death Captain Harris married Joanne, mentioned in a land grant of 1735 as his wife. The book containing his will is missing, so possibly he had children that we do not know of, but we do know that he had:

Thomas d. 1678. Adria's son.

Mary, 1625-1704, daughter of "wife Joanne." Married, 1650-51, Thomas Ligon.

Love or Luce

William

Thomas Harris was a busy and useful citizen at a time when able men were at a premium. He was a Burgess in 1623-4, that dreadful period succeeding the massacre when there was so much to do, and so few to do it. We find his name mentioned five years after the massacre in an item which is of particular interest to the descendants of Thomas and Agnes Osborne Goode, for they are descendants of both leaders of the party mentioned: "At this Court was thought fitt that we should draw out partyes from all our Plantations & goe uppon the Indians & cutt downe their corne and further that we should sett uppon them all in one day Viz: the first of August next; the Plantations of the Necke of Lande & the Colledge to goe uppon the Tanx Powhatans—Left^t. Tho: Osborne in chief: Tho: Harris seconde . . ."¹⁵

Land was the most plentiful thing there was, and Captain Harris, who would seem not to have been a Captain in 1627 when he was second in command to a mere Leftenant, acquired his share

¹³ Harris Land Grants, State Land Office, Book I, pg. 304.

¹⁴ *Hotten's Emigrants*, pg. 203.

¹⁵ Minutes of the General Court, July 4th, 1627, pg. 151.

of it. Some by inheritance—as early as 1619, 499 acres adjoining his original hundred was bequeathed to him by the widow of Edward Virganey, though he did not receive it until later; some by marriage—“Thomas Harris . . . his hundred abutting southward upon the lands of Edward Virganey and thence extending northward upon the lands of Joanne Harris his wife;”¹⁶ some due him for the transportation at his own personal charge of other colonists.

On February 13, 1657, “850 acres on the southeast of James River and on the northwest and southeast sides of Sunken Marsh above and below the mill” were deeded to Thomas Harris.¹⁷ This was the same land which on June 2, 1668, was deeded to William Harris, son and heir of Thomas Harris.¹⁸ Captain Thomas Harris had as we know a son Thomas older than William, who was still living when William is mentioned as his “son and heir” in 1668; but Thomas was William’s half-brother, and it was often the case that provision was made for the child or children of a first wife on the occasion of a second marriage, or later, satisfying all claims upon the father’s estate.

Edward Virganey (Gurganey) was related to Captain Thomas Harris, and the four hundred acres patented by him in 1617 joined Captain Harris’s land. “Members of the Virginia Assembly convened July 30, 1619: ‘Argall’s Gifte,’ Mr. Gourgainey.” But something happened soon after that, we do not know what, and we find “Mr. Gourgainey’s” widow, Ann, making a will leaving her property to Captain Harris. She must have been comparatively young, or she and her husband would not have crossed the wild seas on a venture, but she did not marry again, and the land became eventually a part of the Harris lands. The patent date under which he received it was July 12, 1637: “Sir John Harvey unto Thos. Harris 700 acres of land called by the name of Longfield . . . 499 acres being granted to Edward Gurganey by Order of the Court bearing date the first of October Anno Domi 1617 . . . and bequeath by Ann Gurganey widow and relict of the said Edward Gurganey to Thomas Harris by her last will dated Feb. 11 Anno Domi 1619-20.”

The English records of the Gurganey family (under whatever variations in spelling) indicate a remarkably scholarly group connected for several generations in one capacity or another with

¹⁶ Harris Land Grants, State Land Office, Book I, pg. 304.

¹⁷ Hanover County Book 4, pg. 250.

¹⁸ Harris Deeds and Patents, Hanover County, Book 6, pg. 153.

Canterbury College, Merton College in London, and Christ Church, Oxford. For what it's worth, a Thomas Harris entered Baliol College, B. A. February 11, 1578-9, M. A. July 5, 1583; and a Thomas Harris was mayor of Oxford in 1610.¹⁹

Major William Harris (. . . .—1679) was born in Virginia about 1630; and when we first hear of him, in 1644, he is being left a silver spoon and one sow shote by his godfather, Captain Thomas Pawlette. This does not mean that William was necessarily the apple of Captain Pawlette's eye, for Captain Pawlette had as many godsons as there are cedar waxwings in a ligustrum bush in March; but he did manage to remember the names of most, if not all, of his godchildren, for he mentioned twelve of them in his will, of whom his favorites must have been Francis Eppes and William Ferrar (Farrar) who got a silver spoon each and his silver bowl and wine cup to be divided between them, while the other ten got only shotes with their spoons; and to Mr. Richard Jones, who had probably baptized the lot, he left his cow named Cherry.²⁰ He died a long way from home, and two of his friends were requested to bury him according to their own discretion, his sole executor and principal heir being in England. But after all, it does not sound as if he had a very lonely life.

Major William Harris was a Burgess in 1652-58, during which period we find him selling, in 1656, some of his large acreage: "Harris of Curles conveyed to Abraham Childers land he is now living on," etc.²¹ This Curles land, also known as Longfield, had been patented by his father, who had sold most of it to Nathaniel Bacon, but retained enough to cause a good deal of trouble between his heirs and the successors of Nathaniel Bacon.

Some years later, he and his brother-in-law, Thomas Ligon, were Justices together, and then we hear little of him for awhile, until in 1661 Governor Francis Moryson is appointing Coll. Abram Wood, Lt. Coll. Thomas Dewe, Major William Harris, Captain John Eppes, Captain William Farrar (the favored godchild), Captain Peter Jones, Captain Edd Hill Junr. and Captain Francis Grey to be Commanders of the Regiment of the trayned bands in the

¹⁹ Alice V. D. Pierrepont: *Reuben Vaughn Kidd, Soldier of the Confederacy*. Copyright by A. V. D. Pierrepont, 1947.

²⁰ Clark: *Francis Eppes His Ancestors and Descendants*, Appendix I, "Title of Westover," pg. 276.

²¹ Henrico Book I, pg. 199.

Counties of Henrico and Charles City.²² He was still functioning with the Militia, "the trayned bands," in 1677, when a party of hostile Indians came down from the north and he and Francis Eppes of the silver bowl (or did he get the cup?) went out to meet them and drove them off.

Two months after that he made his will, which was proved February 2, 1679.²³ Three sons are named in the will: William, *Thomas*, and Edward. Their mother, Alice, married George Alves sometime before 1682.²⁴

We do not know a great deal about the life of William's son, Thomas, except in its broad outline. His tenancy of the earth coincided with one of those periods well known to history and to individuals, when gains are consolidated, losses marked off, and changes pause for appraisal and adjustment: an important period, but lacking in the exclamation points which preceded it. Thomas cultivated the land left him by his father—a very different matter from taking it from the Indians—he married and raised a large family; and on October 5, 1739, he made his will.²⁵ In it he mentions wife Mary (d. 1744); sons Francis, Thomas, James, William and Benjamin; daughters Edith Osborne, Sarah Phebe, Ann Harris, Martha Pasture, and *Mary James*, who is left a gold ring, etc.

Soon after Mary Goode's marriage to Francis James, Henrico County was divided, that part of it where they made their home becoming Goochland County in 1727. That change, and the two subsequent changes when the part of Goochland south of the James became Cumberland County in 1748, and that part of Cumberland County touching Chesterfield became Powhatan in 1777, really scrambled the records. It is no wonder that for a long time Mary's identity was lost in the shuffle, until the patient research of one of her descendants, Alice V. D. Pierrepont, brought her to light for us.

She was still a relatively young woman when she married for the second time, and her Goode children soon had a number of *James* ~~Harris~~ sisters and brothers. There was Francis James, Jr., who died in 1746; and Mary's will, written December 17, 1759, mentions a daughter, Martha Clark, and a daughter, Pheve Merrimon; and a

²² Charles City County Book 1661-66, pgs. 281-83.

²³ Henrico, Vol. I, pg. 58.

²⁴ Henrico Orphans Court Feb. 1, 1682.

²⁵ Henrico County Wills and Deeds. Vol. 3, pg. 810.

son, Richard James. It was witnessed by Martha and Mary Goode, the wife and daughter of her son Bennett. Her husband, Francis James, died a few months later,²⁶ and Mary's will was proved less than three months after that.²⁷ Written shortly before the death of her husband, when presumably she did not have great deal of property in her own name, it was brief and simple. None of her Goode children were mentioned in it, since they had already received their legacies from the property that was their father's.

And so she who had been the young wife of John Goode of Falls Plantation long, long ago, went her way.

Mary's two oldest sons, John and Thomas, were big boys at the time of her second marriage, and either did not remain many years in the James household, or perhaps spent much of their time with their father's kin until they were old enough to take over the land that would be theirs. The two younger children were more nearly the contemporaries of their half-brothers and sisters, and a great deal of affection seems to have existed between them. Among the Goochland County (Powhatan) records, there is the will of Francis James, Jr. who gives and bequeathes "unto Bennett Goode my new Brydle and Saddle . . . my will and desire is that my father Francis James, Bennett Goode and William Megginson should be my executors."²⁸ William Megginson had married Mary Goode on May 22, 1740, in Goochland County; and her brother Bennett had been married the same year to Martha Jefferson, aunt of President Thomas Jefferson.²⁹ The Goodes and Jeffersons were old neighbors. Peter Jefferson from Wales, who was a Burgess in 1619, lived in the vicinity of Osbornes, and the will of Captain Thomas Jefferson, Martha's father, left her in the care of his sister, Martha Wynne, whose husband took up land on Stoney Creek, one of the boundaries of Whitby.

Young Francis, making final disposition of the new bridle and saddle which had been of but little use to him, and of all else that he had accumulated in his short life, was married, too, to a girl whose Christian name was Moody; and had a "dear and only child, Eliza-

²⁶ Cumberland County Will Book I, pg. 196. His executors were his wife, his son Richard, Bennett Goode and William Megginson.

²⁷ Cumberland County Will Book I, pg. 205.

²⁸ Goochland County Will Book 5, pg. 195. Dated March 18, 1746; proved November 19, 1746.

²⁹ From the family Bible of Peter Jefferson, later in the possession of Peter Field Jefferson of Mecklenburg County.

beth." You, whoever is reading this, you think you got troubles? You and who else?

On March 2, 1733, Francis James, for ten pounds current money to him in hand paid, conveyed to Robert Goode (second) of Whitby 110 acres in Henrico, being part of the land given by John Goode the Immigrant to his sons Thomas and Joseph; and at a Court held for Henrico County the following June, Francis James acknowledged this deed to be his act and deed and the same was admitted to the record.³⁰ This deed, signed in the presence of Thomas Harris, Mary James' father, probably represented the sale of her interest, or the interest of one of her children, in the estate of John Goode of Falls Plantation; for that same month exactly the same amount of land—land willed by John Goode the Immigrant to his sons Thomas and Joseph—was deeded by Francis James to his step-son, John Goode (third), presumably on his coming of age. Francis James continued to deed various tracts of Goode land over a considerable period of years, the heirs being apparently satisfied to leave it in his hands until they were ready to occupy or sell their heritage. Three years later, for ten pounds, Francis deeded to John an additional 173 acres on the south side of James River down Stoney Creek adjoining the land he already owned,³¹ and six years after that conveyed yet another hundred acres to John (third) "for divers good causes and considerations but more especially by and in consideration of five shillings current money paid by the said John Goode," etc. This conveyance was apparently no more than a necessary formality for the transfer of the same land to Robert Goode on the same day, no doubt by purchase.³²

The initial 110 acres deeded to John (third) in 1733 represented his interest in his father's real estate—Whitby land which had come to John Goode (second) through his own father and his brother Thomas.³³ You will notice that the acreage sold Robert at the same

³⁰ Chesterfield County Deed Book I, James to Goode.

³¹ Henrico County Book 1725—, pg. 596. December 20, 1736.

³² Chesterfield County Deed Book I, pg. 33.

³³ Thomas Goode of Henrico County (son of the Immigrant), in his will proved July 7, 1718, left his brother John one hundred acres "adjacent to my brother at Whitby," and a Negro. He left his brother Joseph three hundred acres of land, Anne Goode (sister) to have Joseph's land if he should die before Thomas. Strangely enough, the will of "my brother at Whitby" was proved the same month. There is mention that some of the lands deeded by Francis James to the heirs of John Goode (second) was land which had come to him through his brothers Thomas and Joseph. Evidently he had purchased Joseph's land, or some part of it.

time was exactly the same, as if there had been an equal division among the heirs; as presumably there had been, in the absence of a will. The additional grants made to John (third) at intervals several years apart may well have represented the purchase of the shares, or some part of the shares, of his mother, his sister Mary, and his brothers, none of whom ever returned to occupy the land they had inherited. John on the other hand, and his cousin Robert, seemed to buy up whatever was available of this land as opportunity offered, and followed in the footsteps of their fathers as planters on the James, keeping Whitby intact for awhile longer.

We do not know the name of his wife, but it seems likely that he married a relative, probably a sister, of Robert's wife, Elizabeth Branch, for after his death his son John (fourth) was named as one of the heirs and executors of Thomas Branch of Kingsland, Elizabeth's father.³⁴ He died prior to March, 1792, in which month his son John (fourth) conveyed to Robert Goode "that tract of land bequeathed to me by the last Will and Testament of my father John Goode being near the Falls of James River in Chesterfield County and known by the name of Whitby," adjoining the said Robert's land and containing 473 acres.³⁵ The Will and Testament mentioned is missing, so we have no way of knowing what other legacies there may have been, or what part of the estate was represented by the 473 acres.

There was a contemporary John Goode, a cousin, but there is no need to confuse the two. This other John was the son of Samuel, and an older man—he deeded land adjoining the land of his brother Edward to his sons Thomas and Edward in 1847—and while he lived further down the James, it was on the north side of the river, in Henrico County. His home was on Four Mile Creek, a little stream running into the James not far from "Curles," and the boundaries of his property are clearly defined in various wills and deeds of his and of his sons.

Years before selling the land he inherited under his father's will to his cousin Robert of Whitby and delivering "Sivery and Seisen by *Twig and Turf*" to the said Robert, John (fourth) turned his face to the south-west and bought from John Ruffin a tract of land on Cocke's Creek in that part of Lunenburg County which was on the verge of becoming Mecklenburg, by deed dated December 15,

³⁴ Chesterfield County Will Book I, pg. 535.

³⁵ Chesterfield County Deed Book 5, pg. 9.

1764. Mecklenburg records began the following year, when he is mentioned in connection with a legacy from Thomas Branch as John Goode of Mecklenburg County.³⁶ Apparently he was unmarried at that time, as the wives of all the other heirs were specifically mentioned except in the case of his cousin Robert, who did not marry until the following year.

Within the next ten years, by three separate purchases, he added nearly two thousand acres to his original tract, but sold or otherwise disposed of some of this, for the Mecklenburg Land Books for 1780 list him as owning only 1450 acres. He died about 1800. On January 10, 1803, a Rebecca Goode relinquished the right to administer the estate of her husband, John Goode. I am told that this was his second wife, a much younger woman who was the mother of his two sons, Bennett, who lived at what was known as the High House, on Coleman's Creek east of Boydton, and John Twigg, a lawyer, who lived in Boydton and died unmarried. He also had a daughter Jane ("Jinny") who married Jack Bolling of Dinwiddie; apparently the child of his first wife, and there may have been other children whose names we do not know.

There is nothing left of the manor house of John Goode of Cocke's Creek. Judge Sterling Hutcheson tells me that before the road was surfaced the site of the house was easily located by a mud-hole which his father told him had been the basement of the old home. "An old plat of Goode lands in the clerk's office shows a racing path to the south of the manor house," wrote Judge Hutcheson, "and according to tradition there was a 1-mile racing course to the north of it, ending at Samuel Farrow's house, where the Judge's stand was on the cellar cap." Racehorse John, he was called.

It does not take an Einstein to figure that a plantation which has

³⁶ "Edward Osborne and Elizabeth his wife, Christopher Branch and Martha his wife, Josiah Tatum and Sarah his wife, Branch Tanner and Mary Page his wife, and Robert Goode of the County of Chesterfield; Henry Wilson and Priscilla his wife of the County of Sussex, Thomas Branch Wilson and Elizabeth his wife of the County of Amelia, and John Goode of the County of Mecklenburg, and Leonard Ward of the County of Chesterfield Witnesseth that the said Edward Osborne and Elizabeth his wife, Christopher Branch and Martha his wife, Josiah Tatum and Sarah his wife, Branch Tanner and Mary Page his wife, and Robert Goode of the County of Chesterfield; Henry Wilson and Priscilla his wife of the County of Sussex, Thomas Branch Wilson and Elizabeth his wife of the County of Amelia, and John Goode of the County of Mecklenburg for 365 pounds to him the said John Goode in hand paid sell to the said L. Ward 73 acres situate in the County of Chesterfield and Kingsland the same being allotted to the said John Goode out of the larger tract and bounded by the river at one end," etc. Chesterfield County Deed Book 5, pg. 496. January 3, 1767.

supported one family in comfort will not necessarily support several families, particularly when the divided tracts are cut off from any future expansion unless the various owners can come to some agreement. John's brother Thomas—the lost ancestor about whom Brown Goode made a detour, connecting the Thomas Goode who married Agnes Osborne to his grandfather without an intervening parent—easily worked out this simple problem in applied mathematics, conceded first choice to John as the older brother, and established himself further down the river, in the vicinity of Osbornes. Some of the Osborne lands are mentioned in old papers as adjoining the land of Thomas Goode, and Edward Osborne of Osbornes acquired in 1779 613 acres “adjoining land owned by Thomas Goode.” His plantation lay between Procter's Creek, bordering Osborne property, and Kingsland Creek, a few miles higher up the river.

The records at this point are incomplete, but if we search diligently we will find that this Thomas did leave a few faint but identifiable footprints on the sands of time. In 1736—three years after John received his Whitby inheritance—he appeared on the Henrico tax list, being charged with one levy.³⁷ His name was also on the list of James Ferguson, which is interesting because it was perhaps this same James Ferguson, or more likely his son, to whom Thomas Goode sold land on Kingsland Creek many years later, which would indicate an early association with the neighborhood which became his permanent home. Some years later a number of contemporaneous Thomas Goodes were constantly showing up in the Chesterfield records, very frustrating for an earnest geneologist in search of a grandfather; but in 1736 our Thomas's uncle Thomas had been dead for eighteen years, his cousin John's son Thomas was a schoolboy down on Four Mile Creek,³⁸ his cousin Robert's son Thomas,³⁹ his brother Bennett's son Thomas,⁴⁰ and his own son Thomas, were not even born. For a little while, at that period, he stood out like a lone tree.

We know nothing of his personal life, except that he married

³⁷ Fleet's *Henrico Records*.

³⁸ Thomas, son of John, son of Samuel Goode, generally alluded to as Thomas Goode of Henrico. Will proved December 1, 1788, mentions wife Elizabeth; daughters Judith Jordon, Elizabeth Mathews, Frances Sharp; sons Thomas, Joseph, Samuel and Benjamin.

³⁹ Lived, and was quite prominent, in Manchester, where he died in 1813.

⁴⁰ Lived in Powhatan County, where he died unmarried in 1777. Powhatan County Order Book I, pg. 17.

and had a son Thomas who married Agnes, the daughter of his old neighbor, Edward Osborne. There may have been other children, but we cannot identify them in the scanty records, and do not even have a family tradition that they existed. However, it seems probable that if Thomas, Jr., had been an only child he would hardly have gone out to Mecklenburg and taken up land there the year following his marriage. He would not only have been heir apparent, he would have been needed on the home plantation. I would say that somewhere about here a few sisters and brothers have been sunk without a trace.

When he was around sixty-five Thomas, Sr., either because of failing health or for some other reason, decided to lighten his load, and sold off some of his land. "An indenture between Thomas Goode of the County of Chesterfield and the parish of Dale and James Ferguson witnesseth that the aforesaid Thomas Goode for 5 pounds sells to James Ferguson tract or parcel of land situate in being in the said County and parish aforesaid on the south side of Kingsland Creek containing $429\frac{3}{4}$ acres." Boundaries: mouth of a small branch—a White Gum—John Bolling's line—north 88 degrees to a hickory tree *on the road that leads to the said Goode's . . .* a pine stump on said road. There was mention that Sivery and seisen peaceable and quiet possession was first had and enjoyed by the within named Thomas.⁴¹ The italics are mine.

Four hundred and thirty odd acres seem like a lot of land to sell for five pounds. Maybe Thomas Jr. had a sister who had married James Ferguson, or something. You will notice that I said maybe. Maybe, too—but probably—his father had advanced the money to give Thomas his start in Mecklenburg, as Agnes' father had helped with the gift of four slaves at the time of the marriage.

Bennett Goode, the younger brother of John and Thomas, lived in Goochland County. We find our first deed of Bennett Goode's the year after his marriage in 1740, when he bought 250 acres of land on the south side of the James River, on which he was then living, from William Randolph. About four years later he and his wife moved to Cumberland County (now Powhatan) where he died in 1771.⁴² A ferry was operated between his land and that of John Fleming on the other side of the James, and this was sold in

⁴¹ Chesterfield County Deed Book 10, pg. 10.

⁴² Will recorded at a Court held for Cumberland County September 23, 1771.



PRESTWOOD

From a picture sent the author by Mr. John L. Tucker in 1936. He wrote: "in my boyhood there were various outbuildings which are no longer standing—such as the kitchen, school-house, various offices, and the slave quarters. This farm is no longer in the Tucker family."



Prestwood as it looked when Mabel and I were there in April, 1947. The front view shows the old ailanthus trees, sometimes called "Paradise Tree," or "Tree of Heaven," a variety recently introduced into this country from China when these were planted at Prestwood. The Persian lilacs at the doorstep to the right had, like the trees, survived the years, and were in full bloom when we were there. Mrs. A. T. Vaughn, wife of the owner, wrote in sending me these pictures: "You speak about the ghosts I might see here. I just wish you could hear some of the ghost stories that I have been told about this place since I have been living here. But I have never seen anything, and do not think there is anything to see."



LUCY TUCKER CHAMBERS
1849

1758-9 to a man named Jude, and is still known as Jude's Ferry. His son, Bennett Jr., moved to Mecklenburg County where he lived on the north bank of the Roanoke River, near the new Bugg's Island Dam. He was born in 1745-6 and went to Mecklenburg as a young man, about the same time that his cousin John of Cocke's Creek did, and was Sheriff in 1784, there being local records of two bonds dated November 8th of that year executed by "Bennett Goode, Gent. Sheriff," etc. There is some uncertainty about the date of his death (given by Brown Goode as 1812-16). An appraisal of his estate was filed in Mecklenburg County in 1785, and the Mecklenburg Land Books for 1786 list his property in the name of his estate. This designation may, however, have indicated his removal from the County, rather than his death, for in a will written June 11, 1791, his mother names him as her residuary legatee and executor.⁴³ Perhaps he went back to Powhatan to be near his mother and look after her in her old age. He married Isabella, daughter of Howell Lewis of Granville County, North Carolina, who after his death married Swepson Jeffries and became the mother of Howell Lewis Jeffries.

An able and public-spirited man. His name is linked with such proud names as those of Patrick Henry, James Madison, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson and George Mason, for he and they were members of the Virginia Convention of 1776 which wrote "the first written constitution of a free state in the history of the world," and which elected Patrick Henry the first Governor of Virginia. He had also represented Mecklenburg in the Convention which met in St. John's Church, Richmond, in March, 1775, (having defeated Colonel Munford of "Richland" in a bitterly contested election), and he must have been one of those who heard Patrick Henry say—little knowing how the words he heard that day would echo down the years—"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? . . . As for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

I found the date of the marriage of Thomas and Agnes Osborne Goode in the family Bible of Edward Chambers of Lunenburg, whose son married their grand-daughter, Lucy Tucker; and afterwards I learned that she copied them from the Prayer Book given by Agnes Osborne Goode to her daughter Agnes when she mar-

⁴³ Will proved in Powhatan County October 20, 1796.

ried John Tucker. This Prayer Book is now in the possession of "Cousin Lucy Capehart"—who says of its illustrations, "More fiendish-looking saints you never saw." So here is the record as set down by Agnes herself for her children, and supplemented by me with data unavailable to her.

Thomas Goode and Agnes Osborne were married February 2, 1769

Elizabeth Eppes Goode b. January 12, 1770; d. September 16, 1771

Thomas Goode b. August 21, 1771; d. September 4, 1794

John Chesterfield Goode b. May 26, 1775; d. September 2, 1837.

Married (1) Lucy Claiborne, who died about 1800 leaving one son, William O. Goode; (2) Mrs. Mary Smith Nuttall, daughter of William Smith of Warren County, N. C. He willed her the second and fourth bonds "due unto me from Alexander Boyd, Senior, of Mecklenburg County, Virginia."⁴⁴ She died leaving three small children: Mary Nuttall, Agnes and Elizabeth (Betsey) Goode.

Martha Goode b. April 15, 1777; died about a year after her marriage to William Hamlin, leaving a daughter, Mary Ann.

Betsey O. Goode b. June 21, 1779; d. January 14, 1850. (Aunt Betsey in person, no less)

Agnes Eppes Goode, b. May 15, 1781; d. December 25, 1814.

Edward Goode was born on February 2, 1785, and died four days later.

In 1770 Thomas Goode bought 649 acres of land on the Roanoke River, in Mecklenburg County,⁴⁵ and the following year he bought other land adjoining the first tract.⁴⁶ Mecklenburg County Land Books for 1780 list him as owning at that time 716 acres—200 acres. These, with neighboring tracts acquired later, formed the plantation called "Inglewood," adjoining what was then known as "the large Petersburg Road." In some old manuscript notes found in a copy of *Virginia Cousins* once owned in Mecklenburg County, I came across a slip of paper with the pencilled names, "Tom Goode of Englewood," "Agnes Goode of Englewood," with no context or discoverable reason for having been written.

But firmly as Tom and Agnes Goode of "Englewood," with their growing family, seemed to be established in Mecklenburg, they were not always to be so designated. Great changes, which in the end would greatly affect them all, were taking place at Agnes' old home, Osbornes on the James.

⁴⁴ Peyton *et al* V. Smith: Supreme Court Reports, North Carolina. Vol. 22, pg. 325.

⁴⁵ Mecklenburg County Deed Book 6, pg. 139.

⁴⁶ Mecklenburg County Deed Book 6, pg. 183.

About the time their seventh child, Agnes Eppes, was born, the life of Agnes' father, Edward Osborne, was drawing to its close. That was the year when the Revolution ceased to be an abstraction in Chesterfield, and became a very present reality; and Osbornes was in the thick of whatever was going on. It was indeed a focal point, with ammunition being landed at the wharf there.

The Calendar of Virginia State Papers⁴⁷ contains the following letter from Maj. General Baron Steuben to Governor Thomas Jefferson, written at "Osborne Home" on January 7, 1781:

Sir:

I have this moment the honor of your excellency letter of this day—the thousand Stand of Arms I desired Col: Davies to send to Col: Gibson at Petersburg on being advised there were more than 400 Militia there and more arriving, and I must again request that no time may be lost in sending as many as can be collected. etc —

On the 28th of April, the month in which Edward Osborne made his will,⁴⁸ B. Ed. Joil wrote the Governor:⁴⁹

I have this instant received notice that the enemy appears to be again in motion at Osbornes. I have dispatched a vidette to reconieter them, and am collecting some negroes to hew down trees and be ready to take up different bridges in their rout. There is no officers on this side but myself and I desire to know if you have any commanders.

Two days later, April 30, Bolling Starke wrote Governor Jefferson from Fairfield:⁵⁰

"We receive every day reports of the conduct of our cruel war, but can't tell what degree of credit to give thereto. If you can spare the time, I should be extremely obliged in receiving from your excellency by return bearer . . . the particular depredation and injury done at and in the vicinity of Petersburg and at Osbornes."

It was late in May, and little Agnes was about two weeks old, when Captain H. Young wrote from Richmond to Colonel William Davies at Charlottesville as follows:⁵¹

Dear Sir:

My difficulties and misfortunes are without number; I have lost my horses, I fear they will fall into the hands of the enemy, and what is still worse, I fear poor John my faithful servant will share the same

⁴⁷ Vol. I, pg. 240.

⁴⁸ Chesterfield County Will Book 3, pg. 260.

⁴⁹ Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Vol. 2, pg. 46.

⁵⁰ Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Vol. 3, pg. 78.

⁵¹ Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Vol. 2, pg. 114.

fate . . . Poor Major Goode—I speak of that good man, with heartfelt compassion—Yesterday at noon, he was surprised near Osborne,—his party consisted of 150 men, thirty of whom are prisoners, except three that were killed.—Was it not, My dear Sir, cruel to post so good a man in the neighborhood of the enemy, and would not allow him a single videt for security. The enemy was conducted by a villain that Colo. Goode had posted on the leading road to Petersburg, to his encampment, by which means the pickets were avoided, and the party attacked in the rear and on each flank at the same instant. Do apologise for Colo: Goode—tis hard he should lose so well earned reputation.

My heart goes out to Colonel Goode, too—also to the writer of that letter—so kind, so just. I suppose it would be possible to ascertain the identity of Major, or Colonel Goode, “that good man,” but it is not essential to the story of Thomas; though it was certainly a kinsman of his, very likely a first cousin—that neck of the woods must have been full of grandsons and great-grandsons of John Goode of Whitby just then, and there must have been consternation and fury at Osbornes over his betrayal.

Edward Osborne left the plantation to his son Edward, but he left his daughter Agnes eighteen slaves by name: Dick, Hamblin, Sarah, Charles, Yatte, Nyssey, Robin, Billy, Cate, Eve, Nancy, Adam, Sarah, Dilsey, Else, Nanney, John, Old Simon. There is no reason on earth that I should write down the names of these poor Negroes, except a feeling that it would give them pleasure to be so remembered. He had, in 1770, deeded to “Thomas Good, who intermarried with daughter Agnes, four Negroes;”⁵² and he left his grandson, Thomas Goode, Jr., a Negro boy named Cesar. Little Thomas was ten years old when his grandfather died, just like you, and I expect they were special friends, just as you and your grandfather were.

Agnes’ father was an old man, and his death must have been foreseen and taken into account as an inevitable factor in any long-range plans, but the death of her brother, something over a year and a half later, must have been a shock. Unmarried, and still a young man, he made his will on March 7, 1783,⁵³ “being sick and weak of body,” and died within the month. After some lesser legacies, he directs that the rest of his estate be equally divided among his three sisters, Lucy Peterson, Agnes Goode, and Betty Eppes Branch.

The estate to be thus divided was a large one, Edward having

⁵² Chesterfield Deed Book 6, pg. 288. August 3, 1770.

⁵³ Chesterfield Will Book 3, pg. 380.

been residuary legatee of his father's estate, besides receiving under his father's will specific legacies of all his Lands and Plantations and forty-five Negroes by name. Beside the land already in his possession, records show the transfer of hundreds of acres to Edward Osborne the Elder during the last decade of his life: in 1771, "250 acres on the Appomattox River, formerly in the possession of William Eppes;" in 1772, 205 acres; in 1777, "180 and 1/2 acres adjoining Edward Osborne's property;" in 1779, 613 acres (adjoining land owned by . . . Thomas Goode). During this period he had deeded to Edward Osborne the Younger "for love and affection 500 acres I had by my wife land on which the Younger now dwells;" and he also sold some of his land, though not nearly as much as he acquired.

It will be seen that Agnes' legacy was one to be taken into serious account, and Agnes and her husband so considered it. Thomas took his family back to Chesterfield,⁵⁴ retaining, however, his land on the Roanoke. It is Agnes herself who tells us in her own will, written half a life-time later, that the lands she bequeathes are "all that tract or parcel of land whereof I die possessed, it being the tract whereon we (my late husband and myself) have resided for many years in the County of Chesterfield and which I obtained by the death and will of my father and brother Edward Osborne."⁵⁵

And now Thomas was done with change. The tragedy which had haunted his father's boyhood was long over; the move to Mecklenburg, the move back to Chesterfield, the strain of the Revolution, the rapid transfer of the Osborne plantation from father to son to Agnes and her sisters—these were all behind him, and the changes which were to affect him from now on to the end, other than those which touched him through his children, were the changes of seedtime and harvest, drought and flood, good years and bad. Like his cousin, Racehorse John, he loved and owned fine horses, and sometime during these peaceful years he owned and delighted in the great horse Diomed, winner in 1780 of the first English Derby, and later brought to America.

I can't recall, whether I ever mentioned to you a letter I had from Dick⁵⁶ dated Trdning, Austria, June 16, 1945. You were in

⁵⁴ He is listed in the first census of Chesterfield County, 1783, as living in Chesterfield County at that time, and owning 34 slaves.

⁵⁵ Chesterfield Will Book 8, pg. 84.

⁵⁶ At the time Corporal Albert Dickson Hutto, Medical Detachment of the 501st Parachute Infantry.

Austria yourself at the time, not far from him, and I may not have mentioned it in writing to you. He says:

“ . . . I was whiling away the time reading *Andrew Jackson the Border Captain* by Marquis James. I discovered that, like all wealthy men of his time, Jackson was always in debt, often up to his chin—struggling along with a few hundred slaves, perhaps two plantations, and some wilderness land, (perhaps 50,000 acres), and a few other varied interests, among which was horse-breeding and racing. This was a business second, a pleasure and sport of a gentleman first. During Jackson’s lowest ebb in finances after he had risen to be a gentleman farmer, he paid dearly for a fine race horse named Truxton—putting himself deeper in debt. This is what I read on page 118 of the Book: ‘Jackson yearned to avenge his own reverse. He had seen Truxton run. He sized up the stallion, which stood fifteen hands and three inches high, was beautifully formed, and had white hind feet. He searched his pedigrees, ’got by imported Diomed out of Nancy Coleman in the stable of Thomas Goode of Chesterfield County, Virginia.’ Judge Jackson won several races with Truxton, and won much money, since he bet heavily on his horse. Truxton beat all comers, and had the Kentucky Derby existed then, Truxton would probably have won it. But it seems to me that the horse that saved the future President from perhaps even debtor’s prison was born in the stables of Thomas Goode.

“Jackson’s life might have taken a different course if Truxton had taken a turn for the worse, I wondered if perhaps you might have missed this morsel in digging in Edward’s origin.”

Now isn’t that a delicious letter from a combat veteran of twenty-one, winner of the Silver Star? I had indeed missed that morsel, and am gratified to add to this manuscript the family’s contribution toward keeping Gentleman Farmer Jackson perhaps even out of debtor’s prison.

Thomas bought new land, during these years, on the James and the Roanoke. He must have gone sometimes to Mecklenburg to see about his interests there; and as the years passed, he would naturally break his journey, on these trips, at the home of young Mr. Tucker, of Brunswick, who had married his daughter Agnes. There he would talk horses and crops and politics with his son-in-law, and give Agnes the news from home. He would view with grandfatherly eyes the little Lucy, Grandma-Chambers-to-be, of whom you will hear more in the next chapter; and he would sit with his own small namesake on his knee, thinking of another little boy named Thomas who used to sit there. “I used to have a little boy, just like you,” he would say. “Once he got lost . . . once he went

fishing . . . once he had a puppy . . .” and the child’s eyes would look deep into his, round and attentive. But the child never said “Where is your little boy now?” for he knew that his young uncle was in heaven, wherever that might be. His Aunt Martha was in heaven, too—Mary Ann’s mother. Not that he cared. He had never seen either of them.

Now there was talk of war again, and now there was war itself. You would think, after so many centuries, people would know better. Thomas’s son John, and his son-in-law, young Mr. Tucker, were soldiering down in the Tidewater section—Captain Goode and Colonel Tucker, if you please. Of all his children, there was only Betsey left at home now, but he and Agnes still had each other. They had been together a long time, they had gone through deep waters together. After awhile, a man grew tired; after awhile, a man set his house in order, and waited. In 1810, he had deeded to his son John all his property in Mecklenburg.⁵⁷ In the autumn of 1812 he made his will, and it was offered for probate in Chesterfield County Court on July 13, 1813.⁵⁸

There is no indication that Thomas’s “beloved wife Agness” was in other than her usual health when his will was made. The provision made for her carried no implication of feebleness or incapacity on her part, and was given too much thoughtful consideration to suggest an arrangement known to be brief, at best. But about a month after her husband’s death we find Agnes writing her own will; and it was offered for probate the following month—September 13, 1813. I copy it entire, for the sake of one poignant sentence:

“In the name of God: Amen: I Agness Goode of the County of Chesterfield do make and ordain this my last will and testament.

Imprimus; it is my wish and desire that my son John Goode shall take and hold to him and his heirs forever all that tract or parcel of land whereon we (my late husband and myself) have resided for many years and which I obtained by the death and will of my father and brother Edward Osborne conditioned that my said son John shall execute his bonds for three thousand dollars to be paid in three annual payments to my son in law John Tucker for the sole use and education of his son Thomas Goode Tucker until he shall come of age and then to be delivered up to him the said Thomas Goode in his own proper use in fee simple.

Item: It is also my wish and desire that all the personal estate whereof I am or have become entitled to by the last will and testament

⁵⁷ Mecklenburg County Deed Book 14, pg. 217.

⁵⁸ Chesterfield County Will Book 8.

of my late husband Thomas Goode dec'd except what I shall hereafter devise shall be sold and the money arising therefrom to be equally divided between my son John Goode and my daughter Agness E. Tucker to them and their heirs forever.

Item: I give to my daughter Betsey O. Goode two beds and furniture bedsteads, etc . . . that is the two that have been up her stairs for some years and which have heretofore been called hers. . . . It is also my wish that the crop of corn now growing at Sherwerton the plantation left by her father Thomas Goode deceased, shall remain there for her use.

Item: I give all the crops made this year to my son John Goode (Except that which was devised to my daughter Betsey) to him and his heirs. I wish and desire that my household and kitchen furniture, without a sale to be equally divided between my son John Goode and my son in law John Tucker.

Item: I give and devise unto my grand daughter Mary Ann Hamlin⁵⁹ one bed and furniture compleat, to her and her heirs forever. I appoint my son John Goode and my son in law John Tucker Executors of this my last will and testament that they shall qualify without giving security, and that there shall be no apprisement of my estate.

Agness Goode

August 5, 1813.

Do you know which sentence I meant?—well, then, try to imagine what is in the heart of a woman who looks, in August, on a field of corn and disposes in her will of the crop which will be harvested after she is in her grave.

And now we come back to Aunt Betsey; Aunt Betsey, who at the age of two may or may not have looked on while Major General Baron Steuben wrote to Thomas Jefferson under her grandfather's roof, and who, at the age of thirty-four, was left alone in the home of her girlhood, the last member of her father's family to dwell there, as she was to be, eventually, their lone survivor. Our knowledge of her life in the intervening years is almost wholly inferential.

There was a time in her childhood when she suffered a great deal of pain, and her father and mother suffered a great deal of heartache, for she received an injury, in a fall, which left its permanent mark. She always wore, in later years, a little shawl, to conceal a deformed shoulder. The death of her brother Thomas, when she was fifteen, made another lasting change in her familiar world—it was never quite the same, after that. But her girlhood swept her along on a tide of visiting and being visited, of parties,

⁵⁹ Married Samuel Pryor of Dinwiddie County, Virginia.

of beaux, of young people coming and going: John's friends, Martha's friends, Agnes's friends, her own friends. Martha married Mr. Hamlin, and Agnes married Mr. Tucker. John married Lucy Claiborne. If there were bride's-maids, Aunt Betsey was a bride's-maid. Martha's little girl and John's little boy were born, and laid motherless in their cradles. Her father and mother began to show their age, the house grew quieter, the coming and going lessened like a stream which trickles more and more slowly in time of drought.

Can you not see Aunt Betsey, candle in hand, going at night up "her stairs" to her lonely room? Some of these years were difficult years for Aunt Betsey. It is hard for a woman to face and definitely accept the fact that wifedom and motherhood are not for her. Perhaps the less intelligent find comfort in minimizing their loss; but to do that is to make small of the Creator's plan for the individual, as well as for the race, and Aunt Betsey was intelligent. Sometime during these years she finally put aside the dream which is every woman's heritage, and I do not think she did it lightly, or without an inward bleeding.

Life, however, was anything but done with Aunt Betsey, even at the advanced age of thirty-four—even at thirty-six, when she was, in a sense, born again. For when her sister, Agnes Tucker, died on Christmas day, 1814, she was changed over-night from an uprooted, purposeless spinster, into the mistress of a large household, and the substitute mother of five children ranging in age from nine years to a few hours.

All the evidence is that Aunt Betsey met the exacting demands made on her now, in a way which entitles her to be remembered with respect. John Tucker, grandson of one of the little boys she mothered, says of her: "She must have been a most efficient person, as I always heard her spoken of in the highest terms. Many of the old family letters now in existence end with affectionate messages to her." There is still much to be inferred, but we have small, scattered facts from which to construct, with patience, our mosaic. There is no other portrait of Aunt Betsey save the one we are able thus to create for ourselves, but such as it is, it is authentic: the portrait of a forth-right, capable, useful woman, who had something to give the world in return for what she got.

Aunt Betsey's past was past, indeed, that Christmas day when Agnes went. The only member of her immediate family still alive

was her brother John, now of Inglewood. All her old life was behind her, and before her lay the appalling necessity of bringing up five children not her own.

Raising and educating five children is not a matter to be accomplished in a day, or in a year. In speaking of Prestwood, which had now become Aunt Betsey's home, John Tucker refers to the various out-buildings which had been there in his boyhood, and which are no longer standing, "such as the kitchen, school-house, various offices, and the slave quarters." Probably the school-house was in use early in Aunt Betsey's regime, and there Lucy and the little boys as they came along were introduced to learning. Lucy's spelling is a family scandal, and suggests that the school-house at Prestwood was her sole *alma mater*—though actually there was no one right way to spell a word, until Mr. Webster's Dictionary created a right way, and by implication a wrong way, out of usage and custom; and then, too, I have a little leather-covered book in which is written in a careful, girlish hand, "Col. John Tucker March 14, 1819," and on the opposite fly-leaf, in a variety of experimental styles, very elegant to start with, but deteriorating as their number grew, "Lucy G. Tucker," and these flourishing figures were dated, too, March 14, 1819. The book is *Perron's Grammar of the French Tongue*, so Lucy, at fourteen, had come a good way.

When the boys outgrew the school-house at Prestwood they attended Ebenezer Academy, which had been founded in the county by Bishop Asbury in 1784—the first Methodist Academy established in America. The picturesque little stone building is gone now, but a marker by the side of the road identified its two chimneys, which were still standing when Mabel and I rode by after visiting Prestwood in 1947. It was on the Boydton-Petersburg Road, on which Thomas Goode used to ride to and fro, and down which Aunt Betsey's carriage, driven by Armistead, used to disappear at intervals when she went to visit her brother's family at Inglewood. The intercourse between the two families seems to have been kept up in a very affectionate way. John and his second wife named a daughter Agnes Eppes, and this daughter in turn long afterwards named a child of her own for the dead daughter of little Lucy Tucker, who must have been her playmate. Motherless William, the only boy in the Inglewood family, visited his cousins at Prestwood; and in the course of time Lucy went to visit him and his young wife in their fine new home in Boydton, and there met a

Mr. Chambers and married him. Thomas, the oldest boy, outgrew Ebenezer Academy as he had outgrown the school-house in the yard, and went to study law at the newly-opened University of Virginia, where Edgar Allen Poe was one of his friends, and where, he records, he "often saluted ex-President Jefferson, who daily attended his 'dear pet' to superintend the operation of every class." Sterling, the second boy, was studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia about then; and now the younger boys were done with Ebenezer. Now Thomas and Sterling were back at home again, and Thomas's friend Edgar Poe was coming to visit him at Prestwood. This was not long before Thomas left to make his home in North Carolina in 1836—the period described by Hervey Allen in 'Israfel' as that when Edgar . . . "although nobody knew it but himself, was just on the threshold of fame." Certainly Aunt Betsey did not know it, and certainly she had no inkling that long after she and all of them were dead, that visit of Thomas's friend to Prestwood would still be remembered.

It took place about the time when Colonel Tucker, drawing his will, made the following bequest: "Sixthly I loan to Miss Elizabeth O. Goode my negro man, Armistead, for and during her life, and after her death I give to him the right of choosing a master from among my sons and give him to the one he may select, to him and his heirs forever." Armistead was evidently a valued and a favored slave, and loaned to Aunt Betsey in thoughtful provision for her comfort—a tribute to him and to her. Armistead had another tribute, not to be despised, which is my reason for mentioning him in this place. Mary Barnett Tucker, wife of Colonel Tucker's grandson John, has written an account of Poe's visit to Prestwood, which is on file at the University of Virginia, and I have her permission to use it in its entirety. I shall do so in the next chapter, but now I wish to quote from it the following: "There was an old negro slave at Prestwood, named Armistead, whose wife was a native African negress. He possessed an inexhaustible store of ghost stories and tales of voodoo and African magic. This darkey greatly interested Poe, who declared he was the most interesting man he had ever met, and passed many hours in talking to him."

I wonder what Aunt Betsey said to *that*! I expect she found a sniff came nearer to expressing her opinions, than words. I'll warrant she did not feel one-tenth as distinguished being hostess to Poe—she must have been there during his visit, for if she had not been,

Armistead, her carriage-driver, would not have been there either—as she did a year or two later, when Lucy's second daughter was christened Elizabeth Goode in her honor in Old Sapony Church. This occurred, according to the Bath Parish Register, on February 19, 1837, and the fact that "Bettie" was eight years old at that time, and that no other child of Lucy's was christened at Old Sapony, indicates that the ceremony was deferred until it could take place conveniently under Aunt Betsey's auspices, in the church where she held her membership.

And now the heat and burden of the day were over. Aunt Betsey had fulfilled her destiny. For better or worse, the little flock entrusted to her care had stepped into the ranks, and needed her no more. It seemed that she had now only to rest on her laurels, tranquil amid the lengthening shadows.

"It seemed!" If you have not yet learned to distrust those words, you are still very young. In October, 1837, her brother John died—the only member of her father's household left, except herself; and in 1843 Colonel Tucker died; the master of Prestwood, who was two years younger than she was, and might have been expected to live at least as long as she did, if not longer. For the second time, Aunt Betsey was to know the heartbreak of seeing her home disintegrate before her eyes.

The provisions of Colonel Tucker's will indicate that he expected his youngest son, John, to make Prestwood his home, and if he had done so, I suppose it would have continued to be Aunt Betsey's home, too. But after two years of unrest and indecision, John and his wife went to Mississippi to live, and there was an Executor's Sale of the Prestwood furniture and belongings. The plantation was sold, too, and Aunt Betsey went to live with the next-to-the-baby, Edward Bennett, who lived at Rome, the plantation adjoining Prestwood.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Joe Hutcheson I was furnished with a list of the articles purchased by Aunt Betsey at the public sale, as recorded in the Clerk's Office of Brunswick County.⁶⁰ She bought:

1 dozen cain bottom chairs	\$ 15.00
1 chest of drawers	1.50
1 lot of glass <i>including all</i>	8.00
Dining set of china	45.00

⁶⁰ Brunswick County Will Book 14, pg. 287.

Tin set, etc.	6.00
1 dozen teaspoons	3.00
2 plated candlesticks	4.00
4 brass candlesticks	.50
2 dozen knives and forks	10.00
2 dining table rounds	10.00
1 walnut table	2.00
6 bedsteads and furniture	120.00
1 set castors	2.50
1 carpet in sitting room	8.00
3 brass fenders	5.00
5 pair andirons	5.00
2 looking glasses	1.50
5 small walnut tables	5.00

She couldn't have needed all those things at Edward's, she must have been put to it to know what to do with them—but how to do without them! How to give them up! She was sick about that time, and no wonder. Sterling, as well as John, had gone to Mississippi to live, a few months before, and early in July Lucy wrote his wife Mattie, from Boydton: "Aunt B has recovered and Mr C"—(who probably had just gotten back from the sale, where he bought a few trifles and a Priam filly)—"says she looks like she always did."

She may have looked like she always did, but a change had come over Aunt Betsey. She failed, after that, she was abstracted and notiony, and very restless. She had lost a world, and she could not find it anywhere; and on top of everything else, her sight began to fail. Evidently cataracts. A few weeks after the sale, Edward carried his wife, Eliza, and their children, to visit Lucy, and on the fourteenth of August Lucy writes her Dear Mat that "Aunt Betsey was at brother Tom's when E was up here talking about living there geting (right) smartly in her doatage, is always on the road somewhere talks strangely almost put her eyes out with saltpetre before anybody knew the cause. . . . When Aunt B got better she had a pain in her side and did not want anybody to know it, so she told Eliza to make her a mustard plaster so she could smell mustard Eliza insisted on giving her the bottle but she could smell it better in a plaster."

I admire Aunt Betsey for her honorable service to her generation, but my real tenderness is for the wilful, failing old lady, with her little subterfuges and evasions, who had no idea of being managed for her own good if there was any way to get out of it.

The following winter her namesake was married, and Lucy reports to Mattie that brother Tom and Aunt Betsey came up the day before the wedding, and that Aunt Betsey was still there when her letter was being written, some two weeks later, and "looks just like she did when you left her she is in fine spirits and is done talking about churches but she is almost blind she cannot see what is on the table when she goes to eat and frequently asks for things that are not on the table. I shall go with her to brother Tom's when Liza and Mr. Hubbard go on to the south, which I suppose will be in two or three weeks."

Later, Lucy gives Mat an account of this visit to brother Tom's. His plantation, near Gaston, North Carolina, was called "Mot Rekcute," you will see why if you will spell the two words backwards; and it was from Mot Rekcute that "Liz and Mr. Hubbard," the bride and groom, were to start on their long journey, by way of the Ohio River, to join Sterling and Mattie in Mississippi. "I promised Aunt Betsey when she came up to Liz's wedding to carry her home when she wished to go," (writes Lucy) "so when Duncan and Betty (Liz) started I went with them on the cars to Gaston, we were not able to get more than a mile the day we started before the old stage broke down and we had to foot it back home and get Frank Boyd's carriage to take us to Ridgeway the next day, and a day it was shure enough raining and hailing and snowing untill we got to Gaston where I had a good old fashion headache and kept Liz in the room with me all night the next morning had to send to brother Tom's to let them know we had arrived having disappointed him the morning before in not getting there according to promise, for Pink Aunt Betsey and Jack had gone down in the carriage and told them when to meet us. I found all in good spirits . . . After staying there from friday (the 20 of Feb I believe was the date) untill the next Wednesday I cut out home expecting to have seen Duncan off before I left but he waited a few days for brother Tom who was going for Aunt B(s) carriage until this terrible snow storm. I got two letters from them today one dated the 4th saying they did not know when they would go as the O river they expected was frozen up. Liz wrote me that Aunt B was going to send you a splendid black satin cape trimmed with lace, they are worn with any sort of dress, had given her half a dozen table and tea spoons, (had given) sister Kate her silver ladle and above all was going to

pay brother Tom's expenses to buy her carriage which she had always refused to do . . ."

Some time after that Aunt Betsey was taken north for an operation. It is a whole year later that Lucy mentions in a postscript to one of her letters that "Jack returned a few days ago from brother Tom's . . . Aunt Betsey's eyes are still improving . . ." but only a month elapses, after that, before we find her name in another postscript: a brief, unemotional statement added by a stunned woman to the letter written by Edward Chambers to Sterling Tucker the day after receiving news of Bettie Hubbard's death in Mississippi: "Aunt Betsey and Cousin Jane are here she begs that I will say to you that you must come here should your health continue bad—LGC"

So poor old Aunt Betsey, who had been to Boynton to her namesake's wedding, was there with her father and mother when they heard that she had gone. Her half-blind eyes were not to be spared the glittering further blindness of tears because she had already, in her long life, shed so many of them.

The next time you hear from her—well, you'll be surprised! She was at Niagara Falls! Lucy had had a letter from Bettie's young husband, written some months after the death of his wife and baby: "Duncan . . . was then at the Falls of Niagara . . . I expect he met with Aunt Betsey, Edward and Eliza, and that in all probability they have detained him longer than he anticipated Aunt Betsey insisted on making the trip and I think is anxious for another operation but we are all opposed to it so she does not acknowledge it but says she is going to see, as she could not do that when she was there before. . . They are going to West Point, Saratoga, and I don't know where else."

Lucy Chambers' daughter Rosa, who was seven years old when Aunt Betsey died, described her from memory as a stately old lady, always handsomely dressed in stiff silks—and the owner of a silver snuff-box! This snuff-box was afterwards for a time in the possession of Rosa's daughter Marion, from whom it was stolen. However blurred the features, we have here the sketch of an old lady not devoid of personality; and to me, nothing could be sweeter than our final glimpse of her, in the last of Lucy's letters in which we find her name. Perhaps we have, besides, a little spiritual snapshot of her in a careless phrase of Lucy's soon after the Niagara Falls trip

—"and I as good as my word (as Aunt Betsey says) . . ." That's a fine sentence to be remembered by, that one direct quotation: "And I as good as my word." There have been worse epitaphs. But look at this last picture of her, and see if you do not think it sweet. Look at it well, for we shall not see her again. It is the fourth day of March, 1848. Aunt Betsey, in one of her stiff silks, sits in Lucy's home, with Lucy's youngest and last baby in her arms, a little fellow some fifteen months old. Lucy is writing to Mattie in far-off Mississippi. "Aunt Betsey wears Brother Sterling's miniature she says for me to see and I look at it through a magnifying glass I have and it is exactly like him. Little Henry sits in her lap and kisses it."

On January 14, 1850, Aunt Betsey found her lost world, or a better one. She was at Lucy's home in Boydton when she died, having developed pneumonia while on a visit there; and that is how she came to be buried in our lot at the Presbyterian Churchyard, which at that time contained only four graves—the graves of Lucy's children. Of those who lie about her now, most would be strangers to her, but Lucy knew Osbornes, Lucy knew Prestwood, Lucy was one of the children who became hers on a long ago Christmas day. I am glad they sleep near each other.

Aunt Betsey did not take charge of the household of Colonel Tucker, and superintend the raising of his children, in return for a home and financial support—as in those days many a gentlewoman did give her services, perforce. Aunt Betsey was amply provided for by her father, who had left her the plantation "commonly called Sherverton" consisting of approximately one thousand acres on Reedy Branch, in Chesterfield County; and sixteen slaves to work it. Evidently she disposed of Sherverton and invested the proceeds in some manner better suited to her purposes. Mary Barnett Tucker mentions the existence of a list of stocks and bonds owned by her, and her will, while it bequeathes "all my slaves" to Edward Bennett Tucker, makes no mention of real estate. One small bequest shall be spoken of here, because it seems to light up for a moment, like a flickering sunbeam amid shadows, an old relationship between two women long gone, that was kind, that was sisterly. "Seventhly," she directs, "I wish my executor to retain in his hands five hundred dollars and to pay the interest (\$30) to my friend and kinswoman Mrs. Jane Bolling . . ." This was the "Cousin Jane" who was with Aunt Betsey at Lucy's when the news came of Bettie's death: "Jinny" Goode, daughter of John Goode of Cocke's Creek, who

married Jack Bolling of Dinwiddie. I have no idea that Cousin Jane's finances were such that thirty dollars a year, as thirty dollars, meant much one way or another; but it was a sprig of rosemary laid once a year in an old lady's lap. From Betsey, Jinny. Remember?

What comes next ought to interest you, Edward—at least, it is something we shared, that you would recall. In August, 1934, Mabel and I drove with you from Buffalo Springs to Inglewood—the first time she and I had ever seen it, though we had lived within seven miles of it for years. The roads in Mecklenburg, in my girlhood, were not conducive to exploring, and neither, I admit, was my mental attitude, and it was not until after I was married and had left Virginia that I came to know the county moderately well, and to pour ashes on my head for the years in which I, having eyes, did not see; and having ears, did not hear.

Inglewood, in 1934, belonged to the estate of Mr. Herbert Hutcheson, Mecklenburg's Clerk of Court for many years, and a long-time friend of my father's. After the death of John Chesterfield Goode in 1837 it became the property of his son, the Honorable William Osborne Goode, M. C.; and eventually became the home, for a time, of William's son, Colonel J. Thomas Goode, who took his family there when the Civil War ended, and moved from there to the old Munford place, Richland, about 1868. His oldest child, Jennie Goode (Daniel) was about eight years old then; and a great-aunt of mine, whom I knew as a white-haired old lady with an apple-blossom complexion called "Aunt Ellen Friend," was then a young lady refugee living at nearby "Rotherwood" with her mother, and went to stay at Inglewood as the childrens' governess. Sometimes she would walk across the fields with them to see her mother and sisters. Colonel J. Thomas Goode was the last of the family to live there.

It was Mr. Hutcheson's sons, Sterling and John, who gave us information which enabled us to reconstruct it mentally, as we stood and gazed at what had been a plantation home of dignity and charm. It was originally a double, or H-shaped house, the front section facing the river about a mile to the south of it, and connected by a colonnade with the northern section. The colonnade, however, was gone, for lack of any purpose to serve—the back section was gone too, moved a third of a mile off about 1881 and made into a separate dwelling, in some division among the heirs to the property. The ground sloped sharply away from the house to the

north, from which direction we approached it by a road which was in itself a link with the past—Elijah's chariot of fire could hardly have looked more incongruous on it than Mabel's shining car; gently away from it at the front, toward the river. A road led in that direction, too, from what had once been the entrance porch, or entrance steps. Neither porch nor steps remained, but a central door opening on space four or five feet above the ground told its own story.

Inglewood, at the time of our visit, was the home of a Negro tenant, and we had taken it for granted that either he or his wife would be there, but found only a swarm of very small offspring who were evidently at a loss to account for us, and dubious as to our intentions. We produced such small change as we could muster between us, and asked permission to enter, which was somewhat grudgingly given us by the little creature who seemed to consider herself in charge; but we had come too far to be finicky about our welcome, and climbed the back steps undeterred. Like the missing front steps, they were high, there being two basement rooms underneath the house. On the first floor, there was a central hall, with a good-sized room on each side of it. We had no thought of opposition when we suggested climbing the boxed-in stairs leading to the upper floor, but were met with a "No, ma'am" so final and so alarmed that we were considerably taken back.

"Boot-leggers!" was the awesome solution which first occurred to us; and if not boot-leggers in person, at least a store of illegal whiskey not intended for the public gaze. Our wistfulness was tempered with an uneasiness to match our hostess's own. But it developed under inquiry that the beds upstairs had not been made, and any woman can understand the feelings of a householder under these circumstances. Another coin appearing providentially at the bottom of a purse thought to have been emptied, a compromise was reached to the satisfaction of all: time out would be allowed during which the rooms above would be hastily put to rights; then the stairs would be ours to command.

While the small guardian of the hearthstone struggled with her responsibilities, we went outside and walked around in the brilliant noonday sunshine, looking at what there was to see. There had been originally two tall chimneys, one at each end of the house, but one of these had fallen down, or been blown down in a storm, and the fireplace openings on that side had been boarded up. Two

of the wooden mantelpieces from Inglewood are in the house built by Judge Sterling Hutcheson in Boydton some years after his marriage to Miss Betsey Ballou, of "Kinderton." Off to one side there were two old, old pear trees, beside what once must have been a door-stone. One of the pear trees appeared to be dead, but it was still standing there. There was, besides, a little barn, or stable in front of the house, to one side and not very near; and that seemed to be all.

We could not see the Sand Ridge, paralleling the river along its bank, where John Chesterfield Goode had maintained a training-track nearly a mile long for his racers. We could not see the great training and racing stable about three-quarters of a mile to the southeast, at the Quarter Spring; or the combined carriage house and stable for the carriage horses, a short distance to the west of the small remaining building.⁶¹ The Sand Ridge was hidden by the trees; the carriage house and stables had long vanished. I did not know until afterwards that they had ever existed.

John Chesterfield Goode was a well educated man, and was licensed to practise law, though he did not do so; he was active in politics, and occupied with his business interests; but the thing he did because he loved it, was the breeding and racing of fine horses. He owned thirty at the time of his death, beside a part interest in nine others.⁶² In the old days, horses played a more important part in life than they do now, and this was particularly true on the scattered plantations of the south, with wide distances to be covered as a matter of daily routine. The so-called "plantation horse" was evolved from the necessity for an animal which could go and keep on going at a gait not too hard on himself or his rider. Horses played their part, too, as a source of entertainment, in a time which lacked the multiple resources of today. Racing was a tremendously popular diversion with the planters. In an article called "My Life as a Slave," published in Harper's Magazine for October, 1884,⁶³ an old Negro jockey makes the following reference to the master of Inglewood: "In dem times New Market was 'bout de head place in de Nu-nited States fur horse racin', an all de genlem fum far an' near used to come. Nobody dat was anybody staid away, an' it was a fine sight when de spring an' autumn races come. I tell you, Dem was de

⁶¹ Article on Inglewood by Judge Sterling Hutcheson in *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. L, No. 1. (January, 1944).

⁶² Hutcheson: Article on Inglewood. See Note 61.

⁶³ Quoted by Brown Goode in *Virginia Cousins*.

grandest times dat eber lived. King of Heaven! It was a sight to see my old marster an' yothers like him a struttin' up an' down wid deir shirts all frilled an' ruffled doun de front. Why, den you could build a ball-room as long as fum here to de stable, an' fill it wid folks—an' ebery one of 'em de real stuff. But now-a-days, what's it like? Name O' Heaven! blue trash, red trash, green trash, speckle trash,—dars plenty ob ebery qualinfication, but nary one dat washes in lye soap, an' dries on de grass widout fadin'. Why, dar was Otway Hare, Parker Hare, John C. Goode, Col. Peter Mason, John Drummond and Allen Drummond, all belong to de New Market Jockey Club."

John Chesterfield Goode owned a bay horse by the name of Cadmus, and on a beam just inside the door of the small stable mentioned above, this name is carved twice. Sterling and John Hutcheson had told us to look for this building, which is interesting in itself, being made of carefully squared and jointed logs, very solidly constructed, with no suggestion of what is ordinarily meant by a log house.

You and I stood looking through the open door into the two stalls which are all that it contains—just you and I, for there was a heavy growth of tall weeds crowding up to the very threshold which Mabel, not without justification, considered a snake haven of no mean qualifications, and she did not go so far. "Cadmus," said the letters carved in some long-ago hour of leisure; and just beneath it, as if in prolonged meditation, again "Cadmus." Dust deep on the floor, roots deep in the path, and no sound in the bright stillness of the summer noon but dry-flies in a great oak, and an inner whisper which one strained to catch, and held one's breath, and heard, like distant wind in distant pines: "Cadmus. Cadmus." Of every living man, and woman, and child, and animal the place had ever known, that name alone answered the silent roll-call of the vanished.

In one of the weeds which grew waist-high beside me, there was a little bird's-nest which had served its purpose, and been deserted. I broke the twig about which it was woven and carried it back to Buffalo with me, and that afternoon, when Mabel and I drove over to Boynton to say goodbye to the churchyard there for another year, I laid it on Aunt Betsey's grave. "From Inglewood," I said. I wondered what anyone who might see it there, would

think; but Katie Goode, sleeping close by, would have understood. It was she who had called to my attention James Lane Allen's brief but all-embracing sentence, "The universal tragedy of the empty nest."

THE SIXTH GRAVE

Sacred
to the memory of
LUCY G.
wife of
EDWARD R. CHAMBERS
who departed this life
on the 20th of May 1854
in the 49th year of her age.

A life of Christian
loveliness and closed in
power & hope.

“If we believe that Jesus
died and rose again,
even so these also which
sleep in Jesus will God
bring with him.”

I HAVE told you, in connection with Aunt Betsy, how after John Goode of Falls Plantation had been killed by Indians, his widow married Francis James and went to live in what is now Powhatan County; and how one of John's grandsons, Thomas, married Agnes Osborne of Osbornes, and their seventh child was a daughter named Agnes Eppes. The story of her brief life must be recorded chiefly in the lives of her descendants, for little remains of it today except as it is unconsciously told by them, with none to interpret the wordless tale.

Agnes Osborne of Osbornes was a daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Eppes Osborne of Chesterfield County, Virginia. Through her father she was descended from Captain Thomas Osborne, who settled in Virginia in 1619, a whole year before the first Puritan stepped from a boat in New England; and through her mother from Francis Eppes, who was a “Commissioner (of Monthly

Courts) in 1631-32 for the Upper Parts within the Precincts of Charles City and Henrico," along with "Captayne Thomas Osborne," just mentioned.¹ This association of Agnes' two remote ancestors was not as much of a coincidence as it might at first appear, for at the time mentioned there was such a mere handful of Englishmen in Virginia that the leaders among them were almost sure to be personally known to each other, and where they lived in the same section of the colony were more apt than otherwise to share a common responsibility in administering its affairs.

Agnes Osborne was descended from Captain Thomas Osborne as follows:

Thomas Osborne came to Virginia in 1619, arriving at Jamestown just twelve years after the first Englishman landed there, and nine years after that day when Lord De La Warr, arriving at the mouth of the James River, met the entire English population of Virginia starting out for Newfoundland—"a haggard remnant of 60 all told, men, women, and children scarcely able to totter about the ruined village, and with the gleam of madness in their eye."² Young Pocahontas had been dead only three years, and just the year before, Sir Walter Raleigh had been executed.

Grandpa Osborne was right smart of a man, and his decision to tear his future up by the roots and re-plant it in a weak and distant colony on the edge of nowhere, was no adventurer's whim. It doubtless had its origin in the fact which was then making such a difference in the quantity and quality of Virginia's incoming population—the rise of the tobacco trade. After the first settlers failed to find gold, or spices, or the Pacific Ocean, and after they and those who followed them discovered instead a great plenty of woe, sensible men who thought to better themselves were slow to turn their eye that way. It was only when tobacco became not only profitable, but a currency in itself, as if a man should plant ha'pennies in his field and watch them visibly swell to pounds, that able men turned their attention to Virginia for what it actually had to offer, rather than for the magic fulfillment of a dream.

The year of Thomas's arrival was a notable one for the colony. Good progress had been made since Lord De La Warr turned the tide of history by his timely arrival with reinforcements and supplies, and Fiske tells us that by 1619 more than a thousand persons

¹ Henning's Statutes at Large, Vol. I, pg. 168.

² Fiske: *Old Virginia and her Neighbors*.

were living in the colony, in a long, narrow strip bordering the James River on both banks for about seventy miles inland as the crow flies; and that the year 1619 saw that number doubled. In July of that year "the first legislative body of Englishmen in America" were called together in the wooden church at Jamestown; the following month, the first Negro slaves appeared in Virginia; and in 1619, too, came the "tobacco wives," Sir Edwin Sandys' ship-load of stout-hearted English girls, who were to make the wilderness a place of homes.

We know from contemporaries that when Thomas landed, there was no "public guest-house" where he could stay while he made further arrangements, but new-comers were lodged and provided for by the Governor in private houses. "As for dying under hedges"—for lack of accommodations—"there is no hedge in all Virginia," scathingly remarks a little group of ex-colonists, in reply to a malicious report of conditions circulated in London. Under Governor Yeardley's supervision, then, or along with him, for he too came over in 1619, Thomas was welcomed to Jamestown and assigned temporary quarters there. The house-holders of Virginia must have been sorely put to it in that year which saw the population of the colony doubled, but no doubt every additional pair of hands was welcome, where there was so much to do; and every potential bearer of a musket welcome too, in spite of the peaceful atmosphere.

Men who could bear muskets were going to be needed. The marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe had inaugurated a period of amicable relations between their two races, and even after her death a letter is written to the London Company³ saying "Powhatan goes about, visiting his country, taking his pleasure, in good friendship with us; sorry for the death of his daughter, but glad her son is still living. So does Opechancanough'. . . . But even at this time it is to be feared the perfidious Indians were meditating war."

Now I do not like to hear a grandfather of ours, however remote, called perfidious, and I am certain that this remark does Powhatan an injustice. It was not until after his death that Opechancanough's hostility to the English found expression in action, or even in words. Then one day the settlers went about their preparations for another crop, their work just beginning to call them into the fields again after the winter—the feel of spring, and of hope, in

³ Meade: *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*.

the air; and the next, a late March day in 1622, all the long, narrow colony was attacked from end to end, and 347 English men and women, besides the many never reported, were murdered in their fields, in their kitchens, in their beds, or as they travelled unsuspectingly through the forest which yesterday was safe.

Both Indians and whites were responsible for the trouble which had grown to such proportions. It had been only a few years since Opusoquionuske, Queen of the Appomattucks, had treacherously maneuvered the slaying of a party of explorers she had invited in the friendliest way to visit her village; only a few years since Dale, ostensibly in retaliation, had driven the Indians out of their desirable cultivated lands and taken them over for his own purposes; and similar incidents on a smaller scale no doubt broke through the surface, at intervals, all over the colony. The blame shifted between the two races, and between individuals belonging to each. But at the time of the great massacre there was no open trouble—indeed, one reason for the great number of deaths was that the English were so unsuspicious, receiving the Indians kindly in their homes (which they were not supposed to do) and in some cases actually sharing with their native guests the last meal ever to be served under that roof. Which did not prevent an extreme ferocity, a horrifying savageness, in the attack which followed. Opechancanough had done his work well.

But let us think also of Chanco, the Christian Indian, the poor slave, who could not stomach such treachery, and warned his master in time to save more than his fellows destroyed. Perhaps when Chanco humbly approaches the Judgement Throne there will go up with him as his witnesses the men, women, and children who owed their lives to him that evil day.

The Bermuda Hundred area was hard hit by the massacre, many of those who escaped with their lives being forced to abandon the homes which could no longer be protected from roving Indians who had achieved (I suppose they thought) a sort of victory, but did not know what to do with it. They happily destroyed whatever traces were left of the reeling settlers, but they constructed nothing, built up no reserves, and apparently did not understand that nothing had been settled. Powhatan could have told them.

It took the English several years to take stock of their losses, build up new resources, and form a definite plan of action against their now open and active enemy; but when they did move, they

moved fast. All over the colony armed forces went out simultaneously against the Indians, as the Indians had risen simultaneously against the whites, though massacre was not what they had in mind. There must have been some slaughter where they met with opposition, but they went out to destroy the crops in the fields, the fish-traps in the rivers, at a time of year when it was too late to plant new crops or to insure a food supply for the coming winter.

Lieutenant Thomas Osborne, who had survived and no doubt helped others to survive the massacre, was one of those in charge of the party which went out to "cutt downe the corne of the Tanx Powhatans," and very successfully, too. Some of the scattered Indians continued to give trouble for years to come, but the worst was over.

Other references to this capable and adaptable colonist follow at a fairly rapid rate, and you will understand them better if we digress a little. It happens that I am writing this part of your book when we have just finished reading Paul Green's "Lost Colony" (so useful for required reading under "Drama"), and your distaste for the Historian is fresh in my mind. Nevertheless, I now assume that role, unpopular as I know it to be, and interpolate a few words of history.

Eight years before Thomas Osborne came to these shores, Sir Thomas Dale, acting governor at the moment, had arrived in Virginia, perking up the colony with a blood transfusion of three hundred sardine-packed new settlers and a hundred-odd cattle. "Blood transfusion" is a figure of speech, but when you remember the blood which flowed literally from the veins of the colonists, and the constant drain on their strength and courage, you will hardly find a better expression.

Sir Thomas was a go-getter. Any Chamber of Commerce would have been proud to have him for a member. His vim and vigor must have been almost more than the poor colonists could bear. Their aspirations much depleted by the long voyage, those who preceded him had settled down supinely at Jamestown, about as unsuitable a place as they could find, and were taking root there when in a revolting burst of energy and enthusiasm he yanked the more promising of them up in short order and transferred them to a far more advantageous location some eighty miles up the river: a "strong, healthie & sweete site;" and moreover one which could be easily defended, being a peninsula enclosed by a great bend of the river—

seven miles around by water, but only a hundred and twenty yards from one side of the little strip of land connecting it with the mainland, to the other side. Across this strip Dale erected a sharp-pointed palisade, made still more formidable by a deep dry ditch, or moat, dug on the landward side. From this ditch, believed to have had its origin in Dale's military experiences in Holland, the place came to be known as the Dutch Gap; and the peninsula in time became known as Farrar's Island, which is still its name.

The palisade having been erected, the ditch dug, and the settlers having given up all hope of ever resting again, towns, fences, and glebe-lands began to emerge from the forest with gratifying speed under the supervision (needless to say) of Sir Thomas.

The first town, built on the peninsula, was named in honor of Prince Henry of Wales, and I wish I could report that a city with so grand a name as Henricopolis flourished from the start, but the evidence is against it. A Petition to the King of England by the Governor, Council & Burgesses of Virginia in 1624 states that "upon Sir George Yeardley's arrival as Governor of the colony in 1619, he found at Henrico 'two or three old howses, a poor ruined church and some few poore buildings on the Island'"—and that was before the massacre. I leave you to imagine its state after the massacre.

But to begin with, the "city" had everything—streets, fences, a church, and the promise of a college. Large sums of money had already been contributed toward the building of this college, and the London Company had set aside fifteen thousand acres of land across the river from the Henrico peninsula for this purpose, including the fenced-in tract of about twelve English miles known as Faith in Hope and Coxendale. It was in this Coxendale tract that young Parson Whittaker, "The Apostle of Virginia," built his home, "a fair framed house" which he named Roch Hall, afterwards called Rock Hall. With the massacre, and with the downfall of the London Company in 1624, the plans for the college were abandoned, or perhaps postponed, for the references to "the Colledge" which follow can only be to that great tract of land which had been appropriated to its use.

The little city had also—to begin with—peace. That efficient man, Sir Thomas Dale, saw to that. A few miles down the river Rolfe and Pocahontas lived at Varina, and the Powhatans and the English were of one blood; and when the Indians between the

James and the Appomattox failed to develop any enthusiasm over the new City of Henry, annoying the settlers, and raiding their crops and live-stock, Sir Thomas promptly cleared them out and established at the site of their village a settlement which he called the New Bermuda.

A contemporary tells us that he laid out the lands in hundreds—the Upper and Nether Hundreds, Rochdale Hundred, Shirley Hundred, etc., with the fences built from river to river, one of them two miles long, another four, and “very many ‘faire’ houses;” and he mentions that “the undertaking of the Chief City is deferred until the harvest be in, which once reaped, all hands shall be employed therein.”⁴ For there was to be another city—Charles City, this time, in honor of Prince Charles. How much of this projected town ever materialized is a matter for conjecture, for it went down with Henrico into oblivion. There is some confusion among historians as to its very location, but the Reverend Philip Slaughter, in his *History of Bristol Parish*, supports with conclusive evidence his opinion that its site was our modern City Point, at the junction of the two rivers.

The fences mentioned above were not intended merely to establish boundaries or to keep out Indians, they were erected primarily to protect from wild animals the precious hogs, cattle, and domestic fowl which meant so much to the colonists. Wild animals were no imaginary threat, wolves in particular being so plentiful that for many years to come bounties were paid by the colonial government for their destruction. At the organization of the first court in Halifax County in 1752, the county paid from one to three dollars each for wolf heads.

From Henrico City to Bermuda Hundred was only five miles, by land, and Mr. Whittaker, faithful shepherd, came and went between the two places, each of which had its own church. It was in his home that your little Indian grandmother, Pocahontas, spent the first months of her captivity, when taken prisoner by the English, and it was there she received her first instruction in the Christian faith. Parson Whittaker was drowned on his way down the river to hold services at the Bermuda church, two years before Thomas Osborne arrived in Virginia, so they did not meet; but the location of his home is not irrelevant, being approximately the location of Thomas Osborne’s home. For Thomas did not tarry at

⁴ Hamor’s *True Discourse*, pgs. 31-32.

Jamestown, but from an early period of his Virginia citizenship was identified with the "Necke of Land" between the rivers, and with the property known as Fearing (condensed history: formerly Faith in Hope, now Fearing) which remained in his family for some two hundred years; and the thousand acres granted to him in 1635 contained some part, or all, of Coxendale.

Some of the Osborne property had acquired a sad history before it ever came into Osborne hands. At the time of the massacre it was in the possession of some settlers named Proctor—John and Allis Proctor—and Mrs. Proctor, surprised there in the absence of her husband, defended her home to such good purpose that the attacking Indians were finally driven off; but she lost it nevertheless, being compelled, weeping and protesting, to abandon it; for the surviving authorities could not see their way to leaving an unprotected woman at the mercy, or rather to the certain vengeance, of the aroused Indians. Proctor's Creek is her memorial to this day.⁵

Before leaving Virginia, Dale made an unsuccessful attempt to set up a town near the mouth of Proctor's Creek to be called Gatesville after the Governor; and a second attempt, years later, failed also; but in time the town of Osbornes took root at this point, about a mile up the river from the marker which is all that remains of "Osborne's Wharf." This town, in the vicinity of the Osborne residence, was built on the original glebe land assigned for the use and support of Parson Whittaker.

Fortified with knowledge, let us go back to sniffing around for ancestral traces on the all but vanished trail.

From the *Minutes of the General Court*, March 7, 1628: "Leftt. Osborne to be Comaunder of the Colledge and Neck-of-Land hee being in the latter to appoynt a deputy."

From *Hening's Statutes at Large*, Vol. I, pg. 138, (November 16, 1629): "Leftt. Osborne and Mathew Ecclowe. Burgesses for the Ploration of the College . . ."

From *Hening's Statutes at Large*, Vol. I, pg. 168: "Commissioners (of the Monthly Courts) in 1631-32 for the upper parts within the precincts of Charles City and Henrico . . . Captain Francis Eppes Captayne Thomas Osborne . . ."

From 1629 to 1633, Thomas Osborne was a member of the House of Burgesses. That is, he was one of the two (or more) representatives elected by a local constituency variously known as

⁵ Lutz: *Chesterfield, an Old Virginia County*.

a Borough—a Plantation—a Hundred; it was all the same, it just meant one of the settlements scattered through the forest. “The place of meeting was at the wooden church at Jamestown. . . . A member of this Virginia Parliament must take his breakfast of bacon and hoe-cake betimes, for the meeting was called together at the third beat of the drum, one hour after sunrise. The sessions were always opened with prayers, and every absence from this service was punished with a fine of one shilling . . . In the choir of the church sat the Governor and Council, their coats trimmed with gold lace. By the statute of 1621, passed in this very church, no one was allowed to wear gold lace except these high officials and the commanders of hundreds. . . . In the body of the church, facing the choir, sat the burgesses in their best attire, with starched ruffles, and coats of silk and velvet in bright colors. All sat with their hats on, in imitation of the time-honored custom of the House of Commons, an early illustration of the democratic doctrine, ‘I am as good as you.’ . . . From the sweeping principles of constitutional law to the pettiest sumptuary edicts, there was nothing which this little Parliament did not superintend and direct.”⁶

You see? Grandfather Osborne (“Commaunder of the Colledge”) could wear gold lace, and that is something you never would have known but for me. Always, everywhere, certain men wear gold lace, even if it is invisible. There is something about leaders which sets them apart from the led.

Then we have this:

“To all to whom &c Now Know Yee that I the said Sr. John Harvey K^t. doe wth. the consent of the Councell of State accordingly give and grant unto Cap^t. Thomas Osborne one thousand acres of land situate and lying and being in the Countie of Henrico upon Proctors Creeke Easterly upon the maine river Westerly into the woods and Southerly upon Henrico Island & called by the name of Fearing The said one Thousand acres of land being granted unto him the said Cap^t. Thomas Osborne by order of the Court Bearing date the 8th. day of October 1634 being also due by and for the transportation of twelve psons into this Colony whose names are in the record menconed under this patent to have and hold &c dated the 8th. of February, 1637 ut in alys Isaac Hutchins, Tho: Draywood, Joⁿ. White, James Gaterson, Godfrey Lewis, Tho: Hunt, Joⁿ. Beard, Rich: Arguese, Roger Humble, Robert James, Nath Spackman, Richard Greenwood, William Jones, William Nicklesworth, Tho: Bartin, Charles Russell, James Barton, Hen: Scale, Robert Cradock, Richard Hitchcox⁷

⁶ Fiske: *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*.

⁷ Patent Book No. 1, pg. 350.

And after that, no more of Thomas Osborne except a mention of him in 1639, when he was one of three graders appointed to inspect the tobacco being marketed in his section.

He had two sons, *Edward* and Thomas Jr., both born in England. The name of his wife does not appear in the Virginia records, and it would seem that she died in England.

"Edward Osborne, Gent.," son of Captain Thomas Osborne, was born in England prior to 1619. Little is known of Edward, except that he received a land grant in June, 1636, of four hundred acres for the transportation of himself and seven persons, adjoining the land of his father at Fearing.⁸ Thomas, Jr. was also granted land bordering the Fearing tract, a year later, for "his own psynall Adventure and the transporcon of nine Psons into this Colony."

It begins to make a pattern, don't you think? There forms a picture of a restless, lonely man, his English home broken up by death, seeking distraction in a new world, leaving his two small sons behind him to be cared for and educated until they should be of an age to follow. It may be only a picture, but it is in accord with such facts as we have.

Edward Osborne, Jr., the son of "Edward Osborne, Gent.," was born about 1646 and died in 1697, leaving:

Daughter, Tabitha, wife of (1) Benjamin Branch; (2) Thomas Chetham.

Daughter, Martha, a minor in 1696

Son, *Edward*, a minor in 1696

He was appointed Justice of the Peace for the new County of Chesterfield, May 12, 1749.

We find Edward Osborne Jr. mentioned in an old will as follows:

In the name of God Amen I Gilbert Platt being very sick and weak but in perfect sense make this my last will and testament in the manner and form followeth. I give and bequeath my soul to God that Give it My Body to the Earth from whence it came to be buryed at the discretion of Mr. Edward Osborne. Item I give and bequeath unto my wife Mrs. Mary Platt one shelling to be paid by Edward Osborne. Item I give and bequeathe unto Tabetha Osborne my bed and what is be-loying unto it. Item I give and bequeath unto Mr. Edward Osborne everything else that properly belongs to me and in consideration of his trouble and care he hath taken of me in my sickness to the true and

⁸ Land Office Book I, pg. 512.

honest performance of such. I have hereunto set my hand this tenth day of April 1691.⁹

The suggestion made by someone that the "Tabetha Osborne" mentioned might have been the daughter of Gilbert Platt and Edward's wife rather than his daughter Tabitha, seems to me of little importance. To my mind the idea is negatived at once by the specific statement that the property is left to Mr. Osborne in consideration of his trouble and the care he had taken of Gilbert Platt in his sickness, which would have been taken for granted in a son-in-law; and the additional expression, "to the true and honest performance of such," indicates some sort of arrangement or bargain with Edward Osborne that in return for the care of himself and his wife—who certainly would not otherwise have been cut off with a shilling—during their life-time, what he had would go to Mr. Osborne at his death. I have known of such an arrangement in my own life-time, and for an old couple without heirs, needing care, it would seem a very sensible and reasonable arrangement to make with a responsible man who could be trusted. For that matter, Edward's wife may not even have been living at the time, as she had certainly died before Edward wrote his own will, five years later.

Old wills, carefully studied, tell us a lot. There is so much that is implied in them, as well as said, and the implications are often of great interest. The will of Edward Osborne, Jr. is well worth reading:¹⁰

In the name of God Armen, I Edward Osborne of Henrico County in the Parish of Varina being sick and weak in my body but in health in mind thanks be to all Mighty God, do make and appoint this my last will and Testament. First I bequeathe my sould to God who gave it me and my body to be burried according to the Descresion of my Executor whom I shall appoint and after my just debts paid I give and bequeath my Estate in manner and forme as followeth, Secondly I give and bequeath unto my son Edward Osborne all my land in generall to him and his heirs forever and one negro woman named Moll with her increase excepting the first child she bringeth, I give to my daughter Martha Osborne; and one negro boy to my son Edward afore-said and Three cows ahorne six years old and one heefier pf three years old to (two) steers of three years old apiece and two feather beds and furniture and one square muscled gun with a french lock, and my little gunn and two young sows with pigg and one pot of two gallons and a half both iron potts with hooks and one pair of running iron racks and

⁹ Chesterfield County Will Book 5, 1688-97.

¹⁰ Chesterfield County Will Book 5, 1688-97.

my best chest with lock and key, and two horses, one of seven years old and the other three, and three large and two small deep puter dishes and ten plates of peuter and four Ewes and two new calf-skin chairs and one brass skimmer and Ladle and one collar hanes and cart saddle such Estate and land I appoint him to be possest with at the age of nineteen years old. Thirdly I give and bequeathe unto my daughter Martha Osborne two cows and a heifer of two years old and one steer and one feather bed and old Rigg and blanket half worn one great chest with lock & key, Fourthly and lastly I appoint my Son-in-Law Benjamin Branch my whole and full Executor committing the tuition of my two children Edward & Martha to him the said Branch and his wife till such time as they come of age, the said Edward at nineteen and Martha at Sixteen or married at which time I appoint they shall have their estates above paid to them. In witness that this is my last will and testament I have hereunto set my hand this sixth day of January one thousand six hundred and ninety six in the presence of

Sam Branch

Martha Osborne

Joseph Tanner

Edward E O Osborne

This will was probated in April, 1697.

The E O in the signature stands for "his mark." Cousin Lucy Capehart thought small of me once when I raised the question whether he was perhaps unable to write his name in those days of little schooling. "You speak of Edward Osborne, Gent, as having E O in his signature as if he were ignorant and could not write," observes Cousin Lucy coldly on a postcard. "Often a person was too ill to sign on his death bed and had to have someone sign for him. It did not mean that he could not write."

It is significant to note the detail with which small articles are itemized. Such wills were common. Captain Thomas Jefferson willed his son Peter (the President's father), besides land, stock, etc., "... a Diaper Table Cloth and Six Napkins. Two Iron Potts and hooks, one Large, one Small, a brass kettle I had of Thomas Edwards." In Virginia, in 1696, if you happened to need a brass skimmer or a two and a half gallon iron pott you did not run up to the hardware store and buy it. There was not any hardware store, and more than that, there were not any brass skimmers and iron pots unless perhaps some came in on an English ship. And perhaps not.

Edward Osborne the third (1689-1732), "Edward Osborne of Cox and Dale in the County of Chesterfield Gent", was only a little fellow when he lost his father, he being already motherless; only seven when his father was willing him lands and stock, puter dishes

and “a square musled gun with a french lock, and my little gunn,” with so much pathetic detail. One can almost see the sick man’s wistful eyes following the small son who did not know what it was all about. But then, he would comfort himself, Tabitha had married a man he could trust—thank God for that! Evidently he did trust Benjamin Branch. It is a long time ago, but let us stop and give a thought to this young husband into whose hands a dying man put his children and his children’s heritage. It is never too late to honor the memory of such, and never a waste of time to think of them. If Benjamin had lived, things would have been happier for the little boy, but he died too, and then Tabitha married Thomas Chetham, Jr.¹¹ and from Edward’s point of view that marriage—in language which would appeal to you—was not so hot. I submit the evidence:

“Edward Osborne having by his petition to this court humbly set forth that he being at the age of eighteen years by law—hath liberty to choose his Guardian and praying that he may be permitted to do the same. And that Thomas Chetham, Jr. and Tabitha his wife who unjustly possess his estate may be ordered to pay and deliver the same to such persons as the said Edward makes choice of Mr. Tho. Branch who is approved by the Court and ordered that the aforesaid Chetham and Tabitha his wife do pay and deliver unto the aforesaid Thomas Branch what estate they have in their hands belonging to the aforesaid Edward Osborne in the presence of Major William Farrow and Captain Thomas Jefferson, who are advised to make report of their proceeding terms to the next court.”¹²

Edward Osborne the third married Ann Worsham, as we learn from the account of his estate presented to the Court by his brother-in-law, John Worsham, in October, 1732.¹³ He was a relatively young man when he died, and appears not to have left any will, no doubt thinking what was the use, he had plenty of time yet. He could not foresee that by not making a will he was depriving me of information about his children which would have fitted in very nicely just here. We know of only one son, *Edward*, who reached his majority at approximately the time of his father’s death.

The will of Ann Osborne’s father, John Worsham, Sr.,¹⁴ mentions daughter Ann Osborne and grandson Isham Eppes, the brother

¹¹ “Thomas Chetham, Jr. to Tabitha Branch, widow of Benj. Branch.” Henrico County Records, Feb. 2, 1707-08-09.

¹² Court Orders 1717-1719, Henrico County, pg. 1.

¹³ Henrico Wills No. I, pg. 248.

¹⁴ Henrico Deeds and Wills No. 2, pgs. 374-5. Recorded 1729.

of little Elizabeth Eppes who was going to marry Ann's son Edward. This will indicates what we know to be the case, that Edward Osborne married into a family of substantial means. Such elegancies as "My silver Tob^a. Box a seal gold ring . . . and my silver Tankard" are disposed of; to a grandson is left "my large gold thumb ring," and three little granddaughters are each left, among other things, four silver spoons, the youngest being given besides a silver porringer. These three children had another legacy of horrific possibilities, their grandfather leaving them a negro named Dick, with instructions that on their coming of age or marrying he should be divided among them.

The silver tobacco box which John Worsham left his son John was very likely the same one his mother, Elizabeth Worsham Eppes, had willed him fifty years before, and it may have been the same one which was afterwards in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Aunt Betsey, and was stolen three generations later. Just as well for it to be gone. It helps us all to keep the commandment not to covet—or at least it helps some of us. *You* never would have coveted it.

Captain Edward Osborne (1710-1781) son of the third Edward Osborne, married in or prior to 1737 his cousin Elizabeth Eppes, daughter of William Eppes, Gentleman, and——Worsham Eppes. Their children were:¹⁵

Edward died unmarried 1783.

Lucy m. Peter Peterson, had a daughter married James Thweatt of Dinwiddie County and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Hon. Peterson Goodwyn, M. C. from Virginia.

Agnes m. Thomas Goode of Mecklenburg and Chesterfield Counties.

Betty Eppes m. Benjamin Branch.

It was during the life-time of the fourth Edward Osborne that the Royal Government set up tobacco warehouses in Virginia to prevent frauds in his Majesty's customs, and Osbornes was selected in 1748 as the site of one of the principal warehouses on the James River. At that time tobacco was used as money, so these warehouses were in a sense treasuries; and a lot of dust and commotion the one at Osbornes must have meant to Captain Osborne's family, not to speak of the all-pervading smell of tobacco when the wind was in the right direction. But a great distinction, of course.

¹⁵ Slaughter: *History of Bristol Parish*.

That was the year that the town of Warwick was laid off between Osbornes and Whitby, "with some of the best blood of Chesterfield listed as trustees. . . . They were George Carrington, Alexander Spiers, Archibald Carey, David Bell, Richard Randolph, Alexander Trent, Robert Goode, Edward Osborne, Seth Ward, Samuel Cobbs, Thomas Tabbs, Philip Mayo, Peter Randolph and John Bolling, indeed a fine representative group," says Mr. Lutz.¹⁶

The next year—1749—the same year Chesterfield County was formed from Henrico, Edward Osborne was a member of another fine, representative group. He was one of those appointed by Governor William Gooch to be "King's Justices . . . and keep his peace" in the newly-formed county. "Among the County's largest and most important land-owners," Lutz says of him in this connection. There are many references to him and his fellow Justices in the Court orders of the day, and the matters which came before the Court cast a good deal of light on contemporary life. For instance: "At a Court held for June 1, 1750—present John Bolling, Wm. Kennon, Seth Ward, Richard Royall, Richard Eppes, John Royall, Edward Osborne—

"This Court doth recommend to the hon-ble the Council the following—

Ordered that John Bolling, Gent do send to Great Britain for Standard Weights and Measures as required by Law to be kept for the use of this County he to be paid for the same at 50 pct upon the first costs—"

Edward Osborne was also present, that same year, when a Commission "privately examined Anna [Anne] wife of James Murray touching certain lands mentioned in a deed from the said James Murray to Robert Goode . . ." Edward Osborne, Anne Bolling Murray, Robert Goode. I hope they liked each other and thought well of each other, and would have been pleased to share great-grandchildren, as they were ultimately to do.

Still later in the year there was a case before Edward Osborne Gent. one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace for this County, involving a breach of that peace which Edward was there to preserve, and one of the men involved was required to give a stiff bond "upon this condition that the said Lodowick shall behave himself towards his Majesty and all his liege people for the space of one whole year and a day." I was much impressed with this item. I never knew before where we got the expression, "a year and a day."

¹⁶ Lutz: *Chesterfield, an Old Virginia County*. Pg. 92.

Edward was still a young man when he was accepting his share of responsibility in these serious undertakings; young enough to be taking an active part in another aspect of his new county's welfare when we come across him six months later—still in good company: "Richard Eppes, William Kennon, and Edward Osborne, gent., officers of this county, took the usual oaths to his Majesty's person and government," December Court, 1755.¹⁷

Perhaps his loyalty to his Majesty's person and government was beginning to crack at the seams a little by the time he represented Chesterfield in the House of Burgesses in 1762—but maybe not; the Revolution was still twelve years ahead.

We learned when we studied rhetoric that every proper story has a beginning, a climax, and an ending; and this is true of life stories as well as pen-and-ink stories. The beginning, of course, leads up to the climax, and the end, as a rule, comes gradually. Seldom does an author, or life, say abruptly of any given phase, "That's all for now." There seems to be a general impression that with both kinds of stories the climax is reached when the young couple of the moment fall into each other's arms and start toward the altar, but that is only the closing chapter of the beginning. From then on, the two work together to build, to acquire, to establish themselves. They achieve property—a home—a family; they labor to add to the property, to adorn the home, to give their children every advantage within their grasp. As a rule they do not know when the climax comes, but they can know when it has been reached and passed. That is when they find themselves dispersing what they have gathered together, saying goodbye instead of welcome.

The crest, or climax, came for Edward Osborne the same year he became a Burgess, when we find him deeding to his daughter Lucy "for love and affection six slaves 12 June 1762," on the occasion of her marriage to Peter Peterson, the son of "John Peterson, who died in 1773 leaving three sons and three daughters and a valuable estate."¹⁸ His household and his property were beginning at that moment to reverse their trend, to grow smaller.

Sometimes a good deal can be found out about the old families from the parish records, and from inscriptions on ancient monu-

¹⁷ Chesterfield Order Book II, pg. 148.

¹⁸ From an account of "The Petersons, Claibornes, and Harrisons, and some of Their Connections"—a manuscript by Herbert Peterson published in the *William and Mary Quarterly* for January 1922.

ments; but they offer us little to go on in the story of the Osbornes. Captayne Thomas Osborne arrived in the colony too late to attend the "poor ruined church" at Henrico, and while it undoubtedly had its successors on a relatively small scale, their history and even their exact location is lost in obscurity. The Dale Parish records (Dale was originally a part of Bristol Parish) are lost or destroyed, but we do know that there was "a new church," implying an old church, built in the vicinity of Osbornes in 1723. That would have been about nine years before the death of the third Edward Osborne, and while his son Edward was still a child; and it seems likely that both of them, with their families, worshipped there, and were buried there. For that reason I want to tell you what little we know about it.

This new church was built for the parish by Thomas Jefferson of Osbornes, grandfather of the President, and called the New Church, Jefferson's Church, and Osbornes Church, before it settled down at last to the name by which its memory is still known—Ware Bottom Church. Lutz tells us that a rough boulder marks its approximate site, and that it may be found, with difficulty, on the property of Harold Goyne, south of the present road to Hopewell about three hundred yards east of the Seaboard Air Line's overpass. "Tradition says that what remained of it in Civil War days was demolished by Federal naval gun fire.

"Nearby in a deep ravine across the Hopewell road, still remains the Ware Bottom Spring which served the church's congregation. . . . In a cemetery about two hundred yards from the supposed site of the church there are evidences of many graves, but only two markers, one of which has been damaged, remain on the site. These flat stones cover the graves of two British mariners . . . Fragments of heavy shells were unearthed in 1953 on the cemetery site and the foundations of what appear to have been a brick building about a foot underground, the mortar imbedded with fragments of burnt oyster shell, which was the Colonial substitute for lime. This was the approximate Battery site of the French 75's with which the 'Blue Ridge' gunners practiced for their coming ordeal in Europe in 1917-18.

"Before the Ware Bottom Church was built it is probable that a chapel stood in the vicinity and that Parson Jacob Ware of the Henrico Parish officiated there and that his name was given to the subsequent building erected by Jefferson."¹⁹

The little left to tell about Captain Edward Osborne has been told already, in the preceding chapter. It was he whose daughter

¹⁹ Lutz: *Chesterfield, an Old Virginia County*. Pg. 71.

Agnes married Thomas Goode; and it was he who lay dying while the War of the Revolution fought its way to his doorstep and drew to a close. You will remember that his only son died unmarried a short time after his own death, and that the Osborne name, in that branch of the family, died with him. And Osbornes is gone, too. I don't know what happened to the old home when Aunt Betsey went down its steps for the last time and drove away; but it is gone. I looked for it, and it is not there.

There is a marker by the highway calling attention to the nearby former site of Osborne's Warehouse, and one spring day Mabel and I went and stood where the Warehouse had been. There was nothing there but the river, and on the rise of ground to our left a powerplant of some kind was sending up clouds of dark smoke from a tall chimney. Something the Reverend Whittaker and Captayne Thomas Osborne could not have foreseen, and I was glad they couldn't.

The river seemed very small, and it was difficult to picture ocean shipping at Osborne Wharf. Probably the fate of Osbornes as a settlement is accounted for by the fact that when Federal troops, toward the end of the Civil War, cut a canal across the neck of the Henrico peninsula to shorten the distance by water to Richmond, the old channel of the river began to dwindle year by year; and even if it had not, no boat would go the long way round when it could cut across the few yards at the neck. Everything must go, for the convenience of man. He cannot rest unless he is making over the earth; and when he has made it over, he still cannot rest. I thought as I stood by the shrunken stream of Pamela Cunningham's charge to the regents of Mt. Vernon, when she handed the old home over to them: that they should keep it free "from the devastating hand of progress."

Agnes Osborne Goode's mother was an Eppes, and as you already know (and if you don't it's certainly no fault of mine) the Eppeses go back a long way, too. The family (Epes, Eppes, Epps) is so well known, and so much has been written about its outstanding members of the Colonial period, that anyone who would like to pursue the subject will not lack for material. The Eppes records not only would, but do, fill a book, with many published articles embodying the careful research of scholars and historians. In some cases you will find the same records quoted over and over until you are at a loss to whom to credit your information, unless you simply

go back to the original source common to all. But Eva Turner Clark's book, *Francis Epes His Ancestors and Descendants*,²⁰ covers the ground so thoroughly that no one need look further. It would hardly be possible to gather in one volume more information about the Eppes family in this country and in England, than she has done.

Our first Eppes ancestor in Virginia, Francis Epes, was the son of John Epes of County Kent, in England; and according to the register of the Parish Church at Ashford, was baptized May 15, 1597. He was in Virginia before 1625, when he became a member of the House of Burgesses. He was again a member in 1639 and in 1645, and was later a member of the Council; and in 1631 he was a Commissioner (of Monthly Courts) along with Thomas Osborne, for the "upper parts within the precincts of Charles City and Henrico." Eva Turner Clark thinks it possible that he returned to England in 1627, and that it was on that trip he made arrangements for a large party of emigrants who came over as his headrights in 1629. According to land grants, he settled early at City Point, then forming a part of Charles City. These grants for seventeen hundred acres, made in 1735, apparently confirmed earlier grants by Sir John Harvey for the land to which he was entitled for his personal adventure and for the transportation of his three small children, who came to Virginia with the headrights mentioned. His wife came along, too, though nobody seemed to think it important enough to make a note of it. The records of those entering the Colony are not complete, but we know she got here, because in 1633-34 she is mentioned in the will of her husband's friend, Captain Pawlett, who left her his Bible and twenty shillings to buy a ring. It seemed to be the custom in those days to leave friends and relatives small sums with which to buy a "mourning ring." If we ever get around to it, let's try to find out what mourning rings were like, and how long people were supposed to wear them.

The children of Colonel Francis Epes were:

John, m.—Poythress and had sons William and Richard.

Francis

Thomas

There may have been other children. These are the three little boys who came over from England as their father's headrights, and are the only ones of whom we have any record.

²⁰ Clark: *Francis Epes His Ancestors and Descendants*. Published by Richard R. Smith, 120 East 39th St., New York, N. Y. Copyright 1942 by Eva Turner Clark.

It was Captain Francis Epes (afterwards Colonel) who built Appomattox Manor, one of the few homes in America to have remained in the possession of one family for more than three centuries. It is easy to get to Appomattox Manor from Petersburg, and I hope you will at least go to the gate some day. There is, however, a "No trespassing" sign which ought to be respected, for it is a private home; but Mabel and I, being its children, ventured to ring the door-bell when we were in the vicinity looking up Goodes and Osbornes in 1947, and asked permission to walk a little while beside the river. Miss Elise Eppes, who lived there with her aunt, Miss Mary Eppes, opened the door for us herself, and when I explained that we were Eppes descendants, and that I was doing some research for the benefit of the children of the family, she invited us in. We demurred at that—we had really had no idea of intruding, and would have been grateful for leave to walk beside the river; but she did ask us in, being cursed with the necessity of behaving like the Virginia lady she is; and we, feeling not quite so lady-like or Virginian, followed guiltily in her wake as she showed us over her home, where preparations were being made for a luncheon party which was to take place a little later. Any housekeeper can guess how she felt, but they would never have guessed it from her.

The beautiful home-site, on a bluff jutting out into the water, on the south bank of the Appomattox just where it is joined by the James, was owned by an English family who lived on it before it became the property of Francis Epes; but this family was wiped out in the massacre of 1622, leaving no heirs. Francis Epes was later granted large holdings across the river, as well as an island still known as Eppes' Island and still owned by the family. "On the spot where the first owners were brained by Indian tomahawks," Lutz tells us²¹ "Captain Eppes built his first home of rude logs, surrounded by a sturdy stockade. Across the river, Bermuda Hundred was re-established and the two outposts of civilization for years protected the frontier and prevented the savages from descending the river to the Colonial capitol."

The first home, which stood nearer the river, was later torn down, and the present one built about 1751. According to an article published by the James River Garden Club, materials from the first house were used in the second. The old out-buildings, kitchen, laundry, etc., still survive.

²¹ *Appomattox Manor*, by Earle Lutz. *Mentor* for July, 1929.

For more than a hundred years the trees grew, and the garden took shape, and the house mellowed, in peace; but whenever there was a war, Appomattox knew it. Appomattox was in it up to the neck. Nathaniel Bacon and his followers camped there on their way to Williamsburg; Arnold and Tarleton, retreating before Lafayette, set fire to it; its bluff was fortified, in 1812, and preparations made to stop the British there if they should start up the river towards Richmond. The worst of all was in the sixties. The old house still bears the scars of that unhappy time: bullet-marks, and marks made by the military telegraph wires when it became General Grant's headquarters in 1864. Grant had more than sixty cabins built on the place, which served as hospital wards for men of both sides, and men of both sides sleep in the cemetery nearby. That belonged to the Eppes land, too.

Appomattox Manor knew war, and it knew names that stand out in history. Washington was a guest there, and the two weeks before the fall of Richmond and Petersburg were spent by Lincoln at City Point, where he conferred with Grant and Sherman. But perhaps it likes best to recall its peaceful days, the days we think of as uneventful; and its vanished garden, there before the Revolution, which insists on nudging its memory every spring with stray hyacinths and daffodils bobbing up unexpectedly in the grass.

Francis Eppes, Jr., (1628-1678), was the son of Colonel Francis Epes and the English wife whose name we do not know. This first Lieutenant Colonel Francis Eppes had even become in the history books, by the time he died, Lieutenant Colonel Francis Eppes the Immigrant, to distinguish him from his son, Lieutenant Colonel Francis Eppes the second, who was a little boy of seven when his father acquired the site of Appomattox and began building a home there.

It must have been a thrilling home for the three little boys, John and Francis and Thomas. There were those exotic poor creatures, the slaves, fresh from the African jungles;²² there were traces of the former settlers, and the memory of what had happened to them; there were plenty of Indians around still, though not wearing their war bonnets; and always the broad waters of the two rivers where

²² Francis Eppes and Thomas Harris were responsible for bringing the first Negro slaves to Chesterfield County, in 1635. The first slaves in the Colony, like the indentured servants brought from England, served for a definite period and then were free.

they came together and made one, and that one the Colony's highway. Francis was twenty-three when the present Appomattox Manor was built, and must have taken a great interest in its progress, though perhaps it gave him the passing heartache of the young to see the first come down, with all its memories. After all, it was more his home than the second one ever was, for he was married not many years after that, to a girl whose name we do not know, and settled across the river on the Bermuda property; and there life took hold of him with a firm hand. At thirty-one he was a widower with an infant son, *Francis*, born in 1659; and within a year was married to Elizabeth Worsham, the widow of William Worsham (believed to have been Elizabeth Littleberry by birth)²³ who already had three Worsham children, and soon had three Eppes children, too:

William b. in 1661

Littleberry a minor in 1678; d. 1746

Mary m. Colonel John Hardyman of "Indian Field."

Francis Eppes was among the Justices present at an Orphan's Court held at Varina August 20, 1678, when he gave an accounting for cattle belonging to Charles and Mary Worsham, the orphans of William Worsham, deceased. Apparently they were still minors at that time, but their brother John had not only reached his majority, he was a member of the Grand Jury; and reporting as such, alludes to Francis as "my father Epes."—Oh, dear! he had to report, too, that on October 11th your grandpa Francis Eppes (third) had been fighting with a Captain Chamberlaine, but adds with a truly brotherly touch, "Captain Chamberlaine, by his own confession, was drunk."

I don't know what this second Francis thought of Elizabeth's giving their first son her dead husband's name, but personally I think it was a poor idea. There were too many William Eppeses already. I thought I never would get them untangled. But no doubt it was exactly the sort of thing that Elizabeth would do, and be adored for it, where another woman who tried it would have walked the plank.

Francis and Elizabeth must have been an engaging couple. They took life in their stride, and lived it ungrudgingly there on their Bermuda Hundred estate. The Colony was still young, and Francis

²³ Bell: Cumberland Parish, pg. 207.

played his part in its development, keeping an informed and patriarchal eye on his spreading plantations, raising his family, supplementing local interests by shipping tobacco to Messrs. Claphamson and Parren, merchants of London, who sent him in return wanted goods not to be procured on this side of the Atlantic, both for his own family and to be sold for the convenience of his dependents, crediting him with the remaining balance. There must have been much thought devoted to the lists that went to London; hours of satisfaction or disappointment with the arrival of the goods ordered so long before that when they came there must have been about them an element of surprise. We accept as commonplace many things beyond the dreams of Francis and Elizabeth Eppes, but they had their moments. Would you not like to stand and watch your ship come grandly in with the sun-light on its sails and all the dark mystery of the ocean safely in its wake?

This Francis had a hand in everything. He crossed the ocean as one of his father's headrights by the time he was out of the cradle; he was a Justice, a Burgess, High Sheriff of Henrico County, and a Commissioner of the same. He was an officer of the Militia, and like his father, called on to defend his family and his neighbors from Indians when a band of them came hell-raising down from the north in 1675-6. I expect there was a lot of reminiscing around his hearth after he got home from that expedition, about the things that happened to his father, and to his god-father, Captain Pawlett. Those two had headed a band sent out against the Indians in their vicinity at the same time Thomas Harris and Thomas Osborne went out to cutt downe the corne of the Tanx Powhatans further up the river; and of course there had been the dreadful times before that. Perhaps he remembered some small trace of the cabin which had preceded the first Eppes home at Appomattox—perhaps he and his brothers had picked up, or unearthed, some small reminder that English people had once, for a little while, called that place home.

Colonel Francis Eppes the second knew responsibility, and he knew loss and grief. But he had fun, too. On one occasion he was security for the payment of the stakes (three hundred pounds of tobacco) when two of his friends got up a race between their horses; and he must have witnessed, and no doubt took part in, many other races. There was a race track on his place. Then there were the trips down the river to Jamestown, the drilling with the Militia, the long conversations with new-comers fresh from Eng-

land, who had so much to tell, and so much to learn. Believe me, his life was not monotonous.

As for Elizabeth, she was a delightful woman. She had three husbands to prove it, though we do not know the name of the first one, who must have died very young and been her husband for only a little while. I expect she and Francis were very happy together.

And then, suddenly, it was all over. We don't know just what happened, except that in 1678, when he was fifty, Colonel Eppes died of a wound. His death was obviously unexpected, for it was necessary to set up a verbal will, and at least two gentlemen testified six months later, before the court, about his explaining to them his wishes regarding his estate. One of them, William Randolph, deposed that he was at the house of Colonel Francis Eppes a few days before he died, "and that said Eppes, being dangerously wounded, called him and desired him to take notice that he wished his estate to be equally divided between his wife and four children."²⁴

Elizabeth survived her husband by only the briefest interval. On the 28th of August, 1678, she made a will, in which she describes herself as "a Widow . . . very sicke and weake;" and on September 23rd made a second will, clarifying certain provisions of the first one, and confirming previous gifts to her children. The two wills were offered together for probate a week later.²⁵

Elizabeth was not only a delightful woman, she wrote delightful wills, though sicke and weake and bereft; and she was friends with the menfolks of her household—she appointed as her executors her young step-son, Francis third, and her son-in-law, Richard Kennon. She trusted them, though they had a personal interest in the estate, to look out for the interest of her younger children.

I shall quote some paragraphs from her first and lengthier will so that you may know her better. She was careful and fair in disposing of the larger interests involved, but it is her detailed mention of her little personal things which is so appealing. Her nonchalant attitude toward names is appealing, too. If she liked a name, she saw no reason for not using it freely, having both an Eppes and a Worsham daughter named Mary.

31^y I give and bequeathe unto my daughter Elizabeth Kennon a stone ring w^{ch} came in this year, and my black gowne, *green silk peti-*

²⁴ Abstracts of Virginia Land Patents, prepared by W. G. Stannard, Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 3, No. 4.

²⁵ Henrico County Minute Book and Orphan's Court 1677-78.

coate, green satin bodice, and her fourth part of the money which is due to me lyeing in the hands of M^r Sam^l Claphamson.

41^r Alsoe a stone ring w^{ch} was given me by my sister King I give unto Mary Kennon my Daught^r Eliz: Child.

51^r I give my daughter Mary Worsham a feather bed bolster Curtaines and Vallainces, and two p^r *sheetes* one of hollen the other of Canois, and her part of the money before Expressed, and *my thumb ring*, and all the rest of my wearing cloathes. Except one new suite w^{ch} came in this year I give to my daughter Mary Eppes.

61^r I give unto my sonne John Worsham my silver tobaccoe box and his equal part of that money, and a feather bed and furniture, belonging thereto, and for the rest of my Estate I give unto my husband Epes children they paying these small legacies out of their estate, two feather beds and furniture . . . ”

This last bequest does not mean that the Worsham children were neglected. Elizabeth had already arranged that they should have the property which had been their father's, while the Eppes property went to the Eppes children.

Let us take a better look at this “daughter Elizabeth Kennon,” who got the new ring and the black gowne, the green silk peticoate and the green satin bodice. She is not just background—she is one of our grandmothers. Her husband was Richard Kennon, who took up land at Conjuror's Neck in 1639, not so long after it had been given that name because when the first English settlers arrived it was the home of an Indian medicine man. It was not until much later, however, that he built what we now know as The Brick House. It is still standing, and still a home—said to be the oldest brick house in Virginia. In 1879 a fire consumed much of the treasured old furniture and damaged one end of the building, but did not destroy it. It is still there on Conjuror's Neck—the peninsula between Swift Creek and the Appomattox River.

Richard Kennon was a valuable citizen, active in public affairs: a member of the House of Burgesses, and with members of his wife's family, and others, much occupied with patenting and opening for settlement large tracts of land in the Chesterfield area. His name appears frequently in the Virginia Land Records of the period. Active in sports, too—Lutz tells us that his horses were often winners on the track at Bermuda Hundred.

He and Elizabeth lost their first little son, Richard Jr., while he was a baby; and Elizabeth had him buried close to the windows of

her home, where she could watch over the little grave as one would watch over a cradle. But after awhile she had another little Richard, and then Mary came along.

The homes of these people we have been reading about were not far apart, and they must have gathered often under the roof of Francis and Elizabeth at Bermuda Hundred. If we could look in on one of these groups, say at Christmas, with holly twined in the stair-rails, and a thousand little fires and miniature candles winking brightly in the polished surfaces of wood and brass and silver, we would see what is for us a memorable assembly. Through his son Francis (third) who was no doubt present with his wife Anne, we are descended from Francis the second; and we are descended from his second wife, Elizabeth, through two of her Worsham children, John and Elizabeth. Even the little child, Mary, fondling her rag doll, or perhaps her little corn-shuck doll made for her by a deft-fingered black woman, or maybe a pretty shell some Indian hunter had brought back from the great sandhills by the ocean, was to marry John Bolling, the great-grandson of Pocahontas, and so make us the children of Pocahontas, too. Mary's brother Richard married John Bolling's sister, but that has nothing to do with us. Little Mary, to whom her grandmother left the "stone ring w^{ch} was given to me by my sister King," is the one for us to look for in the family group. Our little Grandma.

Colonel Francis Eppes the third (1659-1718), known as Francis Eppes of Bermuda Hundred, was naturally a Justice of the Peace, High Sheriff and Burgess, and an officer in the Militia. That goes without saying; and as a land-owner he was out-standing, too, his acres being numbered by thousands rather than hundreds. It is interesting to note that in 1701 the three brothers, "Francis Eppes, Mr. William Eppes, and Captain Littleberry Eppes were granted a thousand acres of land in Charles City County . . . for the transportation of 20 persons."²⁶

He married Anne Isham, daughter of Henry Isham of Bermuda Hundred and his wife Katherine, (whose first husband was Joseph Royall). Henry Isham, a son of William Isham and Mary Brett Isham, sister of Sir Edward Brett, received a grant of land at Bermuda Hundred in September, 1661, but did not live there with his family for very long, dying in 1675. He left two little girls, Mary

²⁶ Virginia Land Patents, Book 9, pg. 130.

Isham, who married William Randolph of Turkey Island; and *Anne*, who married the third Francis Eppes.²⁷

Colonel Francis Eppes' mother-in-law must have been as charming a woman as his step-mother, judging by her will. She seems to have owned a great many beautiful and valuable things, and to have taken an unaffected and very feminine pleasure in them. Let us ignore the substantial legacies, so long dissipated as to be without significance now, and pleasure ourselves by dwelling for a covetous moment on the little treasures to which she gave so much thought at the last—more thought, I imagine, than to all the houses, acres, and money.

To her daughter Mary Randolph she leaves her wedding ring, her best feather bed with the furniture to it, two silver salt cellars, her least silver tankard but one, and fifteen shillings to buy a mourning ring . . . "and this is all my legacy to my loving daughter Mary Randolph." Anne gets . . . two silver salt cellars, her seal ring and great hoop ring, with a pair of silver clasps and a silver bodkin and fifteen shillings for a mourning ring. Apparently she took a lively interest in all her many grand-children and left them numerous bequests ranging from a yearling heifer through dowlass sheets, Negroes, and sums of money, to silver spoons, tankards and porringers. Even, lest any should feel slighted, or because she thought with particular tenderness of the little child she would never see, she leaves her largest silver porringer and great silver cup to an unborn grandson or grand-daughter, "the child my daughter Anne now goes with." To her loving friend Mary Parker she leaves six ells of her best dowlasse and enough of her finest serge as will make Mary a gown and a petticoat.

This will, written in October, 1686, was proved before the year was out. Witnesses, John Worsham, Nath: Hill, Littleberry Epes. Executors: her loving son Joseph (Royall) and her loving son-in-law Francis Epes.

A busy, useful man, this Francis Eppes. He, with Mr. John Bolling and Mr. Richard Cocke (or any two of them) was appointed by the Councill "to hear and determine all differences that shall arise between the Inhabitants of Manican Town and the French Refugees there concerning the division of the land." A very interesting assignment, the more so as he probably had to walk

²⁷ *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 4, pg. 433.

delicately, like Agag, to preserve peace between Mr. Bolling and Mr. Cocke, who did not always see eye to eye. Or so we gather from this lamentable item in the Journal of the House of Burgesses (1712-1715): "Aug. 7, 1715, John Bolling of Henrico for breach of privilege in beating Mr. Richard Cocke, a member, sent for in custody, and Mr. Francis Eppes and Mr. John Willcox, mariner, summoned as evidences."

This is a proud moment. It is not often that one of our grandpas appears in the role of innocent by-stander.

Life was interesting in many ways. One of the ways, which perhaps seemed minor to him, would appear very exciting to us. He had to deal with the wolves which plagued his cattle and hogs from time to time, for on at least two occasions he was paid bounties for "wolf heads"—"a wolf head." Poor things, they had to go when they got in the white man's way. Then there was the Indian alarm in 1699, when the Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of Charles City "Laid before his excellency and the Councill a letter which he hath received from Lieut. William Eppes dated 14 October giving an account of a great number of strange Indians being on the frontiers, together with the orders he hath given the said Eppes to raise men and go after the said Indians, which is accordingly done, but forasmuch as nothing further of the said Indians hath bin heard so that it is probable they are gone. Therefore, ordered that if the said Eppes finds the Indians gone from those parts he doth come in with his men, but take care that good guard and watch be kept on the frontiers to prevent any further mischief."²⁸ Life was not all beer and skittles then, any more than it is now. But interesting. Very.

Francis (third) was not quite sixty when he died, in 1718. If he could just have died a little sooner, he would have been spared a lot of heartache, for in 1717 he lost his second son, Isham. Isham was unmarried, and made a will shortly before his death dividing his Negroes among his brothers and sisters, and leaving tracts of land to his mother, his brother Francis, and his nephew, Richard Kennon. To his father he left "a seal ring which belonged to my grandfather Isham," who had willed it to him. No doubt it was a ring he wore himself, and his father must have treasured it very dearly for the little time it was his.

²⁸ Executive Journals, Councils of Colonial Virginia, Pg. 191.

The children of Francis (third) and Anne Isham Eppes were:

Francis (fourth) d 1734

Isham d. unmarried 1717

William m.——Worsham

Anne m. William Kennon

Elizabeth m. Henry Randolph

Mary m. Rev. George Robertson

Sarah m. Colonel William Poythress

We do not know a great deal about William Eppes, the son of the third Francis and Anne Isham Eppes. For one thing, he died young; and then, there were so many contemporary Williams, it is not always easy to identify them individually, in the records. We do know that he married a daughter of John Worsham, and that they had two children:

Isham

Elizabeth, m. Edward Osborne.

William inherited land from his father, and Negroes from his brother Isham, and acquired more Negroes through his marriage; and we assume that he was a planter. There is no record of the circumstances of his death, but he left no will, and it seems probable he would have tried to make some arrangements for his family if he had known that he did not have long to live. His estate was appraised by William Kennon, Bowler Cocke, and Joseph Royall in September, 1725.²⁹ Nine years later, in 1734, an audit was made of the current account of the estate of William Eppes by Joseph Royall and J. Bolling, and in 1738 there was a division of the estate by William Kennon, Joseph Royall, and John Archer, acting on the request of Edward Osborne.³⁰ This request took the form of a petition at the November Court, 1737, of Edward Osborne, "who hath married a daughter of William Eppes Gent, deceased, for his part of the slaves which did belong to the said decedent now in the possession of William Worsham, Gent."

Elizabeth, daughter of William and——Worsham Eppes, was only a little girl when her father died; and we know by her husband's petition to the Court that she was married to Edward Osborne sometime before November, 1737, and went to live with him at Osbornes, where she became the mother of a little boy, Edward, and three little girls, Lucy, *Agnes*, and Betty. If you want

²⁹ Henrico County Order Book 1725-27, pg. 19.

³⁰ Henrico County Order Book 1737-46, pg. 40.

to, you can turn back to the story of Captain Edward Osborne for a few more details.

And so here we are, back at Agnes Osborne of Osbornes; and have come to her daughter, Agnes Eppes Goode, who on May 18, 1803, was married to Colonel John Tucker of the neighboring County of Brunswick. He is always mentioned as Colonel Tucker, but he wasn't a Colonel then—he was only twenty-two, and his mother, if she had been living, would have thought of him as a mere child. He had not been long out of William and Mary College, whence he emerged, Cousin Lucy Capehart reports, as a civil engineer.

The Tucker family has been prominent in Virginia, and Bishop Meade tells us that the name abounds in Bermuda and Barbadoes. Colonel Tucker was the son of Wright ("The Parson"), son of David, son of Colonel Joseph Tucker, who came from Bermuda to Virginia with his wife, who was "Patsy Colson, a Portuguese lady."³¹ Perhaps the one interest I took in my forebears in my young days was a well-remembered and not unreasonable wonder how a Portuguese lady came to be named Patsy.

Cousin Lucy got all that straightened out for me. She is Lucy Chambers' great-niece and namesake, the grand-daughter of Lucy's brother Tom, and there is not much to know about Tuckers that is not at the tips of Cousin Lucy's small fingers; and she owns besides two very old prayer-books which are the final authority on names and dates.

When I was a child, Uncle Tom's widow came to Buffalo Springs to visit her niece, my grandmother, and Cousin Lucy was with her. I remember Aunt Kate Tucker as looking exactly like Whistler's Mother, and child that I was, I distinctly remember the impression I had that Aunt Kate's visit was a great event, that she was the most honored of all honored guests. My memory of the Cousin Lucy of that visit is of a dainty, animated little creature, with brown hair arranged high on her head and blue eyes, doll-like in an evening gown of flowered silk. I must have seen her in other costumes on other occasions—no doubt I hung around her in the obtuse way children do, for whatever crumbs of attention or admiration I might pick up; but I remember her always in the flowered silk. Perhaps that is because it suited her personality, for

³¹ *Virginia Cousins.*

there is nothing dull or drab about Cousin Lucy. She is eighty-nine now (in 1954), feeble and half blind, but one of my most entertaining and spirited correspondents, and a loving one, though I have not seen her since she and I were young at Buffalo. She thought kindly and gently of you, too, though she never saw you. Once when I wrote her about something you were contemplating which caused me great anxiety, she wrote back: "You must be patient. All of us climb Fool's Hill at least once in our lives, and when we get to the top, find there is nowhere to go but down." She has an engaging habit of dating her cards and letters according to the Church Calendar, and our correspondence ranges in the most spiritual way from the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity through St. Mary Magdeline's Day to St. Michael and All Angels, with particular attention to All Saints Day as a time dear to her and to me, who think of those long gone. Of these departed kin she says in one of her letters: "Now on All Saints Day I commend their souls to God knowing that 'called to be saints' they have fulfilled their high calling. R. I. P."

Brown Goode's Tucker information was received from "Uncle Tom Tucker," (the only way I ever heard him spoken of except by Cousin Lucy), with whom he corresponded; but Cousin Lucy and I don't have so many individuals and so many family lines to distract us as Brown Goode did, so we can take time to be meticulous in our interpretation. "T. G. T. never said she was the daughter of a *Portuguese* officer," writes Cousin Lucy indignantly; and indeed not, for in a letter of Uncle Tom's, written to a Mr. Rufus Tucker of Raleigh in 1836, he mentions Patsy Colson as "the daughter of an officer in the Portuguese navy." There is a difference. National navies hired men from other nations if they needed them, and that was about the time Portugal was a great naval power. No doubt this was an English officer serving in the Portuguese navy, probably Welsh. I got that from Cousin Lucy, too. "The name, ending in ton or son, implies that he was a Welshman. There are Colstons in Virginia, but Grandfather always spelled her name Colson. They were careless with no rules of spelling in that day."

Cousin Lucy has firm views along other lines, too. She has lived too long and seen too much to believe that we are all born equal, and inferentially she thanks God not only that we are not as other men, but that we are not even as other Tuckers. "We belong to the Tudor Tuckers of Bermuda, never forget that," says Cousin Lucy.

"There is another branch who show inheritance different from our branch, who were (ours) scientific and religious and Literary, and the other branch were mercantile. They are not related to the Tudor Tuckers and show none of their characteristics. They show mercantile traits." But even we Tudors have our failings: "Another characteristic of the Tudor Tuckers," reports Cousin Lucy conscientiously sometime later, after thinking things over, "is their disregard of money."

Cousin Lucy thinks it would be nice for me to go to Bermuda and get in touch with the Bishop of Bermuda, who is a Tucker; but I hear that when asked if he were kin to St. George Tucker he replied, "No, St. George Tucker is kin to me," so I do not think it would do any good for me to say cousin to him in even the smallest voice.

Uncle Tom Tucker said, in the letter to Mr. Rufus Tucker mentioned above: "Antecedent to Captain Joseph Tucker's emigration to this country, I know nothing, with the exception, however, that St. George Tucker the Commentator of Blackstone was his brother, and they came to this country together . . ." ³²

Cousin Lucy thinks that it was perhaps some other brother, if any, who came from Bermuda to Virginia with St. George Tucker in 1771, since Joseph had a grandson born in Virginia in 1760. She does not know what authority her grandfather had for his statement that Joseph and St. George were brothers, but "this I do know, that in the early days our branches were intimate, and they claimed kin: and at Mot Rekcute we had St. George's book called *Hansford*." Of this novel (*Hansford: A Tale of Bacon's Rebellion*) she recalls that it was burned when the house was, and adds regretfully, "I never had a copy of Bishop Meade's book, but they did have one at Rome, and that little runt W. . . . L. . . . borrowed it as he did many other family books and never returned any of them."

Captain Joseph Tucker of the English navy, came from Bermuda to Virginia prior to 1760, bringing with him his wife, Patsy Colson, and settled on the James River. Their children were:

Winnie
Patsy Colson
Wood

³² There was in Virginia in 1608 a Daniel Tucker, son of George Tucker Esq. of Milton, Kent. At a much later date, St. George Tucker and other descendants of George Tucker of Milton emigrated to Virginia from Bermuda and Barbados. Quoted by W. G. Stannard in *Some Emigrants to Virginia*, 2nd edition, pg. 83.

Robin
Joseph
John
Ben
David
Isaac

David Tucker, son of Captain Joseph and Patsy Colson Tucker, went from Sussex County and bought lands in Brunswick County in 1760; probably on the occasion of his marriage, since he married Athaliah Kessia Hunt of Sussex County (widow of Thomas Hunt) nee Wright in 1760, and their first child was born late the same year. Their children were:³³

Wright b. November 22, 1760
Sterling b. October 13, 1762. (Left no children)
Hartwell b. October 17, 1764. Unmarried. Died April 6, 1835. Buried at his plantation, "Rome."
Patsy Colson b. November 21, 1766
David (listed by T. G. T. as "Day") b. December 31, 1768

The Reverend Wright Tucker, son of David and Athaliah Kessia Tucker, was born November 22, 1760. At the age of nineteen he married his cousin, Elizabeth Tucker, and they had a son, *John*, born November 8, 1780. At the time of his birth, or shortly afterwards, Elizabeth died, and when the young widower was twenty-three he married Elizabeth Williamson, daughter of Charles Williamson of Brunswick County. The marriage Bond is on record there, dated March 5, 1784. The children of Wright and Elizabeth Williamson Tucker were:

Wright M. D. Surgeon 66 Regiment 181; married Sallie Wyatt.
Wood, M. D. m. (1) A Miss Arrington; moved to Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Ethelia Kissia m. Rives.
Betsey m. Bolling, had several children, and moved to Tennessee.
Polly m. Harrison; 3 children, Charles, Wm. H., and daughter who married Governor Holden of North Carolina.
Alexander (Dr. Sandy)
James Taylor
Minerva record of confirmation at Saponey Church, April 6, 1828.
Charles Letters from Charles to his half-brother, Colonel John Tucker, show that he went to Chapel Hill, N. C. and to Cambridge. After his death his widow and children went to Tennessee.

³³ From the Prayer Book of Hartwell Tucker.

In 1810 the Reverend Wright Tucker succeeded the Reverend Devereux Jarrett as Minister of Bath Parish, composed of Spony, Hatcher's Run, and Butterwood.³⁴ I find no data as to when he was ordained. The first mention of his officiating as a minister in the marriage records of Brunswick County, is on the occasion of the marriage of Nathaniel Collier and Salley Williamson, who were married September 22, 1802 "by the Rev. Wright Tucker, Episcopal Rector." That was eight years before he succeeded Parson Jarrett in Bath Parish, and he may have been Rector for some time before that, for he, and the other ministers, seem to have been very lax in making the returns which supplemented the marriage records of Brunswick County, showing exactly when and by whom the couples were actually married. In the year 1805 he was in the Episcopal Convention at Richmond. There had been no Conventions, or else no journals of them, since 1795, and another interval of seven years lapsed without Conventions. The Reverend Mr. Tucker was not present at the next one, in 1812, but appeared at the one after that, just a year later, in 1813. He died in 1815.³⁵

Evidently "The Parson" was a vigorous and intelligent man, interested in people and in things; a man who saw to it that his fifty-five years were kept brimming. Besides the duties of his office, which must have been arduous enough with three flocks to shepherd, he found time to represent Dinwiddie County in the House of Representatives in 1718-19; and he must have had considerable business interests to take up time and attention. Any clergyman today, Episcopal or otherwise, will agree that he was a man of no small financial ability, for his ten children were not merely well educated, they were exceptionally and expensively well educated. He must have inherited money, or married money, or both, but we have to hand it to him that he knew what to do with it. He knew how to take five squirming baby boys and end up with a civil engineer, three doctors, and a lawyer; he knew how to raise daughters who had no trouble getting husbands—good ones, I bet, or they wouldn't have gone courting at the rectory. He had a family that counted for something, and he thought the investment worth while.

It's a waste of time, Mr. Edward McCullough, for me to suggest that you stop and think of him for a moment—think of him, not as a handful of words on a piece of paper, but as a man, and

³⁴ Meade: *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*.

³⁵ Brunswick County Will Book 8, pg. 187.

quite a man. If you had passed him on the road from Sapony to Hatcher's Run, from Hatcher's Run to Butterwood, you would not have looked after him, or thought of him so long as it took the dust to settle in his wake. So I will watch him, and say goodbye to him for both of us, as he gentles his horse down a rutted hill to the sudden coolness of a shallow ford, or absently breaks into a canter when the road is level enough and smooth enough for him to make a little time on his endless rounds; thinking of his children, and the crops, and politics, and God. He must have thought about God a good deal, for he had to talk to people about God, not only from the pulpit, but often at times when God was the only answer he could give them.

Well . . . So Agnes Eppes Goode Tucker—all those fine, up-standing names united in the person of one palpitating girl—kissed her father and mother and John Chesterfield and Aunt Betsey goodbye, and climbed into the waiting coach and drove away from Osbornes with her young husband. The Colonel-to-be farmed the land, and interested himself in politics. That we do not surmise—we know. He was a member of the House of Representatives 1809-1814, inclusive; and a member of the Senate 1818 through 1822. Brown Goode tells us that he was a prosperous planter, all his life a magistrate, which seems rather a sweeping statement. He was a fox-hunter, too, and kept a pack of hounds he imported from England, known as the "Byron Hounds," and that is how the strain came to America. I wonder what he would have thought if he could have foreseen that his son Thomas was to die from the effects of being thrown from his horse, following the hounds, at the age of ninety! Perhaps he would have been a little amused, a little proud, in spite of all. Agnes adjusted herself to the change in her status, established personal relations with in-laws and neighbors, put on the mantle of housewife and mother. "The Parson" was there to give her a man-of-God's welcome to her new life, and to welcome, and baptize, the babies who soon began to arrive. Even when Wright Tucker was its rector, Old Sapony, as it came to be called, was old, having been built in 1725. There, naturally, Colonel-to-be Tucker and his bride held their membership, though its existing records do not go back that far. The family is subsequently identified with Old Sapony by a marriage and a baptism.

The crops flourished, and the nursery overflowed, and the sun shone, for eight golden years, and then clouds began to gather. First

came the death of the baby, little Hartwell, when he was seven months old. He was named for the Parson's brother, Colonel Hartwell Tucker, whose plantation, "Rome," was afterwards the home of one of John's and Agnes's sons, and is in the possession of a great-great-grandson of theirs today.³⁶ Then came the impersonal cloud of approaching war, which was not to remain impersonal very long, for at some time during the two years it lasted Agnes's brother John and her husband both saw active service around Norfolk. Even before war began, her husband had been an officer in the State Militia, having been commissioned as Major on June 15, 1810, in the Sixty-Sixth Regiment, Fifteenth Brigade and First Division. His commission as Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of the same Regiment, Brigade and Division, is dated May 11, 1814. He was always on very friendly terms with his brother-in-law, John Goode of Inglewood, who saw service at the same period and in the same neighborhood. It gave Agnes, inland with her babies, two to worry about instead of one, but likely it was a comfort to her that if anything went wrong with either, the other was in reaching distance.

Giving up her baby must have been a great sorrow to that young mother, and another great sorrow lay not far ahead, for it was about eighteen months later that her father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, and her girlhood home was broken up. It was about that time that the Tuckers bought "Prestwood," (meaning "Near the Trees"), the plantation adjoining Rome. It was not a new house, or even a relatively new house, when they bought it. It had been standing there for about seventy-five years, and been intimately associated with more families than one. Now it would have to accept the Tuckers, and see what came of it. We can picture the loaded wagons cutting into the earth as they backed up to this door or that, the slaves straining and grunting over the heavier pieces of furniture, or passing fragile articles from hand to hand with extravagant caution; Colonel Tucker riding up on horseback, the father of a family, the veteran of a war, the owner of a plantation, at thirty-two; Agnes hurrying from room to room with so much to see to, so many things to think of: preparations must be started for the next meal, beds made ready for the first night in the new home, there must be water to wash with, water to drink, candles and candlesticks to be assembled at some convenient place against the coming of the night; a clock to be established in its autocratic place, to

³⁶ Edward Bolling Tucker.

regulate the family at Prestwood as it had regulated them elsewhere. Perhaps she was glad to have so much to do, so much to think of. Perhaps it was the first time since her baby died, and her father and mother, that she had been able to lose herself in a wholesome, unaffected interest in the things about her. The new baby, Edward Bennett, probably reminded her of Hartwell more than he made her forget him, but Edward Bennett was already beginning to walk a little, to talk a little, which Hartwell had never even attempted. There would soon cease to be any likeness to stir afresh the ache which had begun to dull with time. Here in this new home they would make a fresh beginning.

The meals were cooked, the beds were made, the clock ticked. Nurse-girl or mammy shepherded Edward Bennett, age one, Sterling, nearing five, and Thomas, age six. Little daughter Lucy, all of eight years old, needed no shepherding—she “helped.” Colonel Tucker had much to supervise at the barns and stables, Agnes took possession of the house, or was taken possession of by the house; and down in the quarters the negro slaves, with their ears still attuned to the tom-toms of Africa, opened their little bundles and arranged their few and humble possessions, and no doubt they, too, thought of it as a fresh beginning, and called it “Home.”

Prestwood is the house afterwards described by Mary Barnett Tucker (Mrs. John L. Tucker) in her article “*Prestwood, a Roof that Sheltered Poe.*” Poe’s visit was not made till years later, but I shall include here her description of the place, so that we will be able to locate Agnes in our mind’s eye for the little time left to her. This article, which Cousin Mary made me welcome to use, and which she told me is on file at the University of Virginia, speaks for itself.

PRESTWOOD, A Roof that Sheltered Poe

In April, 1916, the Century Magazine carried a page article by Lilian G. Shepherd, entitled “A New Portrait of Edgar Allen Poe,” along with a full-page reproduction of a hitherto unpublished daguerreotype of Poe. In this picture Poe, a slim young fellow with dreamy eyes, is shown standing, while his two companions are sitting. The article said they are probably his chosen friends at the University of Virginia, George Miles of Richmond, and Thomas Goode Tucker, of Virginia.

A copy of this magazine was sent by a friend to a Thomas Goode Tucker, then living in Brunswick County, Virginia, calling his attention to the similarity in names. Mr. Tucker had not known of the existence of the picture, but he recalled at once that his uncle, Thomas Goode

Tucker, (for whom he was named), had been a student at the University of Virginia, and an intimate friend of Poe's. He also recalled memories of a visit of Poe to Prestwood, the old Tucker home in Brunswick County, and before his death wrote for an interested relative the brief account that follows:

"When Edgar Allen Poe gave up the editorship of the Southern Literary Messenger at Richmond, Virginia, preparatory to going north to try his fortunes in a new field, he gave a week of his time to a visit to his college-mate, Thomas Goode Tucker, at Prestwood. This was the home of Colonel John Tucker, in North Brunswick County, Virginia, about fifty miles south of Richmond. My father, Colonel E. B. Tucker, then a stripling, remembered the incidents of this visit distinctly, and often recounted them to me.

"Poe was very quiet and taciturn, refusing to share in the field sports of squirrel shooting and fox hunting, and stayed at the house while the others were afield, sitting under a giant oak now dead and gone, writing sometimes in his room, sometimes taking a long ramble through the lanes and woods.

"He brought with him in his carpet bag several books. One of these, bound in cheap paper, he left when he went away. It bore his autograph on the margin of a page. It is called 'Tales of Terror,' though the author's name was not printed therein. It was full of weird stories of German diablerie. One story was called 'The Boar Wolf.' Another, called 'The Goaded Huntsman,' contained some songs in rhyme which I remember well. This book remained in my father's library until 1870, and was highly prized, until it was borrowed by the late Captain Warner Lewis, and lost.

"There was an old negro slave at Prestwood, named Armistead, whose wife was a native African negress. He possessed an inexhaustible store of ghost stories and tales of voodoo and African magic. This darkey greatly interested Poe, who declared he was the most interesting man he had ever met, and passed many hours in talking with him.

"During this visit, though there was an abundance of peach and apple brandy in the house, Poe drank not a drop. He did most of his talking privately to his college-mate, and made no friends among the other guests, though a goodly number were gathered there. He had not at this period written 'The Raven,' on which his reputation was established, and no one realized that he was a man of great ability. Colonel Tucker, who was a surveyor, got him to work out some mathematical problems, and said he was a remarkable mathematician.

"When he left Prestwood, it was forever, for Thomas Goode Tucker removed to the state of North Carolina, and the two friends never met again."

Old Prestwood today shows the sad ravages of time. For eighty years it has been occupied by tenant farmers. To find it standing, and still habitable, is but a proof of how sturdily our forefathers builded, the fields around it are cultivated in a haphazard fashion, but the shrubs

and trees that enhanced its beauty are gone. A Persian lilac still blooms at the doorstep, and the family burial place nearby is a tangle of English ivy, Italian box, and jessamine. Here lie the remains of the cultured family that once entertained Poe.

A few yards further on are the ruins of an old stone stable that did service for generations. Stone buildings are seldom constructed in this section. Could these walls in the frontier times have been a refuge from the Indians? Tradition says nothing of this, but we know that during Colonel Tucker's life a famous white stallion was kept there, one which was captured on the high seas by a privateer.

Colonel Tucker bought Prestwood from Richard N. Thweatt in 1813, but a study of the old dwelling makes me conclude that it was built at a much earlier date. Virginia gentlemen of 1800 planned their residences with a central hall, into which the other chambers opened. There is no hall at Prestwood. It has the inevitable brick basement, dear to English hearts, but the two-storied house above, with its dormer windows, has a floor plan which is simplicity itself. A row of four large, airy rooms, opening into each other, comprises the first floor, with a similar arrangement for the second story. Two stairways lead to the upper rooms, so that apartments for the young ladies of the house should be absolutely private.

Prestwood is unique in that the four rooms on the main floor have six outside doors. There are two back doors, two front doors, and a door at each end of the house. Ample opportunity was thus given for cross ventilation, reminding one of the saying that a Northerner never leaves a door standing open, and a Southerner never closes one. With the numerous doors and windows open to the summer breeze, this old home must have been a delightfully cool retreat. Three large chimneys provided eight fireplaces for comfort in winter. The supply of fuel was abundant, and everywhere log fires cast their glow over the polished floors and old mahogany so dear to the Virginia housewife.

The restoration of this old home could be accomplished with reasonable expense, but Brunswick County is far from that part of Virginia which is being reclaimed by people of wealth. It is probable that the decay going steadily forward at Prestwood will never be arrested, though the house is in sight of a modern highway. The stanza which follows was found written on the fly leaf of a book in the old Tucker library. It would seem to be a suitable epitaph for this spot:

"We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
And none of us will care to weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as today,
A hundred years to come."

Christmas, 1813, came and went. New Year's Day came, and now it was 1814; but as the weeks and months went by, it did not show itself any year to brag on. Many needed articles of merchandise were scarce, or non-existent, on account of Mr. Jefferson's embargo; there were serious financial worries—during 1814 every bank in the southern and middle western states suspended specie payments; toward the end of August the British, under Cockburn, captured Washington and burned the Government buildings, and a few weeks later they attacked Baltimore. A young American poet who had business on one of the British ships endeavoring to silence the guns of Fort McHenry was detained all night by the Captain, and put his feelings into words in a song beginning, "Oh, say can you see—" *you* know: but Agnes did not know. She never heard it.

The year was less reprehensible about Baltimore than it had been about some other things. Perhaps the song, or the spirit back of the song, did something to the British, at any rate they gave up the siege, and their ships sailed away to foreign waters and did not come back. This must have been a comfort to Agnes, who was expecting another baby, and could not have been other than thankful that her young Colonel would not be needed to defend the coast at a time when she needed him so much.

The year drew to its close. On the twenty-fourth of December a treaty of peace was signed in Europe by agents of the American and British governments, but Agnes did not know the war was over, any more than the thousands of men gathering at New Orleans who would so soon lay down their lives in an idle gesture, knew it. They were to die without knowing it, and so was she; for the next day, which was Christmas Day, she did die.

Perhaps the presence of the newborn baby in the stricken household made some of the family think of that first Christmas, and perhaps some among them remembered what was promised of that other baby, that He had come "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Perhaps it was a comfort to them to think of that on His birthday.

The children of Colonel John and Agnes Goode Tucker were:

Lucy Goode 1805-1854. Married Edward R. Chambers.

Thomas Goode 1807-1897, of "Mot Reicut," near South Gaston, N. C. Married Mary Carey (Kate) Capehart.

Dr. Sterling H. 1809-1852, of Ocolona, Miss. A physician and planter. Married Martha Field. No children.

Edward Bennett 1812-1855, of "Rome," Brunswick County, Va. He married Eliza Black Cummings, of Petersburg, Virginia.

Dr. John Eppes 1814-1885, of Ocolona, Miss. Married Mary, daughter of the Hon. David Hubbard, No children

Lucy accepted, as children do, the changes over which she had no control, and the plans in which she had no voice. She soon grew used to the sight of her mother's grave, not far from the house, and to the presence of the new baby inside; and she hung around her father and Aunt Betsey a great deal, a little from loneliness, and more because she was at an age when little girls are passionately attracted by the semblance of being grown-up, and take an inordinate satisfaction in being tolerated on almost any terms in a group of adults. Perhaps she and the little boys had a tutor at that time, or perhaps Aunt Betsey gave them some elementary instruction prior to their elevation to the schoolhouse in the yard, and later on—for the boys, anyway—to Ebenezer Academy. From there, the boys went on to university life, and training for their professions; but as I have said before, the unabashed casualness of Lucy's spelling and punctuation is a family scandal, and indicates that her scholastic career ended at Prestwood. I must say in her defense, however, that at that time Mr. Webster's dictionary had not been published, and in the matter of spelling your guess was still as good as the next man's.

When she was seventeen, Lucy went to Boydton on a visit to her cousin William O. Goode and his young wife (Sarah Bolling Tazewell, daughter of Littleton Tazewell of Williamsburg, Virginia). This young couple, hardly more than children, had had a sad history, which was destined to be still sadder. Already, at nineteen, Sarah had borne and lost two sons, one of whom had lived to be nine months old. There were two other children later, two little girls, the youngest being about six weeks old when Sarah died in June, 1825. These children were taken to Williamsburg after their mother's death, where they contracted malaria, and died; and they are buried in the old Bruton Parish churchyard.

When Lucy visited William and Sarah, they were living in the elegant new home they had built on the edge of town, not far behind St. James Episcopal Church. This house, now the home of Dr. Garland Carter, was used as headquarters when the northern army passed through Boydton at the close of the Civil War. The kitchen was separate from the main house, and a guard had to be

stationed in the yard to keep the soldiers from snatching at the hot biscuits being carried into the house for the officers.

It was on this visit that Lucy met the man she was going to marry, a young planter from the adjoining county of Lunenburg named Edward Chambers. None of the details of their courtship have survived, but the Marriage Bond, dated February 3, 1824, is still preserved in the archives of Brunswick County; and there is also a note from Colonel Tucker to the Clerk of Court, authorizing the issuance of a license.

It is my belief that Colonel Tucker wrote this note with more than a little anxiety. He and his daughter were very close. You do not have to take my word for that; you will find in the sworn testimony of a friend, some years later, concerning his intentions in a business matter affecting the interests of his daughter, that he was "more than commonly fond of and devoted to Mrs. Chambers." Edward Chambers could not possibly have entered into his feelings then, but it was Edward Chambers who was to write in later years of his own daughter, "All her friends I believe approve her choice and I am sure it will meet with your approbation. But to me the marriage of a daughter under any circumstances is painful, I love my children and would not (if I could avoid it) be separated from them, and in this case I have provided so far as I could against it by consenting to the marriage on the sole condition that Pink is never to be separated from me without my consent." So John Tucker and Edward Chambers were to have something in common at last; but John Tucker was the better man of the two—he did not give with one hand, and hold tight with the other. In your parlance, he could take it.

The marriage took place in Old Saponay Church when Lucy was barely eighteen—"a slip of a girl." (The most she ever weighed, at a time when she described herself as being very stout, was a hundred and twenty-five pounds.) We find her new status recorded in her own handwriting in the big family Bible of her father-in-law, Edward Chambers, Senior: "Edward R. Chambers and Lucy his wife were married February 11th, 1824."

Mr. Chambers took his bride to live with his father at the old family home in Lunenburg County, "Flat Rock," and they remained there until after the death of the old man in 1828, when they moved to a place belonging to Colonel Tucker, not far from Boydton; and about 1844 they moved once more, this time to Boydton, where

they bought the Sydnor home, which came to be known as "the old Chambers place."

It was soon after the Chambers family moved to Boynton that Dr. Sterling Tucker moved to Mississippi with his wife, Mattie, and Lucy Chambers began the series of letters to her sister-in-law which I think of as "the Dear Mat" letters. Not all the letters which went to Mississippi were preserved, some of them appear not even to have been received; but there are a number of them in existence—twenty-six, to be exact. Dear Mat not only did not burn them, as she was adjured to do whenever Lucy felt that she had been indiscreet (which was often), she evidently brought them back to Virginia with her, and they turned up eventually among my grandmother's things, after her death. None of us had ever seen or heard of them before, and I doubt if they had been read by Lucy's children. Many of them are undated, and they are almost illegible; the writing cramped, and as often as not the space completely covered and then the letter continued over that, cross-wise. It took me a long time to make accurate copies of them and get them arranged in chronological order, but when I did, I had something. I had something I would have thought it impossible to get, a near-miracle: Grandma Chambers' casual, intimate, firsthand account of what went on in that family during the five years which compassed so many changes, ending with Lucy's death. The letters were written on large sheets of thin paper, folded so that each letter was its own envelope. They had no stamps. I believe the custom was, for the recipient to pay for them, at all events someone paid in cash for their transportation; and I gather that at times they were carried by a messenger or an acquaintance when there was any passing—any passing between Virginia and Mississippi, just like that. It seems probable that the last letter, of those we have, is the last letter Lucy ever wrote.

Many of the letters are not of sufficient general interest to warrant their publication, and of others, I feel that we should respect the fact that they were not intended for any eye but that of a sister. In selecting some of them to include in your book because they give a picture of the family life it would be impossible to get in any other way, I have tried to be guided by the Golden Rule. They make Lucy seem very real, very human, and I think we will love her more, and not less, for reading them.

I have included in the series a few letters not written by Lucy

herself, which preserve the continuity, or shed their own light on the family group at that period.

At the time when the first of these letters was written, the Chambers family consisted of Lucy and her husband, with nine living children:

Henrietta age 19
 Edward St. John (Jack) age 17
 Elizabeth Goode, generally referred to as Bettie, sometimes as Lila,
 and sometimes as Liz, age 16
 Martha Eppes (Pink) age 14
 Sarah Virginia (Jinny) age 13
 Juliet Tucker age 10
 Mary Ann (Molly) age 7
 Sterling Tucker age 5
 Rosa Cowles age 3

Lucy Chambers to
 Mrs. Martha R. Tucker
 Cotton Gin Port, Mississippi.

March 31st, 1845

My Dear Mat

I need not say how sorry we *all* are to hear of your sickness so soon after your arrival at your new home, but hope by this time you have entirely recovered, chills and fevers have been very prevalent here James Williamson who looked so well (you know) when you left here is very much reduced by them, and our man Hilliard is now sick with them. This is a rainy evening and Mr. C is just gone to Halifax Superior Court, and I have taken up my pen in high spirits (by the by not because he is gone but why I cannot tell) to amuse you if possible, but do not wonder if I should get melancholy before I close, for if I suffer myself to think of the vast number of miles which separate us from you and my dearest Brother I shall have to indulge in a flood of tears and change my merriment into sorrow —————

Bettie laughed heartily when I made these marks and said there they go, meaning such reflections as above. Little Rosa is standing at my knee plaguing me so I can scarcely write and says "tell her I want to see her for she is eating sugar candy and plum cake and everything now" Henrie says your nephew comes almost every night and gave her notice the other evening that his hand was getting well enough for him to get married, but he has not commenced saying "soft things" yet. Bettie told you in her letter that he has sold his store lot goods and all to Messers Boyds and Stone and is now riding about taking his pleasure. Dear me where are the lines I cannot find them it is getting too dark but I'll finish this page, but I am ashamed of what I have written for you *never* burn anything, and this will be kept as a specimen of elegant

letter writing for ages to come——As I like to hear all the news when I get a letter, I will take it for granted that it is so too with you, and go back to the day you started and tell you that the same person who shot at Mr. Hardy the night before you left came every night for a week trying to get into his smokehouse, not-with-standing 3 or 4 students were on guard every night, and finally came to the window where old Mr. Jones was sleeping and deliberately put a pistol through a broken pane of glass and discharged it in a foot of the old man and certainly must have killed him but for his being covered with a comfort which received the ball and prevented it passing through. There has been no attack since and who it was no one can even imagine Liz says Mr Paul distinguished himself by shooting at an empty barrel and missing it supposing it to be the thief, he being armed with a double barrel gun—revolving pistol a Bowie knife dirk sword and walking stick and hid behind a tree he has not been here yet though D'Arcy tried to make friends between them, they have not yet spoken to each other Mr Cogbill arrived safely on the 15th in the stage and has been a constant visitor since, but old matters remain in "statu quo"

Mrs. R. Baptist went to Pitsylvania a week ago accompanied by Dr Laird who was on his way to Rockbridge to visit his relations he will be back in a week or two he talks just as he did about marrying, often speaks of you, and always joins us in good wishes to yourself and husband. Martha Wilson is engaged to Sam Baptist and has asked the girls to wait on her when she is married which will be in July. Mary Sydnor is married to Mr. Dupre³⁷ and gone to Charleston she was married at Tabernacle Church on her way to Ridgeway last week. I do wish you were here to go with me to town when you get this I shall be in town as I expect to go down with Mr Chambers on the 16th of April that being the day before Superior Court. James Craig had his house burned to ashes a fortnight ago while he was absent at Mr Pryors, supposed to have been set on fire by one of the servants Martha Ann Pryor I hear is to be married soon to Dr Price they say she is going down to Petersburg and be married in the church. Betsy Bailey, Goode that was—had a daughter last Sunday that died in a few minutes she having been sick several days before medical help was procured. I saw cousin William Goode a few days ago he was quite well and much pleased at placing Lucy and Eliza at school at Mrs. Lucy Baskerville's he is a candidate to represent the county having been brought out together with Mark Alexander at a caucus held here a month ago. The Clay statue has died away completely in this vicinity the girls got six dollars subscribed and there it ended. Your shawl has not yet come to hand William says he intends to keep it for an excuse to come here Boydton has

³⁷ Warren Du Pre of South Carolina, who received his A.M. degree from Randolph-Macon College in 1840, was tutor there until he resigned in 1844; afterwards Professor at Wofford College, South Carolina, and President of Martha Washington Female Academy at Abingdon, Virginia.

been thrown into a commotion by Twig Goode's petitioning for the office of Post Master here, he *stole*, sneaked I should have said, a petition to Washington signed by only a few straggling democratic boys and such refused to let Mr Rainy have a copy of it to see the charges alleged against him, and the gentlemen on both sides are at war in the newspapers about it. Dont you think this letter contains as much news as the Richmond Whig but I am not half done yet as I have only filled two sides and I cannot think of sending a *short* letter, but I am too fast I perceive that 3 pages are full so I shall have to cut it *short* I have offered this space to Henrie and the bottom to Bettie but she says I have told you everything and left nothing untold except that she is destined to be an old maid and will have to accept Uncle S kind offer to live with him, she often tells the Boydton beaux about her intended residence and puts Dick into fits about whenever she sees him and he says he *will* go too. Where is Duncan? Where is the *minature*? He has sent Pat Pryor a book. Where is John and Sister Mary? How long will they stay in the North? Will they ever live near you? How does cousin "Lizar" come on do you sleep with her. Mr Puryear got here the day before Cogbill he says brother Sterling's land is the best he saw. Becca is sold to John Moss and gone to Tennessee. Answer this soon and write *often* to your sister

Lucy

Do you have to go out in boots to feed your chickens? What have you got in your room where is your chest with the handles? Did the bonnet go safe or did the cake grease it? Where is your gingham bonnet how did it stand the journey? Did you cover it up when anybody looked at you? Did anybody ask you where it came from

Don't take too long before you write we all like to hear from you so much There is a large Sunday School here and Henrie is one of the teachers and Bettie and Mary Rainey are scholars. You ask what will take out mildew, it is said if you will rub strong soap on it and sprinkle chalk on the soap and expose it to the sun it will come out in a few days salt and lemon too I imagine will take it out Farewell and believe me most affectionately. Our love to my dear, dear Brother and may God bless you both and make you happy there is the prayer of your sister Lu

I wish I had more room I would write more. Have you told Brother about the soreness in my joints? What did he say can it be from taking ergot it is no better than when you left

Have you dressed up in that *fawn colored silk, scarf, gaiters, blue apron, &c?* What sort of people are your neighbors are they from Virginia. It is now 9 oclock and I must close for the present and promise to write again soon and begin where I left off. Old Fanny and Lucy Clark are gone back where they moved from. Thos. came in the next stage after you left and called a few minutes at night to see us but did not assign any reason why he did not come sooner It is said here that he

was glad you had left as he did not wish to go to Mississippi he returned immediately to Southampton and said something about studying medicine with Dr Field.

I have just read this letter aloud and they are all dead and I alone am left to tell it stop they are not dead for they are laughing and say I have not told you what killed them well it was laughing at it

Dear Aunt Mat

Ma has cut her letter so "short" I don't want you to be disappointed to find it contains nothing so I have concluded to write a little myself—I do not think I ever have seen Ma so merry in my life, as she is tonight, now that I have commenced to write she is laughing at my repeated attempts and failures at poetry, I think she might spare me as I have burned up every line of foolishness that I have written. I wrote you a long letter a few weeks since but as I directed it to Aberdeen I suppose you have not received it. Do you know Aunt Mat that I'm to be married in a few months? I cannot tell you to whom as you keep letters forever. Write to me soon Yours affectionately Bet—

Lucy Tucker to Mrs. Sterling Chambers

Boydton, July 5th, 1845

Dear Mat

Your letter of the fifteenth came by this mornings mail which we were much pleased to receive for we had not heard in so long from you that we were getting very uneasy. I am glad to know that you and Brother thought of us at the commencement [of Randolph-Macon College] for I thought of you and mentioned you several times and wished you had some good ice cream cheese cakes & I had the best pound cakes that have been made here since old Hannah died but what was most terrible on Tuesday the 10th the morning of commencement news came down from the college that there was a case of smallpox at the stewards Hall (Dr Smiths) brought there by Mrs Smiths sisters child who had it staying in Brunswick at Mrs M.....s She had just come from the South by the Northern route and it was supposed that the little boy must have taken it (very mildly) in passing. Since then his little sister has had it although her arm was sore from vaccination and the two diseases combatted for some days for the mastery but she is now playing with her dolls. The board of trustees have had a called meeting and requested Dr S and all his family to go to the Nat Macklins place that the hall may be whitewashed and well ventilated and *closed* next session which commences on the 7th of August. The exercises of commencement were held here at the old Presbyterian church a large concourse assembled and a speech delivered by Dr Plummer of Richmond. As soon as the speaking was over old Mr Paul walked or squeezed his way across the church to speak to us and knew "Miss Lizzy" like a book. On Wednesday we all went to the college supposing there would be no danger. Sam made a beau-

tiful speech which did him great credit, came down and spoke to Bettie, that night we went to the promenading party and he could not get 3 feet from her but dared not do more than *bow*, wherever she was you could see him *standing* carelessly. He *came here* on Thursday to see *Ann Daly*, and modestly said "Good morning Miss Chambers" you seemed anxious to know whether they made friends when you left so I have been more particular than I otherwise would have been. Our house was crowded with beaux that morning, Mark among the number, who was graduated in Law, got the valedictory at the University, and is coming to Boydton to live in a few weeks. What a list of good news all in a bunch. Mrs Boyd said the other day that she was going to write to you soon. I forgot to say that the students had their party at Frank Boyd's tavern, and while Isabelle was engaged fixing just before night she was taken *speechless* and Dr Williamson bled her till she fainted and it was so long before they could bring her right they thought she was dying.

Mrs. Arthur (Nannie Lewis) has been very ill after having a fine boy she is now better. Our gardens are very dry and I had only one cucumber for dinner. Mrs Rainey had corn and tomatoes yesterday. Jack went down to Edwards about a week or 10 days ago I could not wait for him to return before I opened his letter for I wanted so much to hear from you I know he will think it a hard case that I should do so but I could not resist the temptation. Cogbill has deserted us entirely he came almost twice a day when he first got back from the South but I think he became jealous of S and now never even speaks to any of us in other words he never comes where we are. Betty has discarded Jim Daly again. Dr Laird seems to think no more of matrimony than when you saw him but is always talking just as he did when you saw him. Henry Burwell has lost his oldest brother just grown and now he has a sister exceedingly ill. Dr Williamson was sent for yesterday to see her Henry got Mrs Rainey to have a large basket of bread and things suitable for sick people sent to them.

I have just been sitting in the porch with Mr C who handed me a letter he received today also from my dear Brother Sterling and I could have wept that he should think, that I would be offended with him, *knowing as I do* that he would not intentionally say or do anything to cause feelings on my part. If I have not answered his letters I beg pardon for I really thought I had done so, and still think I have. Tell him to write to me often I like to see him humorous and never fear offense for he is the last person on earth that I could get angry with, he is too kind and good to me and my dear children for ever an unkind feeling to cross my mind. Have you any ice? I suppose not how I wish that you had some or all of ours we could do without it so much better than you and he can.

Mrs. Baptist has a daughter more than a month old and both are well she will be home soon. Pat and Harriett are at Dr Jones Pat will be confined as soon as nine months are past from the time of her wed-

ding You ask in Jacks letter how I liked Dr Cronkrite as a dentist I liked him mightily but he knows how to charge he plugged my front teeth very well and left a gap between the size of a straw we thought we had but little to do but he undid all that had been done in the girls mouths before and made his bill 49 dollars charging 3 and 4 dollars for large plugs. You know he could make his holes as large as he choose I would have had all of the front ones plugged but I thought he did not know what he was doing so I made him stop after the first two.

You ask what Henrie and Bettie had pretty to wear to commencement the first day they wore new white frocks tucked nearly to the waist with tucks about two inches wide leaving a space between of the same width with a yoke behind and before of elegant insertion Betties is full in the back that is pleated up the pleats stitched and gathered a little to the yoke behind most of the new dresses are made full in the back to look as much like capes as possible with new white Berage scarfs with deep pink stripes on each end and crimped fringe, to correspond with the dressing on their bonnets which are of plain straw without flowers on the outside. The next day they wore new Berage dresses very pretty and costly of many colors, though purple the predominant one, they have some dresses called gauze poplin, very pretty. I have bought for myself two calicoes a Green and purple berage and a gauze poplin made a new cap and trimmed with white for commencement. I got little table napkins for dinner at last—had Dr Nebletts son W to dine with us, and Mr Whittle both great beaux one remarkable for his intellect (Mr W) the other for his money and good qualities. Also young Mr Capers—formerly a student here from South Carolina Mr B from Lynchburg Liz says I must tell you he is a son of the distinguished Dr Capers of that state and young as he is is a professor in one of the colleges. Jinny is beging for my pen so farewell again and remember your sister

Lu

Tell us about the servants is Aunt Anaca dead or Willis. Who else is married and who parted besides Branch? Eliza and her children are coming up in a week or two to stay some time for her health. Aunt B has recovered and Mr C says looks like she always did. I know something mighty funny that I should like to tell you but I cant tell you on paper to *be kept* so I will tell you when I see you.

Tell brother whenever he writes please say what is the matter with him you know what an Old Mother Eve I am for curiosity and I want to know if he is ever threatened with hemorage from the stomach I have not spelled it wright but no matter you know what I mean We are all well except Nancy Reid's little Alexander, who is teething [Nancy Reid was one of the servants]. Aunt Effy always comes when we get a letter to inquire after her *lambs* please mention them particularly. Mr Doke a Presbyterian minister is to preach in town tomorrow he was to preach here today also but has not he lives in Clarksville and

the people there are so much afraid of the smallpox they wont let the Boydton people scarcely go to their town, it has been three weeks since the last case, and everybody has been vaccinated so I hope it will not spread Lize Duncan came home from Norfolk a few days ago and report says she is soon to be married to a Mr Lomax formerly a student here from S Carolina, he graduated also at the University in Law with Mark.

I must write this sheet full for I want a *long* answer and I do not want you to have any excuse for not writing one. Dont you want to hear some more things about the fashions well let me tell you plain straw bonnets such as your mother used to wear are worn, small capes seams on the shoulders like they were last summer, reaching to the bottom of the stay with a bow behind and before, ribbons put on the bonnets far back on the crown and a bow across just so [here there is a small sketch] leaving a little round place as large as a quarter right in the middle ends of the ribbon fringe I am sorry to hear your *soap* is giving out what will *you do* hope *rags* are plenty for all purposes Jinny is looking over me and says you cant read this but cant stop for that you must guess at all you cant make out. Sterling says he has his money yet he says tell Uncle Sterling he is coming out there when he is big enough and he must have him a nice poney to ride about with him—he says tell Aunt Mat she wont have any children by that time and I can get enough good things to eat he is now beging for cake and I tell him it is too soon after dinner he grows very fast. When will you surprise us with a visit I want very much to see you all and hear one of brothers hearty laughs draw me a picture of your house and the new house, kitchen, fences and all, or have you pailings have you anything to preserve we have nothing but blackberries and green fox grapes what did you have for dinner when little Edwards Ma came for you did not tell me her name and I have forgotten it What is all the news with Duncan suppose he has given out his trip to Va.

You all have forgotten your carriage what shall be done with it, do you go to preaching if so how? Behind cousin Lizar. Mary Rainey Paul will be up in a few days to spend some weeks I understand she is idolized by the old folks, as they have no daughter they have just lost their youngest son Tom so her chance for a large estate is beyond dispute. Mr Chambers has brought some little pigs to the house which he is anxious to raise and whose mother is almost dead they having come too soon Juliet is trying to get them to suck a bottle and their cries are distressing. Jinny says her vacation is next thursday and she will write to you in vacation if you wont let Uncle S see her letters for she is just begining and they wont bear scrutiny. Henrie says she will write to her uncle Sterling next week that she knows you had rather get a letter from Liz and no one writes to him so she will. Remember me affectionately to him and say I still live in the hope of seeing you before many months. Mr C says he will answer brothers letter soon. . . . Mr. Wright's hand is well or so nearly so that he never speaks of it he tells Mrs Green if Henrie does not have him it will kill

him I think he will have to die then for she will never do that as long as —— lives here, she seems to have no fancy for old men. I believe I wrote you that E Betts has gone to Europe and left his miniature in New York for her we have heard from it since he left and expect it very soon he also left a ring for Bettie. Have you heard from Mildred Smith since Williams death where shall I put my name I cannot find any more to say but to ask you both to let us hear from you. So with many good wishes I will say goodbye Dear Mat

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker,
August 14-15-16-17th, 1845

Dear Mat

It is useless for me to write to you since you never receive a line from me although this is the fourth time that I have written. Bettie and Jack have spent a day or two trying to make out a smart letter and after all, they have not sent them and I am determined to write myself, though I am out of tune for it now, being depressed by Henrie's and Jinny's situation. They have what our Dr's call "continued fever" which they tell me continues for 21 days without any sensible change, this is the eighth day with Henrie since she took medicine, though she had a violent headache from the Monday before, and the 6th with Jinny. Henrie is complaining much with sickness and soreness of the stomach. Randolph Burwell has lost his oldest son Payton with the same fever (I mean the one next to Henry) and two of his daughters have been at the point of death for the last two months. Dr Williamson has been with them constantly until a day or two ago ever since the 4th of July My last letter to you was (I think) mailed on the seventh of July I am sorry you did not get it for I dont know when I shall feel so "funny" again. But I am afraid to indulge in melancholy I will hope for the best and pray for resignation to the will of my heavenly father my children, I have long since committed to his care, and I feel assured that if they should be taken from me, it will be both for their and my good, and Oh Mat may I be enabled to say "it is well" because the Lord has done it. It is in affliction that religion sustains us, my confidence in the goodness and mercy of God bears me up under every trial and come what may I hope I shall receive strength from above to bear it Eliza and Edward have been up all of which Bettie wrote you at the time. She has just come to tell me what you may call your rooster she says if it is a red freezlin you may call it Dr Laird and if you have an old gander you may call it Duncan, and a Peacock Sam Paul. All this nonsense ill accords with my feelings but you know my disposition . . .

Mary Paul goes back to Petersburg tomorrow Bettie is going over to see her presently when I expect she will see Sam. She writes so often to you and I do not see her letters so I hardly know what to write about though I do not believe she has written since Henrie discarded Mr

Wright poor fellow he is mightily hurt and has gone to the mountains.

Mr and Mrs Baptist have had their portraits taken the price was fifteen dollars apiece. Jim Daly Dr Laird Mr Rainey also had theirs. I asked you in my last letter to ask brother what we should do with your carriage. Mat we are without horses again one of the grays became diseased and Mr C traded him off. I know you want to see what all this is, scratched out—it is nothing worth knowing.

My pen has been laid down an hour while I went upstairs to see Mrs Rainey Mary Paul and Miss Jones. Bettie has gone off to fix to go to the tavern, Mrs Dr Neblett from Lunenburg is there on her way to Buffalo Springs and Wm Neblett too who you know is considered a great beau I expect she will try to look her best. It is now 5 oclock in the evening Jinny is better Henrie is not quite as sick at the stomch as she was.

You dont know what a sweet little child John Tucker is Eliza dresses him so prettily in little yoke neck gingham coats and linen trousers and leather belt, he is beautiful I never thought him handsome when younger but he is so interesting. When he was here he was all the time beging to go or going to the tandy shop as he called it. He did not want to go home but wanted his mother to stay too. Edward looks much better than I ever saw him he has fattened so much and looks so much like poor Pa. He got here before Eliza and Jack and found me in the cellar fixing for the party, which was to be that night, it was not an expensive one, only a little cake & Eliza was sick when she came but Dr Laird got her up in two days. She says cousin Mary Pryor is in very bad health and they are all delighted with Mary Ann's match. Old Sam is filling up my walk with sand but he has to haul it six or seven miles. Mat how does it happen that all your letters are mailed at Aberdeen and all of ours directed to Cotton Gin perhaps that is the reason you do not get them.

Henrie is so much afraid she will not be well before the watermelons are all gone.

I am sorry you did not get my letters for I told you many things that have happened since you left. Mrs X—— is expecting to be confined every day and I am told she is tremendous. They talk so much about folks I think in a short time they will not have a female visitor in Boydton not even you escape as I am informed but nothing of any consequence has she said of you only that you were a good for nothing poor creature or something to that amount. I always knew she would joke herself out of credit before she was done poor Mrs Baptist they carry her through the hackles but she is a woman of true principles and maintains her dignity in defiance, she reminds me of cousin Sarah Goode, they wont allow her to ride in her carriage without talking of her extravagance, I wish the narrow limits of a letter would allow me to say half. But it is wrong to talk about the failings of our neighbors excuse me for what I have said and I will try to do so no more Henrie's fevers are not very high but constant, only a little lower in

the morning, I hope she will be well before you get this. Jack has at last squeezed into college by dropping latin he has taken a room and I see him but once a day Little Sterling sends many thanks for the money keeps all of your pieces marked and put away in his father's desk—he says tell Uncle Sterling and Aunt Mat to come back and live with us—. I am sorry brother S continues to have chills, fear it will be long before his health is restored. The smallpox is gone no one had it but Mrs Wynnis children and the college opens with an increased number of students You know how fearful Henrie is of worms, and she had 38 leeches on her stomach a few days ago poor thing how she cried she told me to tell you about it She says “tell her I’m mighty impatient fearing that all the ice and watermelons will give out,” but it is ten feet deep in the house now, wish brother S could have some it is so good plained up like snow. . . .

Friday morning Augt. 16th. Bettie went over to the tavern last night stayed till 9 oclock saw Sam had some conversation on various subjects Mary and Darcy and Sam came back with her, Dr L sat in the porch waiting for her to come he told me he left S and Liz arm in arm after supper I began to think that Dr L will court Bettie but I doubt whether he will be accepted. What does brother S think of him as a match. Henrie says she will never marry him for she does not think him inteligent or interesting. Mary did not go this morning they concluded to stay until Monday. Dr L says S will be courting Bettie again before Saturday night. Remember me most affectionately to brother S and tell him I have written to him too and sent many messages in all of yours I will write to him next

Friday morning Augt. 16th 12 oclock I received your letter by this mornings mail and I am sorry that I had written this but will write it across and answer your interrogatories. I will answer some of your questions Mark has declined coming to Boydton. Bettie wore the same dress she wore to Sally Alexanders weding I forgot to tell you Henrie has Edward Betts Dagueretype likeness he is a likely fellow has written to her from Paris. Bettie says you will never read this letter in the world if you dont read but half that will be fully enough. Bettie is going to ride out this evening on Mrs Baptists old roan with Darcy Paul Sam Paul Bettie Rainey and Jack. I will give you an account of the ride when they return she is dressed in a beautiful white dress with a quantity of elegant trimming let in the body and a long black riding skirt and purple velvet hat green vail and two little graceful feathers She looks rite sweet. . . . I think nothing of any consequence occurred. Sam's horse dashed into the woods and Bettie's after him and Darcy laughed. Dr Laird took her just now by the hand and carried her down into the porch.

Receipt for dyeing Green

Mix one ounce *pounded* indigo with half a pound of oil of vitriol, let it stand 2 days, then make a strong dye of red oak and Hickory

bark, strain it, put in about three pounds of pounded alum into it, then pour in the oil of vitriol till you get the shade you like, rinse your hanks in warm water and boil until deep enough it must be done in copper, some say 2 oz. of alum to 1 pound of wool. If you want a pretty blue scald your hanks in alum water and rinse them, pour some of the mixture of indigo and vitriol (as prepared for the green dye) into the warm water and scald your hanks with it.

To Dye Red.

Scald your hanks in alum water rinse them in 4 or 5 waters so as to cleanse them entirely from the Alum put a layer of hanks and one of red wood alternately cover them with water and scald 2 or 3 hours then rinse them in warm water, if you wish them deep it will take a pound of wood to one of wool. A little lye added to the water will make it purple.

Monday morning Augst. 17th. Henrie is a little better Jinny's pulse like lightning . . . fear she cannot get through with her fever

Edward R. Chambers to Dr. Sterling Tucker,
Cotton Gin Port, Mississippi.

Boydton August the 28th

My Dr. Brother

Your letter of the 14th Inst. found me this morning, weeping over the remains of my beloved daughter, which I have just consigned to the grave, yes, my first-born, Henrietta is dead. She died on last night at three o'clock. Can you realize it,—It seems to me at times impossible that it can be so, and I am tempted to ask, is it not a dreadful dream,—Then comes the icy conviction, congealing my heart and tells me it is true. Yes my friend, my brother, Henrietta is dead. . . . I thank God that I have such a daughter, and would not exchange her, mouldering in the grave, for the living daughters of other men and hope I violate no cannon of morality or religion in pouring out my soul in sorrow over her grave. That you and Martha will weep with me I know, But even that cannot alleviate my grief pray to God that I may summon firmness to bear it

Yours in affliction
Edw. R. Chambers.

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Martha R. Tucker
Aberdeen, Monroe County, Mississippi.

Boydton, March 7th 1846

Dear Mat

Mr Chambers has taken his seat to write to brother Sterling and I, by way of keeping my eyes open, will write to you, but recollect you

owe me a letter now in answer to Duncans and my joint one. I have so much to say that I scarcely know where to begin but I will commence with my trip to brother Toms can you believe that I have at last accomplished a trip over there, it is no less strange than true, I promised Aunt Betsey when she came up to Liz's wedding to carry her home when she wished to go, so when Duncan and Bettie started I went with them on the cars to Gaston we were not able to get more than a mile the day we started before the old stage broke down and we had to foot it home and get Frank Boyd's carriage to take us to Ridgway the next day, and a day it was shure enough raining and hailing and snowing until we got to gaston where I had a good old fashion headache and kept Liz in the room with me all night the next morning had to send to brother Tom's to let them know we had arrived having disappointed him the morning before in not getting there according to promise, for Pink, Aunt Betsey and Jack had all gone down in the carriage and told them when to meet us. I found all in good spirits brother T not altered at all. I asked Duncan's permission before I got there to laugh at him as I pleased if brother Tom plagued him . . . after staying there from Friday (the 20th of Feb. I believe was the date) untill the next Wednesday I cut out home expecting to have seen Duncan off before I left but he waited a few days for brother Tom who was going on for Aunt B carriage until this terrible snow storm. I got two letters from them today one dated the 4th saying they did not go when they said they would go as the O(hio) river they expected was frozen up Liz wrote me that Aunt B was going to send you a splendid black satin cape trimmed with lace they are worn with any sort of dress, had given her half a dozen table and tea spoons, sister Kate her silver ladle and above all was going to pay brother Toms expenses to buy her carriage, which she had always refused to do

We have been much frightened here in the last fortnight supposing the "black tongue" had made its appearance here several having had violent sore throats Dr Williamson the first case, had been attending Mrs Whittle who died with it, his servant also had it and Dr Laird had it favorably, got well came up to the tavern laid down and fell asleep, awoke with a chill, was unable to get back to his room, and is now confined to his bed with a violent cold. I sent him two nice broiled birds today with some cake and jelly which he relished very much. Mr Wright I expect will be nominated at court to represent the county. Mrs Coleman has gone to cousin Mark's to stay several months, until she is confined which will not be very soon. Did you ever see such a newsy body as I am please Mat don't let *any one* see my letters for you know if I had to take time to be particular I should never write. O Mat I have been setting out box all day, two beautiful rows each side of the walk to the front gate, and I am going to finish my hedge of cedars around the yard on Monday that I began last fall you wont know this place next fall when you and my dear brother come. Liz writes me that James Craig is about to break but I have heard it so often before

and he has not done so I hope it is false. This pen makes such a big mark. Mat, Bettie is *your child* and you must take care of her she is so young and inexperienced do advise and instruct her in *all things*. How I hated to see her leave and feel as if I shall perhaps never see her again, for since my darling Henrietta has gone I do not calculate with any sort of certainty on anything, particularly on human life, but it is, and I hope always will be my greatest desire to live in constant readiness for death. And may we *all* meet in heaven is the sincere prayer of your devoted

Sister
Lu

Juliet Tucker, age 11, to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.

Boydton June 15th 1846

My Dear Aunt

I would have written to you before the commencement but I was so busy that I could not do so We have some delightful cherrys and I wish you had some of them Dr L is not married yet he says that I must tell you he is coting Rosaw his brother has come back he is in mourning for his Mother I must tell you about the commencement there were three partys Mr Rainey's, Mr Boyds, and the Commencement party we had a great deal of company Miss Mary and Clara Wilson were here tell Bettie that Miss Clara sent her love to her she had on as many plats as ever. Miss Mary Jane Davis was so affected that she could not stay in her clothes she wore a Town dress and a Worke robe There was but one day Commencement as they could not get anybody to speak for them I was so disappointed not to receive a letter by Farther you must write to me often and make Bettie do so too. Mary and Clara Wilson have got pink silk bonnets and pink and brown dresses. Mary Jane Hawton was here she went to all three partys she wore a blue one night and white two nights Virginia sent her love to you little Rosa says I must tell you she is sick but she is most well I must stop now as it is most night We are going to get a large school hear next year Farther says we will have thirty girls at first they are not going to have any boys at all not even starting I wish I could be with you and Bettie to make cake You must answer my letter soon Aunt Effy wants to know if her little lands are dead tell Bettie I have not forgotten her scratching out something out My letter from you give my love to Uncle Sterling and tell him to write to me Tell Bettie I would write to her if [it were not for] Mr. Hubbard seeing my letter you must fill this up and put a piece of paper over it and send it back

Yours most devoted

Juliet Tucker Chambers

Added by Juliet's mother:

Juliet thinks a great deal of her letter as she wishes it returned she says it is to prevent your keeping it. Ned Worsham and Mr Edwards went home with Mark Alexander from the commencement and Sally Hamilton had a baby while they were there but I do not know whether it is a son or a daughter. I am preserving out here at the door, some cherries. Rosa is I hope out of danger but is still in bed, under the treatment of the Dr when will Bettie be confined I will about the middle of December. I recon I am sick as Bettie but I eat all day this is court day and Mrs Rainey sent me a large waiter full of good dinner chicken pudding stewed chicken Barbecued shoat beets cimblins onions Apple Cake ice cream and jelly I wish you all had some . . . In all my letters I remind you that there is a letter enclosing twenty dollars to you at Aberdeen from Mr C let us know when you get it Write soon. I imagine you have heard of the death of Eliza's little infant Edward says she is much distressed it died with what is called the blue disease brother S knows what I mean some vessels about the heart not closed. I did not think it would live when I saw it for it was so little and weak and never cried. It is almost dark and Mr C is talking to me so good-night Dear Mat write soon to your

Sister

Tell Bettie to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Bettie Chambers Hubbard to Martha Chambers ("Pink").

December 3-5 1846

My Darling Sister,

I had the exquisite pleasure of welcoming a letter from you about two weeks since, and would have answered it immediately but for the great quantity of work that I have had to do. Indeed Pink for two weeks I have worked day and night for really Aunt Mattie has made me afraid of being taken sick before I have made my baby clothes, she says I am the largest woman she ever saw and I am dreadfully frightened at the idea of having two. I have just finished tonight a little cambric gown made with casings behind to draw and loose and open before with four little bows to tie, it has worked edging around the neck and sleeves. I made it for *it* to wear during the first month, for I did not want Aunt Mary to see it in a little cotton night gown. I will make another next week. Aunt Mattie is at Uncle John's tonight—she was persuaded by Aunt Mary to stay with her tonight—and I of course begged her to go for I do not want her to be confined at home on my account. She said there was not much danger of my wanting her tonight but that she would not leave me again . . . my back aches dreadfully and I am afraid that I shall have to lie down—you do not know what a funny man Mr Hubbard is, he told Aunt Mattie to hold herself

dressed in case I should need her tonight—today something was said about the house being burned down and Mr Hubbard immediately said “Oh Bettie if the house Catches on fire be sure to get out the baby clothes.” You can easily see what is uppermost in his thoughts.

Aunt Mattie speaks so affectionately of you that I sometimes fear she no longer loves me best. I used to think so. How much obliged to you I am for the little socks they are precious little things—tell Jinny to write to me, I thought that she would frequently do so but I find that she cannot be any more relied on than any one else. I have not received a letter from Mother in three or four weeks—Why is she so slow to write? I would give all the cotton in Mississippi tonight to know that my dear Mother is well and lively. Do my dearest Pink write to me every two or three days when she has a baby I shall be so unhappy until I know she is well and up again,

How is Mrs Baptist? is her baby a fine one?—Is little Mary pretty? Do write me about everything and everybody—I suppose you were the happiest little creature in the world during the time of the Conference, write me all about it Was Molly Rainey up? I suppose not as she had returned to Petersburg when Aunt Mattie left—All I can learn about her baby is that Mother thought it a clean looking child. What was Mary’s fancy for having some shirt sleeves to put on when anybody called and caught the baby in its worsted shirt, she recommended them to Aunt Mattie. I am sure that I had as soon wear boots without socks as shirt sleeves without shirts. Tell Mother that Aunt Mattie thought her yard very beautiful, much more so than Mrs. B’s with all her passion for flowers—I expect to find Jinny nearly grown, Aunt Mattie says that she is a very sweet girl. Dear little Rosa I know that she is very sweet I am perfectly happy talking about you all for hours—Remember me most affectionately to Juliet and Molly, tell Ju that I almost regret that she did not come, and would do so most truly did I not think that she is too large to leave school for so long a time, kiss her for me. Tell Mary that Lila thinks of her a great deal the dear little thing is so aimiable that she never gets mad and consequently the whole household finds fault with her. Tell her not to forget how she once loved me and to do so still if she can

The moon is shining so brightly that I almost feel like writing verses—I can see her through a crack in the logs where the daubing is out.

Aunt Mattie tells me that B—— R—— is much larger than Mary and not at all pretty as she has fattened up so, so gradually that you could not perceive it—or so suddenly that you did not have time to write it—for certainly you did not tell me how she has changed.

Give my love to Miss Jones and ask her why she has not deigned to answer my very complimentary letter. I hope she has no notion of travelling in this direction—poor old lady what has she in this world to live for or to love—is she not to be pitied? She is and I sincerely feel for her although I am mean enough to sometimes laugh.

Dec 5th. It has rained so constantly ever since Aunt Mattie left that she has not been able to get back, I felt quite unwell last night and did not go to bed with very comfortable feelings as Aunt Mattie was three miles away and the rain falling in torrents—but I am well as ever this morning and look as if I had been rouging. Do Pink inquire how David is and write me, poor fellow he is doomed and still looks as if he does not or did not suffer from depression of spirits—

I made the little gown yesterday that I told you on the first page I should make it is very sweet is not the dress Aunt Mattie brought me too sweet entirely for this retired place? . . . How do you expect to spend the Christmas? I suppose Mother's situation will take away your zest for pleasure, I mean such as gay company can yield. My dearest professions of love may sound strange as it is to be expected that I love you, but really when I write home I become so excited that I feel as if I could sacrifice our life here for one hour with you all—Do I beseech you write me often—

Yours, Bettie

Be sure to burn this letter as soon as you read it—ask
Mother may I keep her letters in future

Bettie Chambers Hubbard to her sister Pink (with interpolations in italics by "Aunt Mattie").

January 18th -24th, 1847.

I was quite delighted yesterday my darling Pink to receive another very interesting letter from you, containing also a P.S. from my dearest Mother written since the birth of my cross little Brother. I suspect you do him an injustice Pink when you call him a little cross rascal. How does Sterling like the thought of having a Brother? Well do I remember Brother's distress at being no longer the only son.

I have been constantly expecting to be confined for some time, but I begin to give up all idea of such a thing, as I feel this morning very strong and well. I believe I could walk a mile with ease.—My cough is better, indeed I am not troubled at all at night now—but still I do not sleep, I turn over and over until my bed gets hard and I feel perfectly exhausted, sometimes I think the day will never come—

The weather here is very changeable, some nights one blanket is too much for comfort, and perhaps the very next night will be intensely cold. It is so cold today that I am not comfortable in spite of a large fire. Thank gracious my floor and walls are quite close and consequently my room is not very cold, but Aunt Mat's new room has not been ceiled or plastered, it has only planks nailed outside, and when it snows and hails, her Bed, Bureau, Dressing Table, Washstand, Carpet and everything else is covered in a little while, and not only that, but her house is not connected with this by a passage or porch, and never mind how it pours she has to pop in and out—*never mind for all that Pink I am just as comfortable as I can be don't you listen at Bettie she*

knows it is all right and good. It is almost impossible to read or sew by a candle in there at night, the wind blows in at such a rate. The Dining room (the room joined to this) is so much more open and uncomfortable than the Chamber that I will not undertake to give you an idea of it.

Aunt Mattie says she wishes she could exchange bags with you as she has been on the point of *Mayberrying* hers off several times I believe Miss Louisa would have fallen heir to it long ago if I had not raised such a "to do" every time it was mentioned. *I didn't tell Bettie to write that Pink I told her to tell you I had been on the point of giving it to a young lady a particular friend of mine that I am going to take in the charriot with me when it comes as Wm. Norwood has left the neighborhood, ask Sister if she don't think I have improved in writing. Bettie was so much better yesterday that she began some tatting for Mother Hubbard made a little piece as long as my hand got lazy last night and threw it all away hoping to get sick last night so that she might have an excuse not to do any more but here she is yet the 19th of Jan. as brisk and frisky as ever and going to have it tonight, I hope.* Oh Pink Aunt Mary requested and Aunt Mattie has promised to send for her when I am taken, so my constant hope is that I may be taken at night.

You never wrote me whether Sandy and Sally were married—I suppose they were not—Ann Daly of course is grown and on the carpet, does she create a sensation equal to her Sister? Is it really probable that Jim Daly and Mary Swepstone will marry? I want James Daly to court Clara Wilson, I know that she would make him a good wife.—

As to Martha Baptist and Mr. Brim I can only say that she may be doing very well—for if he is a fine honourable man, what matters it, if school-teaching is his occupation—

It is hailing and sleeting as fast as it can and my dear husband is over at his place—Pink you do not know what a dear fellow he is—he calls Aunt Mattie "Old Grum" and she returns the compliment calls him "Gobler" as he is always practising calling turkeys—he sat down the other evening and put on a sock for Aunt Mattie and knit one or two rounds, and seemed quite surprised that she did not consider it good enough to remain—Mr. Hubbard went to Okolona yesterday to let it be known that his land is for sale—property is selling so high that all his friends advise it—if he sells he will certainly take me home in the Spring—perhaps to remain a long time—he is waiting very patiently for me to get sick and well, for him to go to Mobile—I believe I will get only some gingham and white morning dresses—for if we go to the mountains nothing else would be so suitable, and I can scarcely hope to go home Here we are obliged to buy in the winter whatever we expect to want the next summer—I shall send for very little, as my husband's means are limited at present.

Did Pa have Sterling's likeness taken for me? I hope so—for I would

value it very highly—tell sweet little Rosa that Lila sends her a kiss and wishes one in return—I intend to write to Jinny by this mail, I mean by the time I will be able to get this to the office.

Tell Mother that she must make little Henry some pretty clothes before the Spring for I want to see him looking sweet I have reserved some of my ten dollars to buy a little set of corals—but I do not know that I will, unless I go home—

Aunt Mary sent me back the little flannel that she took to make and I believe nothing could be more beautifully made—the little linen body is beautifully stitched in white silk and the Flannel is pleated and bound with white silk Flannel and nicely stitched on to the body—or rather the linen is stitched on that—the seams in the skirt are herring boned on both sides so that no edges are out and it is bound around the bottom with silk binding—She worked the placket hole beautifully—I had no idea that a flannel petticoat could be so pretty and sweet—

Give my regards to Aunt Effy and tell her that her children are doing well—Aunt Mary thinks Aunt Elsie different and greatly superior to the other negroes. Elmina has been so unfortunate as to lose her baby—but she is well—Levy was married last night to Nancy Aunt Effy's grand daughter—she being previously parted from her husband—I forgot to mention that Elmina's child was named Effy it lived but two weeks.

To what part of Alabama did Ann Daly come? when will she return? I am astonished that Mrs. Daly gave her up—but I suspect that she has or is very near consumption—poor Ann, I never saw her without thinking, "All that is bright must fade."

Did you ever ascertain where Daniel was during the time of his disappearance?

Has Emily Rogers many admirers among the students? Does she look pretty and dress a good deal? I am sorry that B—— R—— is so envious, I suppose she has a good deal of attention paid her—I believe I have tired myself and you too, so I will conclude, Write to me often dear Sister for I am disappointed when weeks pass without my hearing from you

Jan. 18 Only two days more and we will have been married a year. It does not seem long when I look back to the marriage ceremony but when I think of the time that has passed since I saw you it seems much longer than one year . . .

Jan. 23 I am still up and quite well with the exception of a pain in the shoulder which prevented my resting well last night—

I am sorry to hear Cousin Wister improves so slowly do Pink for the sake of the family try to do something for him What is the reason your dress changed colour? is it much outmoded? and what do you think of the velvet hat and feather does Sister think it pretty?

Will you please to honor me with a few lines from you now you are too young for me to write first

Bettie made a mistake and wrote crossways so will have to envelop this and I can't be better employed than scribbling nonsense to you can I?

Tell Sister she must make up her mind to give me my own little Sterling for I will have him give my love to him and all the dear children.

I think I have directed this letter most beautifully excelled myself and opened it to write this fearing you would think it was Bettie

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker

Jan 30 1847

My Dear Mattie

Why have I not heard from my dear child by today's mail? In vain have I been expecting a letter for 10 days; can anything have happened of a serious nature, that Mat dreads to communicate? Or are all well and take it for granted, that because you all know that we do too, I am *very* uneasy and fear very much that my dear Betty is *ill* and that brother Sterling is waiting for her to *get better*, before I even know that she is sick but *do let* me know if it is so for I should not feel more uneasy than I do now. I hope I shall get a letter on Tuesday, and will try to hope for the best until then.

Mark Alexander and Cogbill are in the dining room and I am writing by candle light and fear that I shall soon have to put on spectacles for I cannot see well, Mark has been telling Pink his love secrets (Mr. Rainey gave Sandy Boyd and lady a party Thursday evening, and what so you think, *I went too*, Pink stayed all night as she had a very bad cold and it rained all yesterday so she did not get home until today) so he became very communicative I am not at liberty to tell his lady loves name now, but you do not know her so it makes no difference.

Mr Chambers is gone to Richmond and will not be back until week after next I am very well and my sweet little boy grows very much and Sterling and Rosa, Juliet and Molly are perfectly delighted with him.

Poor Davy died yesterday he has expressed great willingness to die ever since his conversion and sometimes spent sleepless nights talking to his mother and others on the subject of religion Cousin William Goode's youngest child (Sarah) died also on yesterday with the whooping cough I heard last Tuesday that cousin J. Williamson said that she could not recover and made Hilliard take old Mrs Roberson up there to stay with it as I could not go myself. Whittle and old "Twig" went up last night to sit up as they were the only young persons in the village not broken down frolicking.

Pink received a letter from Betts a few days ago he said that he had been waiting to receive some letters which would render it necessary for him to come immediately to Boydton but had not recd them but was coming in the Spring.

Hilliard has had the mumps, and Nancy R—— has been trying ever since to have it too, indeed concluded that she had gotten over it two weeks ago, but hearing last night that Jack intended to see her this morning on the *subject of washing*, determined to have it over again so accordingly went to bed

Sister Kate has sent me a little barrel of roe herrings how I do wish you were here to eat some bye the bye I have two of the fattest ducks for dinner tomorrow you never saw anybody with as much appetite as I have. I had not felt really hungry for months before my confinement but it is *delightful* to me to eat now as poor Mrs Green used to say

Half past nine oclock gentlemen not gone yet—baby to undress—nobody to sleep in my room tonight to make me a fire but I shall take Jinny in the bed with me. The child is quite good at night now but very troublesome at first being anxious to see all he could particularly at night.

Write to me immediately Love to all and believe me always your affectionate

Sister Lu

P. S. Bettie asked me in her last letter if I intended to wear black this summer, tell her yes, I do not feel as if I should ever wish to put on anything else again, I have just made a new black mousselin for everyday wear and have on still, black crepe collars, but shall wear white ones when the weather gets warm tell her to bring me her black dresses that she spoke of and I will give her others, she must let me know the earliest period that she can leave Mississippi this spring her father will send them money to come and told me to write them so, which I have done several times. Give my love to both of them and kiss my grandchild a thousand times for me Mr Chambers says he knows that he will love him as much as he does my little Henry, I shall love it dearly too but I recon mine will have rather the largest share in my affections.

Molly Sterling and Rosa got on their bed last Sunday and talked and cried about Bettie until their eyes were red as fire

Feb. 2nd Oh Mat Tuesday has come and no tidings from my child what can be the reason? Suspense is agony to me, when shall I hear from her. Why have you all failed to write me at this time when we are all so anxious to hear by every mail from you

Cousin W Goode called here yesterday on his way home looks ten years older than when you saw him and coughs dreadfully though he thinks himself greatly improved his voice is very weak and tremulous

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.

Feby 18th 1847

My Dear Mat

We received two letters by todays mail from brother Sterling informing us of the illness of our darling child, I do not know why it

was so, but Mr C sent the letter into my room, and the moment I saw it I felt cold chills run over me and a palpitation at my heart lest something had happened either to our child or her sweet little baby. Oh Mat whilst I *know* you and brother Sterling will do *all* in your power for her my heart bleeds at the probability that she is perhaps gone and I denied the comfort of even seeing her, How can I give her up? Madening thought to be obliged to consign another so soon to our Mother earth I must not indulge in the thought but pray that she may be well. It will be so long before another mail comes in, and then the uncertainty of hearing from her even then.

Mrs Towns has been expected to die for a day or two with Bettie's disease [pneumonia]; but is better now and they have just lost their dining room servant (Frank) with it, colds are very prevalent here and violent ones too. Pink has been very hoarse for two or three weeks. Oh Mat I am too sad to write tonight I fear I am not enough resigned to the will of my Father in Heaven he cannot err, and if my child lives not, is it not he who has taken her home. Brother S wrote that she was better and would he thought soon be well. God grant it I pray. Write soon and tell me *all*.

Your sister
L

Mrs. Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker

Boydton March 2nd 1847

My Dear Mat

I learn from a letter received by to-days mail from Mr Hubbard that my dear Bettie is not yet well but it is two weeks this day since it was written and I cannot help but hope that she is now better may I say well; I have suffered from uneasiness on her account and fear that the open houses and damp air may cause her to be a long time recovering. Why do *you* not write I think I ought to have had a letter every mail to get some tidings of my child and if we are spared I cannot ever consent again for her to be confined at so great a distance from me, not dear Mat because I think she *could* be better attended here, but because the uneasiness which a mother feels is insupportable, and I cannot hear from her until all is over. I am truly obliged to you for your kindness to her and hope you will be rewarded for it in another world I know that you have nursed her better than I could and that nothing has been left undone that ought to have been done.

Write as soon as you read this and tell me every word that my child speaks, does she notice her dear little babe? Is her milk dried up or does she nurse it herself Rosa is talking to me so much that I am making nonsense of this letter.

My little Henry grows very fast and Mr Chambers is devoted to him he laughs and plays a great deal, is very healthy tell brother S he is mistaken, he is no "scraped up concern" at all, but is one of the finest

boys he ever saw. You say you suspect he has no hair you are half right he has but little on the top of his head but it is thick enough behind and I will cut a piece and send it in this letter his eyes are of a muddy blue and I think will be the color of Pinks his eyebrows look as if they were nicely pencilled, his skin is dark and to finish the description I think he looks like old Mrs Warn.

On the evening of the 17th of Feby we were invited to a party at the lower tavern to which we went the Boydton young men gave it in compliment to the Clarksville girls and not one of them came over to it, it was called an oyster supper to get the Methodist girls to attend but in fact it was a large dancing party Mrs E—— F—— was there dancing away in a pink satin dress as fine as a fiddle and her husband staggering about scarcely able to articulate a word but he made out to tell me I had the prettiest daughter in the room but the ugliest husband in the world. Isabella and Frank Boyd went to Washington yesterday for what I do not know, but to return to the party I did not finish telling you who was there Mrs Dr Field Mrs Grandison Mrs Sam Goode Mrs Charles Baskerville Mrs Young

Jack wrote you by the last mail that I was sick I am not well I am taking opium and sugar of lead pills I recon you can guess the complaint from the medicine How I do desire to get another letter from Bettie tell her Rosa says Aunt Mat cant fool her that is not Bettie's baby's hair it is brother Duncans, she says she wishes she had a little baby too, she would choke it to death for a doll she looks more delicate than you ever saw her but prettier I think. Mr Chambers talks to little Henry about his little nephew Edward and we plague Sterling and Rosa a good deal about being Uncle and Aunt they frequently retaliate and call us Grandpa and Grandma. Tell Bettie to write me as soon as she is able and let me know if *having children is the funiest thing in the world* Mr Hubbard did not send me the cotton seed as he intended tell him to do so now be sure to tell him. Sterling says "Give my love to Aunt Mat and Lila tell them I want to see them very much it seems like I never will see Lila again." He says ask her when she will get here. As soon as Bettie is able to take the trip Mr C will send them money to come in, I pray that it may be soon

LGChambers

Edward R. Chambers to Dr. Sterling Tucker.

Boydton April 11th 1847

Dr Sterling

It was not until last night that I knew that a heavier blow had fallen upon me, than when I followed my first born to the grave, I then mourned for only one. But now Bettie Duncan & the orphan child all strike at my heart . . . For the sorrows of the heart there is no antidote in philosophy nor balm in Gilead—time alone can assuage our grief—I

have just written to Duncan I requested that the child might be given up to you & Martha well have you won it by your kindness to the mother, by which you have imposed obligations upon all of us that can never be repaid. I had not supposed that you and she could have given me more cause to love and esteem you, but when I think of your devoted attentions to my child I find that there are yet warmer feelings which had not before been awakened. Duncan I hope will give you the child & O may he never give to your hearts the agony with which mine is now torn. In adopting the child you must adopt the father, I love him as my Son, I have written to him to come to us, advise him to do so, as to the other matters about which you wrote, do in all things as you deem proper. Give my love to Martha I have tried to suppress my feelings for I would not that even you should know how deeply this blow has penetrated

Edw R Chambers

From Juliet Tucker Chambers, age 12, to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.
The "Aunt Polly" mentioned was the cook.

Boydton, November 16th.

Dear Aunt Mat,

As father leaves here for the south tomorrow I will try to write to you though I have put it off so late I cannot write a long letter. We are all very sad at the idea of his leaving in the morning and you must take good care of him for our sakes and please send him back soon for we cannot stay long without him. Will not you and Uncle Sterling return with him? It is useless to say *we all* will be very glad to see you. We are very sad to part with brother Duncan and sincerely hope he has safely reach home but he has promise to return to us in the spring you must remind him of it often and do not let him forget us.

Many thanks to you dear Aunt Mat for that nice ball of soap you sent me I wish I had something to send you as nice but I can think of nothing that you would like to have. Aunt Mat what do you think this is Aunt Polly's weddin night one of Mr Watkins men came to ask for her Molly has been begging Mother to marry them we wish we had you here as you have had some experirience in that way Aunt Mat please give the needle book to Julianna which I have put in Father's trunk father is packing his clothes up so I must bid you goodnight write to me by papa please

your affectionate neace

Juliet Tucker.

My Dear Mattie

In the hurry and confusion of Mr C departure for your house, I have only time to say that I have sent you three arbor vitaes and some tree box. I could find but three with root of the right size for the box

and have sent one without which will grow as well as the others if put into the ground immediately. You will find some violets from my dear child's *own* bed please put them *on her grave after the Tomb stone is fixed*. I have sent two slips of common white roses which *she loved* tied up together. The loose slips are chinese perpetuals please plant *all* on her grave according to your own taste. Do it dear sister with your own hands, put them in the ground until you can go yourself and do it Mr C is come in so farewell I will write to you in a few days but it will contain many scolds for your long silence little Henry sends his dear Aunt Mat a calico dress hoping she will wear it for his sake I hope it will be becoming for I think it so pretty. The children have been crying for something to send but court has been sitting for several days and I could not get out until last evening

your sister
LGC

Lucy Chambers to Mrs Sterling Tucker

Boydton Jany 13th 1848

My Dear Mat

I have just this moment read your interesting letter which came by tonights mail. The mails have been so irregular this winter that I was unable to hear from Mr C but once after he got to your house but he arrived safely at home at 10 oclock on the 4 of this month. Pink Jinny and three gentlemen were sitting with me in the dining room engaged in conversation when he opened the door and stood a second to see if we would know him. I had been expecting him two or three days and had listened to hear the gate shut, and for his step on the porch, hoping to meet him before anyone else knew that he had come

Jack has been gone for some days to brother Toms and Edwards, James Daly will start on Wednesday for the South and Jack I expect will go with him How long are you going to keep him, Mr C is not at all communicative and I know no more of what he intends for him to do, except that he is to go, than someone in Petersburg. Is he to read medicine or overlook our hands or what? he does not know yet that he has to start next week for he went to see if brother Tom is going, though he is very anxious to go and will be much pleased when he returns Mr D I expect will go with him to your house.

Pink and Jinny went out a day or two ago to Jack Jones to see some young ladies B——— and William carried them poor B is dead in love I am so sorry for him—he seems afraid for anyone else to talk to her so he staid here all night to watch William who is betting that she will marry B but he is entirely mistaken for she dislikes him so that I have promised to give her a nice pair of earrings if she will not let him see it. Boydton has been quite gay this Christmas Mrs Baptist gave a large party and invited *everybody* in the village. Jinny will not return to Warrenton She is very studious at home

The pillow cases that you sent me are so nice I have not taken them out of the trunk they are to be kept for the commencement or some great occasion for they will never be done up so nicely again Do not trouble yourself dear Mat about the others for while I like to receive these mementoes of affection I do not wish you to put yourself to so much trouble as I know you must have done to make them so neatly and crimp them so nice

Remember me most affectionately to Duncan tell him "Cora" has not paid us a visit since Burnett took her but Jack has another dog that he hunts and a little one raising that will be big enough to hunt when he comes. Mattie about showing my letters I do not care when you think there is nothing in them which ought to be kept secret but you know I never reflect at all but go on as fast as I can and am afraid of criticism.

Cousin William Goode has returned from Nashville I do not know what success he met with but he is determined to send his hands south and settle himself in Nashville his daughters are gone to Warrenton to school.

Pink insists on reading this and says tell Aunt Mat that I am going to write soon to her she has two Christmas presents from gentlemen a ring from each, one with a red the other with a white set I will tell you something about one of them in my next he is a very intelligent gentleman just entering into the practise of law tell Duncan to tell you who it is, he left here for home in a violent snow storm and was very ill and did not return at the appointed time although the old lady was expecting him and could not imagine what occasioned the delay we learn that he is recovering and will probably be here at court. Do not say anything to Jack about it for he does not know anything about it except that he was here such a letter I really have no pen fit to write with

The children are delighted with their candy and cakes and Sterling says you must have him some cakes when he comes any sort that you like but he talks of nothing but his poney.

Tell Mr Hubbard that Jinny will answer his letter soon and that I will wait for another as I could find nothing to say but to tell him what he already knows that we all love him dearly and look forward with much pleasure to the time when he will return.

Mattie when can you come to see us it is much easier for you and brother Sterling to come than for me to leave my children and go but I should like to go very much. I see from the papers that a steam boat burst her boilers on the Ohio on the 30th of Dec. and a hundred and 14 persons killed I should have been so uneasy if I had seen that before Mr C returned so you can see there is danger when we little expect it Little Henry grows very much he knows his father and will let no one else hold him whenever he comes in which pleases Mr C very much he likes to see him cry for him he cannot walk yet but he gets up by anything and stands alone against the wall Rosa is sitting up beging me to go to bed she reminds me of my dear Henrietta for she would not let me out of her sight when a child and it is the case with Rosa Pink

says if I dont bring my *short and interesting* letter to a close she will leave me so goodnight my dear Mat.

Love to all

Yr sister

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.

Undated, but written about the middle of February, 1848.

My Dear Mat

I have just read over your affectionate letter which I have kept in my pocket for two weeks expecting to answer it by every mail since its reception, but I have had company, and even now there are no less than four persons here, but I am determined that nothing shall prevent my doing so any longer, and then, only to think, that you will not write to me until this *interesting* epistle reaches you. I suppose by this time my dear Jack is with you far, far away, a mother feels the separation, and whilst his heart is light and joyous, mine is sad, the fear that I have not discharged my duty as a Christian mother, perhaps that I have not set before him the truly pious example that I should have done, such thoughts force themselves upon me whenever his name is called which I assure you is very often. But dear Mattie you must take my place, be to him a mother, admonish him when necessary, keep him in the right path, he is young and needs advice give it to him freely. But I find I am growing sad, thoughts of my dear departed ones crowd thickly upon me, alas! alas! shall I ever see him again? Somehow I have felt ever since he left that I *never shall* but God only knows.

Pink has postponed her trip to Washington until the last of June as the national Convention meets in Philadelphia at that time but she says that if her father will only get some sofas for the parlor she will give up the trip entirely which he has partly agreed to do if he can he goes to Richmond the day after court as he is one of the delegates to the state convention to be held there on the 23rd. Ann Daly is here now and will stay two or three weeks longer Mr Blanch is courting her again but she has not decided yet what she will do, as her mother is opposed to it she has altered a good deal her beauty is declining.

Jinny is here yet as shy as ever she will not go into company unless I force her I do not think she will go off to school again, but she *studies all the time* and works but little. I do wish I had something to write about there is nothing here in the way of news.

Tell Jack that William and Nancy cannot be managed at all since he is gone Nancy whines and cries if she does not wish to do what she is told like a spoiled child I fear we shall have to part with her for it is too great a trial for my *gentle* temper.

We have sent down for Jane she must have married *before* Tom died as she is expecting every day to be confined and he has been dead only a few months she talks about Frank as if she never had another husband.

Pink says you may keep her miniature till Duncan comes but you *must* send it then if you please for she wants to let her *sweetheart* carry it to show his relatives who live a long way from here. Did Mr C give it to you Mat? he promised that if she would consent for him to carry it that he *would not leave it at all* so he is nicely caught. I wish you could see Duncans it is very handsome it has his eyes exactly which I think the most important part in a likeness indeed the whole face is like his, hair and all, I often look at it and wish that I had one like it of my dear Bettie to keep with it for the two are inseparable in my mind. Mattie did the earth that you sent me come *off of her grave*? I want to know if it covered her dont forget to tell me. Mr Dodge has left Boydton but has asked Pink to sit for another picture in June he says he would like to paint her in a bridal dress but there is no prospect at present of her marriage in some time yet B—— J——— is discarded again but the poor man cant stay away notwithstanding his resolves to do so, but she will never marry him I am sure I believe he is sincerely attached to her. You may show Jack my letters if he wants to see them. A letter from Philadelphia informs us that the monument has been shipped so I hope soon to get it, How are the things living that I sent you are your slips of box growing?

Now I must bid you an affectionate goodnight and believe me always your most affectionate

sister

The envelope is so thin I will fold this in another paper for Phil Rainey can read it

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker

Boydton, May 3rd 1848

My Dear Mattie

I am just from Edwards today, where I have been for about ten days, Eliza went with Pink and me to Town, I occupied our same little room (52) and thought of you often enough, and frequently when I looked down at the carpet, I would wonder if Mat's foot ever touched that flower &c. Pink had a great deal of attention paid to her by the beaux and they say that Alex Donnan is *caught*. Now you want to know what I bought, well, I got Pink and Jinny white crepe bonnets trimed with flowers, very pretty, drab colored dresses with embroidered spots, but enough I will send you some of everything to let you see, Edward gave Jinny a beautiful breastpin and I bought one like it for Pink. Eliza gave Jinny a comb turned back like a watch hook, carved all over, she also gave her two nice silks she had made in Philadelphia, it was reported all over town that we were getting Pink's wedding clothes to marry B——— but she slighted him just before we went down and I guess he is angry when I got here today Mr Chambers had gone to Lunenburg to superior court he waited until twelve oclock and thought I would

not come and so left me, and what do you think there is a presbytery going on here and Mr Boyd came up this evening to let me know that I must take six preachers but only two have come yet.

You ask me how to make sleeves there is nothing new in the way of a sleeve all have caps of some sort at the top, capes like the dresses are still worn, I am glad to see that your slips are living I did not expect the roses would bloom so soon, did the white tea live? are the violets that I sent you living? Hamilton Stone is in the parlor, the preachers are gone to church and I have a headache and must put my letter away for another time. I bought some beautiful candlesticks for the parlor with glass pendants you know, five lights in all, three in the middle one at each end of the mantelpiece.

May 10th The presbytery is over and this letter ought to be on the way I have just read over what I have written and if I were not so lazy would try to write you a better letter but this *must* do. Ann Daly is here again sick with cholera Morbus but has been shopping today Blanch is in the parlor hard courting her, and James Branch courting Pink but I think from his looks just now at supper he has heard unpleasant news Whittle and George Worsham have come too so, they are broken up for another time. Oh Mat there are horrible tales in circulation about ——— I am afraid to write the name out ask Jack whose likeness C——— threw in the river she is gone to the North people say to bring forth and the father of it is her sisters husband I do not believe one word of it and most sincerely do I pity the poor thing but there is no end to the thousand lies that are in circulation respecting it. Tell Jack never to mention it in *any letter* that he writes to *any one* for it is a thing that might cause *law suits* and what is on paper cannot be *taken off* I reckon you had better not tell him for fear he might be asking questions of Charles Moss or Barnard or somebody that might speak of it. It is talked of a great deal but secretly each one afraid to let the other know how much he has heard. I am sorry I have written about it for it is unChristian to be circulating such things.

You wish to know how to make muffins, well I will tell you how I do, but I reckon you can make them better than I can.

To a qt and a half of flour put 5 eggs a piece of lard as large as your fist, a little salt, and nearly a cup of yeast add milk and warm water to make a stiff batter.

I send you some cape patterns I have an Alapaca made like the one trimmed down before with gimp, it is the prettiest cape I ever had I also send two sleeve patterns to let you see that there is nothing new, the dresses are cut low in the neck pleated in front at the stay like old times, and capes of the same trimmed with fringe I cannot get any pieces tonight of the girls dresses but will send you a piece of a linen dress I am making for myself the cape is cut round behind and pointed in front with a seam on the shoulder I believe I will hem it and put on one row of black silk bobbin I have a solid coloured lawn like the black part of this piece of linen Pink and Jinny are wearing colours Mr Chambers is so

much opposed to black he wants me to pull it off but I can't though to please him I have a straw bonnet trimed with white but I dont like to look at it in the glass. You must cut your dresses *high* and make capes like them to wear sometimes, without lining Oh Mattie dont say you are not coming this fall I have heard nothing about going to see you in June from any body but you yet, so you need not expect me *then*

My love to my beloved child tell him to write often to his mother
always your devoted sister

In what county is Camargo perhaps my not writing it on the letters is the cause of delay

Edward Chambers to Dr. Sterling Tucker

Boynton July the 30th 1849—

Dr Bro. Sterling,

I think it is time that our correspondence was revived; why it has been so long discontinued it is needless to enquire as I am sure it has not proceeded from want of kindness and good feelings on either side. Jack writes regularly and hearing from you in that way and having very little to write about that could interest you must be my apology for my long silence, Though I might with truth plead my late bad health as an additional reason. For until the last day or two I have not for some weeks felt that I had the strength or energy to write a letter yet I have not been seriously sick just enough so to confine me to the house and render me unfit for mental or physical efforts. Jack's last letter gave me an indifferent account of your health, I hope it is restored, and that neither of you will again have it as an excuse for not writing.—You have a theme which always interests me and which is inexhaustible—the Tucklubie bottom and the cotton plant with all the varying prospects hopes and fears attendant upon them. At no time have I felt as much anxiety about them as now—the published account of the cotton crop is most unfavorable, and without a late frost I suppose there must be a great diminution in the product, what is our present prospect? how much later is the crop than usual, and what damage has been done by the lice and will the crop this year relieve us of the incubus of debt? The answers to these questions will afford you the means of one letter,—Brother John and Duncan took us very much by surprise, they remained with us only one day. Ewd and John met as if there had never been any misunderstanding between them, and parted satisfied with each other. Ewd purchased the old place for less, I think than I could have sold it for, but as much as he could afford to give. He will probably ask a handsome speculation upon it. Lands here must rise, at the present prices of wheat and tobacco our planters are doing as well or better than the cotton planters, I have never known them as prosperous, and never known the possession of land as profitable. An action of debt is a rare occurence. I had no conversation with Brother

John about the unfortunate difference between you and him, but I understand he declared he had no unkind feelings toward you and that he was quite willing to bury the past and be again at peace and friendship with you—a restoration of fraternal relations with him is I am sure desired by you and would be gratifying to all the family, and I think it can be done by a simple proposition to meet as brothers without any explanation, apology, or even reference to the past, you are the elder brother and you should set the example, permit Jack to submit the proposition and if it is accepted let there be a generous emulation as to who shall first forget the unfortunate alienation. Explanations and apologies can do no good; you would not prize the admission that you are right, if purchased by the conviction that a brother was wrong. Make the proposition, and let friendship be restored, or let the responsibility rest with him. . . . My crop is the finest I ever had, and we have as few causes of anxiety and annoyance as usually befall the frail children of humanity. It is true money comes slowly in, but we have enough to supply all our actual wants, and a good many extravagances—and if we had more it might bring with it accumulated wants, and cares, and would certainly increase our responsibilities. Lucy is anxious to see Jack and wishes him to come in . . . Tell Sister Martha that I know she loves him but she loves Lucy too and she will not object to his coming if it is convenient for him to do so. Give my love to her and Jack and believe me ever

Yrs.

Ewd R. Chambers

Edward R. Chambers to Dr. Sterling Tucker.

Boydton March 4th 1850

. . . Colonel Francis W. Boyd died on Wednesday last—on that day week I left him slightly indisposed but up and attending to himself—a cold neglected was followed by pneumonia which terminated his life, almost before his friends and relations were informed of his danger, he was a most valuable and worthy citizen & his death has cast a gloom over our village—I have just written a short obituary notice, which you will see in the *Whig*, (I suppose Jack gets it as I paid for it and ordered it sent to him)—I went to Richmond to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington Monument, not that I might behold a new pageant, O no, I went with deeper feeling. If the genius of patriotism can be personified the Stature of Washington is its fit representative his fame is the common property of our whole country & his name is, I fear, almost the only talisman that binds the discordant elements of our union together—a union which the political bigotry of the south and the blind fanaticism of the north seem determined to sever But I despair not of the republic, and still believe the union will weather the storm, in spite of the prophecy of Senator Foote (of Mississippi) on last

Saturday that it would be dissolved—a prediction which I have just seen (as this is mail night) and which must be my excuse for writing so idly &c. I have received a letter from Bro. Thomas a day or two since, in which he stated that he would leave for the Prairies on yesterday, so he will be with you when you receive this, & he can tell you of all things and matters here Tell him I took Keen's depositions for him and enclosed them to the Clerks of the respective courts—we got a letter this evening from Jack, written at Mobile. Lucy has answered it—I fear he and Ewd will do a bad business, planting—you are best able to advise him—but you are, I fear, a sanguine calculator, I advised Ewd strongly against planting whilst he could get fair hire for his negroes. The result of our experience should render us a little distrustful as to the profits of planting in our region—It is true I do not know how matters will wind up, but I fear much less profitable than if our negroes had been hired out—I have received but one letter from Jack since he left us—and that is unanswered—I fear he has taken up a wrong impression, as to the proper conduct of an employer to his overseer, no man should employ one whom he does not consider honest and trustworthy and such a man is entitled to respectful treatment, nothing would sooner render a man unpopular in his community than a proud and insolent bearing to those who are placed below him in fortune's scale—humility is a virtue only when exercised toward those we look upon as our inferiors—and even pride ceases to be offensive when it is exhibited only to our equals—Jack complained that the overseer left the plantation without his permission—now he should have employed no man who would have made so humiliating a contract, & has no right to complain if it is violated—I would not have an overseer who did go occasionally to see his neighbors—This may well be done without neglect to business. I mention these things because I deem it essential that a young man should not set out in life with a false conception of things—overseers are a numerous, influential, and respectable class—and a man should treat them respectfully or have nothing to do with them. I would as soon have the enmity of any other body of men. Jack has fallen into an error, his heart I know would prompt him to be kind and respectful to anybody—and if he will yield to that and your example he will get along well enough with his overseers. . . .

May God bless you.

EwdRChambers

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.

Boydton, December 30th 1851

My Dear Mat

I am extremely uneasy at your not writing in so long a time after hearing through Jack that my dear brother was sicker and that two Physicians from Aberdeen were on their way to see him. Oh Mat how

much I wish I were *able* to go immediately to you all to assist you in watching by his bed and ministering to his comfort, but alas, alas, I cannot sit up yet and fear that I shall never be well again though I cannot say that I *feel* sick all the time, my appetite is good though I have fevers sometimes but five minutes sitting up will undo all that I have gained by a recumbent posture for a week. Do write to me often my dear sister and let me know all about you all I fear that my brother is not yet able to travel so far but as soon as he is *do come here* we want to see you both so much

Oh Mat our lives are in the hands of God, who knows *when* to take them and let us submit to his will at all times, and if he sees fit to take my Dear brother to heaven where pain, sorrow, sickness and death are felt and feared no more, try and submit with Christian resignation believing that our loss is his gain, and most sincerely do I hope that he will be spared to you *for many long years to come*, but my dear sister should it please our Heavenly Father to order it otherwise, *our home is and shall be your home* where you will *always find sympathizing hearts, ready and ever willing to promote your welfare and happiness in every way* Come immediately to us, and do not pine in solitude at the decree of One who is too wise to err. Mr Chambers has been speaking of going immediately to see you all and nothing but my precarious condition detains him for a moment these sudden attacks keep him constantly uneasy and if I ever get able he will take me to Philadelphia, I believe I will write today to Dr. Hodge and see if he can prescribe from my account of the case, though you see I have to scribble flat of my back with a pencil but Jinny will copy it for me

Molly is getting well sits propped up in bed beging for something to eat all the time and is a mere shadow her bones are ready to come through the skin, I have the headache so with much love to all *believe me always your devoted sister.*

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.

Boydton Feby 1852

In what language shall I convey to you my Dear Mat, my *heart felt sorrow* at the continued illness of my dear brother and for my inability to go down to *Brunswick, even* to see you all, but if Mr C and Dr Laird would consent I would try it anyhow although it *might be* at the risk of my life, I can just make out to creep from room to room with much *fatigue*, but hope to continue to improve and will certainly come as soon as I *am able* Oh Mat is there no hope for his recovery? I pray God there is, but if he should be taken *remember this is your home, yes you are to go nowhere else*, it is what I *always expected and wished*, if you should be the longest spared Jack thinks you would return to the south, but my dear sister do not think of that, we *claim you as ours*, and beg

and insist that you would come here immediately. What would I give to know how he is at this moment, but *my* anxiety cannot alter his situation, he is in the hands of a merciful God, who does all things right, and promises that all things shall work together *for good* to those who love him and *he loves him* and no doubt that his afflictions here will work out for him a *far more exceeding* and *eternal weight of glory*. My dear sister if it should come to the worst *bear* it like a Christian, he will be *free* from pain and in Heaven, where we all wish to go, when we are done with earth, and our separation here will be but short, and then we will join him there if we hold out to the end. I will not insist on Jacks staying longer than in the morning knowing that my poor brother was distressed at his leaving him but when he gets better, wont you send him up again? I know you will and would come too if you could. I fixed him—brother S—a large box of all sorts of good things that our Boydton could afford to send by Mr Chambers but after geting Jacks letter saying that he was not so well I am *afraid* to send it lest I should make him sicker still. Give my love to Eliza and tell her that she must come up as soon as she can.

As I have so short a time to talk to Jack I must say farewell to my dear sister. Remember me most affectionately to my brother and tell him not to be low spirited, but be prudent and come up here when he gets better,

Yours in haste
L G C

Edward R. Chambers to his son Jack:

Boydton, March 6th 1852.

Dear Jack

Your letter, though it is but the melancholy announcement of what we expected has not fallen with a less stunning effect on our hearts—the best and most generous of men, the kindest and most affectionate of brothers sleeps in the grave, but his works and virtues live in the memories of all who knew him,—not to mourn over such a man would argue insensibility to human worth and excellence . . . But he does not go to a land of strangers. He is reunited to fond and affectionate friends and relatives, Father, Mother, our own dear children, Henrietta, Betty, little Sterling, they are his companions now; robed in light and glory they met him in the confines and convoyed his released and exulting spirit over the dark and gloomy abyss which man trembles to contemplate, because he cannot comprehend,—yet I would not that you should not mourn, but it is with and for the living our tears should be shed. Silently to mingle our tears with hers is all we can do for Sister Martha,—but the time will come when she will find comfort and consolation in that which made his death bed a field of triumph, and look forward

rejoicingly to a reunion with him and other kindred whom she has known and loved on earth.

I have sent down the carriage that you may bring her up. We owe a heavy debt of gratitude to brother Sterling, and if he was permitted to point out the way of repaying it, He would say Cherish her whose devoted affection and untiring assiduity contributed so much to the comfort of his life, & helped still more to smooth his passage to the grave. Your mother would write, but she is confined to her bed, she & the children send their love to all.

Yrs my son

Ewd R. Chambers

Lucy Chambers to Mrs. Sterling Tucker.
(Written in pencil November 23, 1853.)

Boydton, Nov, 23rd

My Dear Mat

I am flat in bed again, being able to sit up not more than an hour or two during the day, recovering from a severe attack of uterine hemorrhage again . . . I am so anxious to go to Philadelphia to see Dr. Meigs though Dr Laird thinks it would not benefit me at all, Oh Mat I am so low spirited today no one seems to think me at all sick and I know that I am gradually sinking from disease. Jinnie wrote to you by the last mail and Mr C by the one before that and I write to be sure that you get a letter saying *do come home as soon as you can*, tell Jack to *finish* his business so he can stay as long as possible Mr C says you must bring Jordan back with you, Israel is well did you ever think he would recover. Farewell dear Mat I hope soon to see you all I think it would make me feel better so come on immediately Love to Jack

Yours ever

LGChambers

March 31st, 1845—November 23rd, 1853. These, Lucy, are the dates of the first and last of your letters to Dear Mat. They mark some changes. A little boy has joined the family circle in between these dates; and Henrie and Bettie and little Sterling have left it, and Brother Sterling for whom he was named. And now, Lucy, you are going too to that place where there are many mansions. If it were not so, He would have told us.



THE CHAMBERS HOME AT BOYDTON.

THE CHAMBERS HOME AT BOYDTON

THE PICTURE on the opposite page is that of the house occupied by successive generations of the Chambers family for nearly a hundred years. The deed¹ recites that Edward R. Chambers at the sale of the estate of Beverly Sydnor, bankrupt, in 1843, became the purchaser of the house and lot on which Sydnor then resided; that he paid Richard Russell, Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and the sale was confirmed and Russell ordered to convey the property, but he died without making the conveyance; that the County of Mecklenburg, by decree entered on July 18, 1853, appointed Richard Baptist to convey the property; and that Edward R. Chambers was then residing on the property. The exact date when the house was built is not known, but Beverly Sydnor is listed as owning land in Boydton as early as 1817. The Chambers family moved into the house prior to March, 1845.

The front door, and the window above it, were not in the center of the building, they were to the left of center, and nearly all the hall was to the left of the front door, so that the parlor, and "the Big Room" above it were much larger than the living room and the upstairs bedroom opposite, though these were good-sized rooms. The break in the roof-line, at the left, shows where the house went back in an L. This part contained the dining room, with a bedroom above it, separated by a back hall with its steep back stairs from the downstairs bedroom ("the Chamber") and the snug little low-ceilinged room above that. This little room had a fireplace, and sloping walls, and dormer windows that opened on the tree-tops. A dear little room, a haven of a room, where no one could look in your windows or get to you except through the one small door at the head of the back stairs.

A back porch fitted into the angle of the L, connecting the house with a large, bright kitchen, otherwise detached. This kitchen

¹ Mecklenburg County Deed Book 34, pg. 229.

had been located originally a little to the right of the house, opening on the front yard, for use as an office, or school-room, and had been moved up to the back of the house when it out-last-ed its original purpose.

Grouped at the back there was, of course, a small settlement of out-buildings to meet the needs of such a household in such a time: stables, barns, store-houses, fowl-house, smoke-house, and quarters for the servants.

To the left was a combined flower garden and vegetable garden, sloping down to the public road; and beyond all, at the back, were some hundred and eighty acres of pastureland and woodland belonging to the place by later purchase. These acres included a little wooded bluff at the foot of which was the ice-pond, where great blocks of ice were harvested in the winter freezes to be stored in the deep ice-house. Nobody could buy ice then. You watched for a hard freeze, and when one was at hand the word went out, and very early in the morning, getting ahead of the sun, crews of fast-working men built fires on the bank of the ice-pond to warm themselves by, and got busy. Some, walking out on the ice, cut it into blocks and floated it to land, where others loaded it into the waiting wagons and rattled it off to the ice-house—a room-size hole in the ground, thickly lined with dead leaves; other leaves being spread between the layers of ice as they were laid down. Aunt Molly's ice-house, as we called it—the one at the Chambers home—was large, and it was twenty feet deep; and it supplied ice to many beside the immediate family, in times of special need. It had a roof over it, of course, sloping steeply almost to the ground to meet its low walls, and inside the walls a sort of platform around the edges, from which you went down into the ice-pit by a ladder, as the level shrunk with use. Sometimes, when the men went to put in ice, there would still be ice from the winter before in the leaves at the bottom.

In summer, urns of blooming plants and vines stood on each side of the front walk in the shade of the Paradise Trees which had come originally from Lucy Chambers' girlhood home in Brunswick County, where some still remain. They are not plentiful in this country, having been introduced from China a comparatively short time before the ones at Prestwood were planted.

The two ladies on the porch are Aunt Jennie and Aunt Molly. You can see, with a magnifying glass, that Aunt Jennie was small

and rounded, and Aunt Molly was tall and angular; and that is the way they were.

I have heard that Lucy was not in favor of buying the house, when it first came up; but that in discussing the approaching Sydnor sale she expressed a desire for the two mirrors which hung on the parlor walls, opposite to each other; and that her husband duly reported their purchase, but did not muster up courage for twenty-four hours to tell her that the house was included in the bargain. Later, some sofas were bought to go beneath these mirrors, and of their purchase Lucy writes dear Mat: "Mr. Chambers bought me two sofas the other day in Richmond I am sure I have nothing else to correspond with even the plainest sort but if I ever get any money I tell you I will have something but dont tell brother Sterling I am afraid he will say sister would be mighty extravagant if she had it in her power, but I recon that would be nothing but the truth." This warning not to tell brother Sterling was one of Lucy's sudden after-thoughts—brother Sterling being her trustee, and holding the power of the purse. It would not do for him to get the idea that she was extravagant, however true. One sofa and mirror now belong to Holt Laird, of Greensboro, and the companion pair were bid in for me at the sale of the furniture and were in our home in Darlington until I left there. Gena has them now.

The last time I was in Aunt Molly's house—it was that to my generation—was in May, 1928. Dr. Chambers Laird was living there then, and my sister Marguerite, his son's wife, was staying there with her three children. I had gone to Virginia on account of the death of your uncle Douglas, and the morning after his funeral I sat in the parlor alone for some time, writing to Mabel and Gena. The smell of box came through the open windows, and I could hear the children upstairs—the great-great-grandchildren of the woman who had planted the box bushes eighty-one years before. "O Mat I have been setting out box all day, two beautiful rows each side of the walk to the front gate," wrote Lucy on March 7, 1846. Would she have been proud, I wonder, to see in what large letters the handbills announcing the ultimate sale of the place mentioned BOX-WOODS?—her little box bushes, become notable, become valuable.

Not long after that Dr. Laird went to live with his son in North Carolina, and the old house fell on evil days, until at last it was begrudged the very ground it stood on; and in 1936 it was taken down

to make room for a new house, in which no one had ever been born, or been married, or had died. Perhaps it was not sorry. Perhaps for houses, as for people, there comes a time when they are ready to call it a day.

THE SEVENTH GRAVE

My husband
DR.
THOMAS HARVEY LAIRD
entered into eternal rest
Sept. 6th 1859
in the 47th year of
his age

No storied marble need record his worth. He lives in
the affectionate remembrance of all who knew him.
"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

See "The Eleventh Grave," page 189.

THE EIGHTH GRAVE

ST. JOHN CHAMBERS LAIRD

Born Nov. 7 1858

Died Dec. 1 1859

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but thy word . . ."

THE CLOSING words of the inscription above are illegible. They might be supplied, but what language so eloquent as the unfinished sentence, like a smothered sob across the years?

Jinny Laird's oldest child, Edward Chambers Laird, was five years old when he lost this little brother, who died of pneumonia following measles. It must have been his first personal contact with bereavement, and perhaps did not sink very deep; but under emotional pressure he evolved a philosophy of grief which is still remembered in the family.

"Chambers, your little brother is very sick—if he dies, what will you do?" cried the distracted young mother, straining him to her heart.

"I will cry and cry," said Chambers, anxious to measure up to what was expected of him.

"And then what?" asked his mother, more of herself than of him.

"I will cry some more," said the poor little thing hopefully.

"And then—and then?" whispered his mother, peering ahead into the bereft years.

Since it seemed that all this crying still fell short of what was required, the little boy's thoughts struggled on. At that time, when wood was the principal fuel, there were always clean chips about the woodpile to serve as kindling, and it was a common thing for cooks and nurses to egg on their small charges to gather them up, as a relatively innocuous occupation. No doubt Chambers had been proudly making his small contribution to the domestic economy,

along this line—the nearest approach to constructive effort he had yet achieved, and it gave him something concrete to offer now.

“I will cry and cry and cry,” he said; and added firmly, “and then I will go on picking up chips like I always did.”

We still quote him when there has been some cataclysmic upheaval in the family, some staggering blow to one of its individual members; when we have cried until soul and body and day and night are dissolved in tears, and find that still, at long last, we come back to picking up chips like we always did, because there is nothing else to do.

Sixty years after St. John Chambers died, his mother lay dying under the same roof. She was a very old woman then. Sixty years is a long time. But she had not forgotten—she held one frail old arm as if it cradled something, and when her son Chambers leaned over her she would push him gently back.

“I am afraid you will mash the baby,” she would explain, smiling.

THE NINTH GRAVE

In memory of
DR. ALEXANDER T. LAIRD

Born April 23, 1820

Died Feby. 2, 1861

A servant of the Lord from early youth, he was sustained through life by the Christian's faith, and enjoyed in death the Christian's triumph.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

See "The Sixteenth Grave," page 346.

THE TENTH GRAVE

JUSTICE FAITH CHARITY

Our Father

EDWARD R. CHAMBERS

Died in the Lord
March 20th 1872
in the 77th year of
his age

IN THE year 1764 the name of Thomas Chambers appears possibly for the first time upon the list of tithes in Lunenburg County, Virginia.¹ Not that this was momentous, but it serves to fix his place in the long chain of the years, and the location of one's pin-point in time does make a difference.

For instance, Thomas Chambers was a vestryman—and do you think that being a vestryman in 1769-80 was the same as being a vestryman today? There was no public welfare then, no Social Security, no Red Cross, no Childrens' Bureau, no Department of Vital Statistics. The vestry was all this, and more. Its members paid (as a rule, with tobacco) for the care of the indigent sick and the burial of the indigent dead. They excused from tithes those whose circumstances called for it. They located chapels. They made suitable arrangements—or at least the best arrangements they could—for orphan children for whom no one was responsible. They arranged—no doubt with pleasure—for the passage back to England of a dissatisfied emigrant who was a liability rather than an asset to the community. They held blunt conversations with men whose daughters brought forth Bastards with a capital B, and in some instances endeavored to ascertain the paternity of the said Bastards and wring from the father a measure of support for his off-spring. They ordered that the best terms possible be made with someone to

¹ Bell: *Cumberland Parish*. He was charged with 11 tithes and 400 acres of land.

carry a poor person to the Spring on the New River for the Recovery of his health. Even as late as 1834, some brethren in Nottoway expelled Susan Moore from the church for "the awfully aggravated sin of uncleanness." The orphaned and the destitute were their responsibility to the last button; births, marriages and deaths were duly noted in their records; and the Church through its vestries was responsible for the establishment and maintenance of property lines.

Naturally men with so wide a range of responsibilities were chosen with care, from among those recognized as "able and discreet." We are told that Mr. Wythe and Mr. Jefferson, who did not claim to be Christians, served as vestrymen in their respective parishes "because they wished to be men of influence." The electors were directed to elect not only able and discreet, but the *most* able and discreet persons, and while they may not always have done so, at least that was their goal. Which reminds me by indirection of a conversation I had during World War II with a young soldier from Maxwell Field. He was not enthusiastic over the work he was doing, and I asked him what his preference would be if he had a choice.

"My preference," he said with a wry smile, "would be to be a civilian."

"And with such a preference, how come the uniform?" I inquired—knowing the answer, of course; but it gave him an opening.

"My friends and neighbors," he said with exaggerated melancholy, "looked around to see whom they could best spare—and they chose me."

Conversely, the friends and neighbors of Thomas Chambers looked around to see who among them could best deal with the age-old problems of destitution, immorality, and the public welfare generally; and they chose him. Aren't you proud? Well anyway I'm proud. He was also a Justice of the County Court, 1766-70, and was Sheriff of the County from 1780 until 1785. In the Bulletin of the Virginia State Library, 1921, he is listed as a Justice of the Peace for Charlotte County at the same time that he was a Justice of the Peace for Lunenburg. I suppose that Charlotte had been so recently formed that in some of the border districts there was an overlapping of functions. There is no Thomas Chambers recorded in Charlotte at that period.

"These two bodies (the vestries and the County Courts) were the great repositories of power in colonial Virginia, and the vestries

were second only to the County Courts in influence, if not indeed in power," says Bell.² So Thomas Chambers, who was active in both, must have been quite a man.

When he became a vestryman of Cumberland Parish in 1769, Bethel Church, sometimes called Flat Rock Church, had been in use for nine years. It was a little wooden church, 48x24 feet, reported to the Episcopal Convention in 1791 as in need of repairs, and its ultimate fate thus recorded by Bishop Meade:³ "St. John's Church was the only one standing in the parish at this time (1831) . . . Old Flat Rock Church had been disposed of, and the proceeds applied to the building of St. John's."

This Old Flat Rock Church was the one attended by Thomas Chambers, and his grave, and the graves of his family, should be there, but if so they are unidentified. For that matter, the more recent graves of St. John's, about seven miles from the Flat Rock home, have no lettered stones dated earlier than 1856, although there are a number of graves marked with large rocks, including, probably, those of Edward Chambers Sr. and Martha Cousins Chambers.

How does one "dispose of" a church? Who wants an old church with its memories, its sacredness, and its graves? Somebody wanted it—there were "proceeds." There is a Negro church not far from St. John's, called Flat Rock Church, but if it is the Old Flat Rock Church there is nothing to show it, and no discernible graves.

When Thomas became a vestryman, the Reverend James Craig had been rector of the parish for ten years, and they saw the Revolution through together. While Thomas Goode, whose granddaughter was to marry Thomas Chambers' grandson, watched its tide lap-lapping toward Osbornes, those two in Lunenburg felt its force more directly. Parson Craig, though born an Englishman and ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, was one of those sturdy souls who cannot be reduced to a formula, and busied himself in behalf of the rebellious colonists. His mill on Flat Rock Creek became a depot of supplies for them, and by natural sequence a particular target for Colonel Banestre Tarleton, who burned it while passing through Lunenburg in 1781. Anxiety and destruction rode with Tarleton, and heart-ache was his residue. He was one of the many unwitting agents who in those days sifted the wheat from

² Bell: *Cumberland Parish*.

³ Meade: *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*.

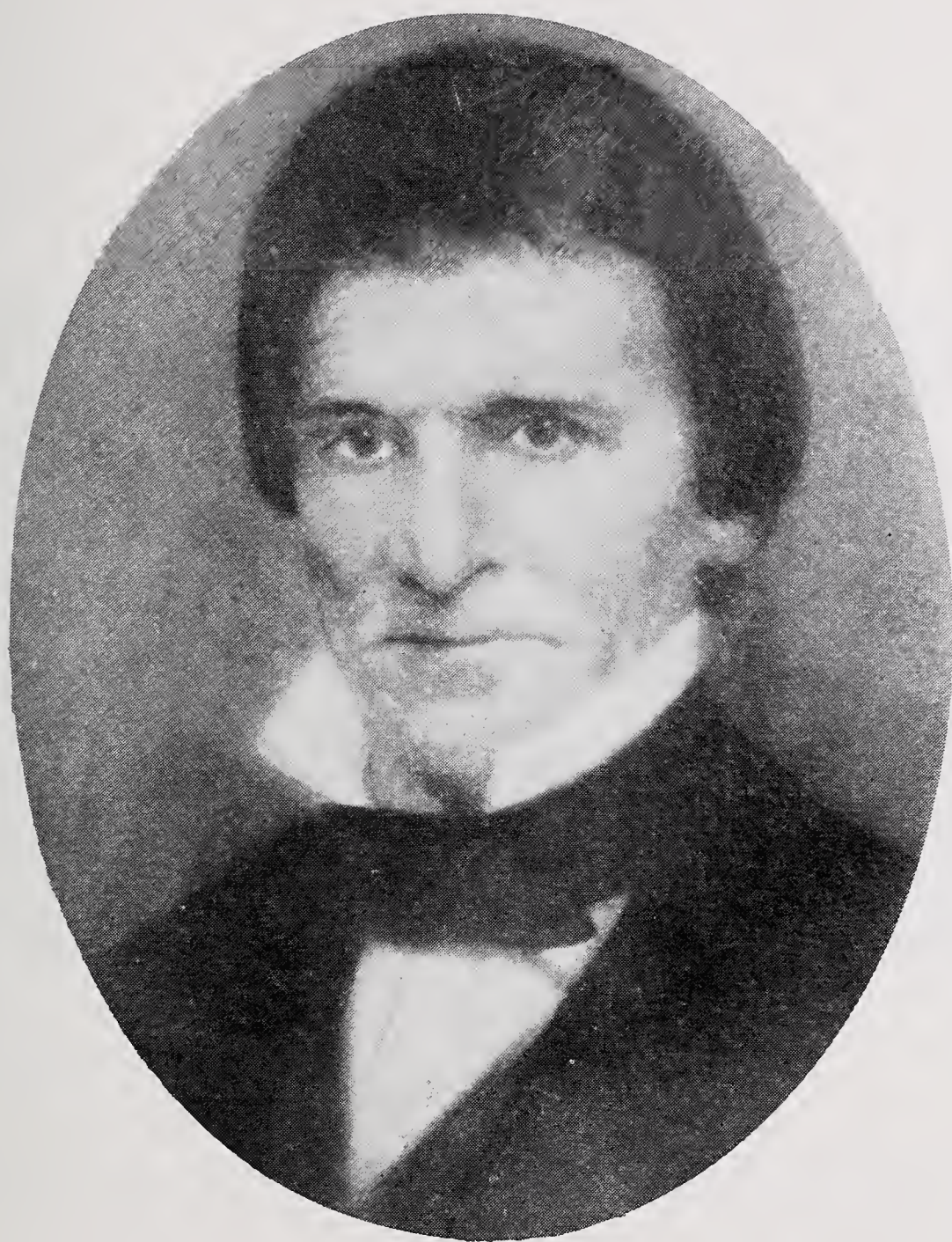
the chaff, albeit such was not their purpose; and while there is no specific mention of the part played by Thomas Chambers, evidently he measured up to the demands of the situation or he would not have been so long continued in his responsible offices. Perhaps he was one of the "many citizens [who] were greatly injured in their property; and compelled (in order to obtain their personal liberty), to sign such paroles as their captors thought proper to dictate." If he was, he knew the meaning of humiliation, and of self-discipline.

The Chambers family was a large one. Landon Bell lists the children of Thomas Chambers as follows: (his wife's name does not appear.)

- 1 *Edward*
- 2 John
- 3 Thomas
- 4 Moses
- 5 William
- 6 Polly
- 7 Nancy
- 8 Lucy
- 9 Jennie
- 10 Elizabeth
- 11 Sally
- 12 Tempie
- 13 Cincy, who married Edward Rudder. (Marriage Bond in Lunenburg County, dated December 17, 1787.)
- 14 A daughter who married a Mr. Cole and had: Johanna.

Of these fourteen children, only ten are mentioned in his will, which was written July 11, 1798, and offered for probate three months later.⁴ This could indicate that those omitted died before the will was made, but not necessarily so, for his considerable estate was divided among the children named with no attempt to equalize the portions, and some might have been purposely left out. Polly gets a half-interest in the home place, eight slaves, some furniture, six head of cattle and a horse, with her sidesaddle. Sally gets five pounds, Virginia Currency. Cincy is not mentioned, and is perhaps dead, as her little daughter, Polly Rudder, is remembered with the gift of a Negro boy. Another grand-daughter, Johanna Cole, who is perhaps motherless, receives three Negroes: "being the same Negroes I lent my son Moses." Moses did not come out very well—he had to give up to Johanna the servants Boss and Natt and Ben, whom he no doubt by that time regarded as his, and received instead a legacy of

⁴ Lunenburg County Will Book 4, pages 222-223.



JUDGE EDWARD R. CHAMBERS



“FLAT ROCK”
1939

ten pounds Virginia Currency. The oldest son, Edward, was named as one of the three executors, and received a handsome legacy, including three Negroes by name: Joe, Old Toney, and Toney's wife Phillis.

Thomas Chambers left quite an estate. Thirty-four slaves are mentioned in his will, besides stock, land, growing crops, furniture and some cash. It would be interesting to know why some of his children received so much more than others—whether the old man tried to adjust their legacies to their needs, whether he took into consideration financial help he had already given them, or whether he frankly pleased himself by giving his property to the ones he wanted to have it. If I ever meet up with him, he will have to explain to me what was wrong with Moses and Sally, and what was so wonderful about Polly.

At the time of his father's death, Edward Chambers, son of Thomas, was forty years old, had been married for sixteen years, and was the father of eight children, including the twins, Edward R. and Millicent. One of his possessions was an enormous Family Bible with big print, and steel engravings, inscribed in a careful hand: Edward Chambers of Lunenburg; and in this he had written in the same careful hand, (no doubt speculating a little, but happily, as a bridegroom would, on future entries),

Edward Chambers and Martha his wife⁵ were married Dec. 26th 1782.

Under "Births" he first records his own and that of his wife:

Edward Chambers was born March 20th 1758

Martha Chambers was born October 15th 1764

and follows this with the birth-dates of their children as they came along:

Eliza Chambers was born August 18th 1784

Ann W Chambers was born Dece 18th 1786

Robert Chambers was born Feb 5th 1789

Henry Chambers was born Oct'r 1st 1790

Edward Chambers was born 23rd May 1795

Millicent Chambers was born May 23rd 1795

Martha C. Chambers was born Octr 10th 1797

Edward R. Chambers—I have never been able to find out what the "R." stood for, though it was seldom omitted—was born at his

⁵ Martha Cousins of Dinwiddie.

father's home, "Flat Rock," where he had all the companionship a child could ask in that household of father-and-mother, brothers-and-sisters, and numerous slaves almost certainly including boys who were in his own age group and who were the chosen comrades of his brothers and himself in their adventures afield. He must have been acquainted with "the Negroe fellow, Joe," and with Old Toney, and Old Toney's wife, Phillis, and accepted their presence with no memory of a time when they were brought to be delivered, like cattle, to his father "and to his heirs forever." I never see that expression in the old wills that I am not struck by its bitter irony. I am one of the heirs of Edward Chambers of Lunenburg, and it is nowhere near "forever"—let me call—let me listen. *Joe! . . . Toney! . . . Phillis!* The Negroe fellow, Joe, does not answer. There is no answer from Old Toney. There is no answer from Phillis, his wife.

Flat Rock is located about a mile and a half south of Kenbridge, in a grove of old trees on the crest of a hill rising steeply from Flat Rock Creek. The road runs east and west in front of the house, which is situated to the north of it, and well above it; and on the south side of this road, about two hundred feet west of the present driveway to the house, there are two hewn stone pillars which from all appearances are the original gate-posts to the drive leading to the main dwelling.

The house is of frame construction, with two stories in addition to the English-type basement, and has two wings, consisting of a large one-story room on each side. The foundation is of stone, hand-hewn by slaves from the great out-cropping of granite in the creek-bed below which gave the place its name.

There are two very tall brick chimneys at each end of the main part of the building, the one at the left having three flues, and the one at the right, four. The flues at the top of these chimneys are hexagonal—unusual, and very graceful.

The hall extends through the center of the house, with two large rooms on each side, on both floors. There are separate enclosed stairways ascending from opposite sides of the hall at the rear to the front of the house upstairs. The upstairs entry has a dividing wall, necessitating the separate stairs—there is no way to get from one side of the house to the other, on the second floor.

The flooring is of the original pine boards, and the panelling from floor to window appears to be of solid walnut, but it is difficult to tell about this with certainty, since it has been painted. The

mantelpieces also appear to be walnut, they are built high, and there is some carving, but nothing elaborate.

The basement, under the main part of the house, is divided into two sections, or rooms, with a large open fire-place in each room, and apparently was used as dining room and kitchen. In one section there are three built-in cupboards, one large one with two smaller ones adjacent to it. There was originally a pine floor in the basement, but it has been removed.

To the west of the house there is a deep pit—all that remains of the ice-house—which is lined solidly with big blocks of stone very accurately hewn and fitted together. On the opposite side from the ice-house, and to the rear, is a small structure which was the smoke-house. The interior walls are made of heart-pine boards about sixteen inches wide, and four inches thick, placed vertically from ground to ceiling. Hand-beaded weatherboarding was placed on the exterior, and was put together by hand-wrought nails; and the heavy beams on the inside are held in place by wooden pins. The hinges to the door are shop-made, and placed in such a way (one pointing up and one pointing down) that the door could not be lifted off. Some distance to the right of the house, as one faces it, is a thicket of very old box-bushes, indicating that at some time this was the location of the garden. When Mabel and I visited Flat Rock on an April morning in 1947, I brought away with me a few sprigs of this box, and rooted them. The owner of the house at that time was living in Richmond, and it was occupied by tenants, who showed us over the place with great goodwill.

Until the little boy, Edward R., was nine years old, the family circle of which he was a member remained intact. The first break came with the marriage of his sister, Eliza, to Robert Scott. Eighteen months later there was a break of a different kind. There were two entries in the big Bible under "Marriages," there were ten under "Births." There were none—there had been none until now—under "Deaths." For twenty-two years the page headed "Deaths" had lain there idly between the Old Testament and the New Testament, as if it served no real purpose after all, and had come there by mistake; but there had to be a beginning, and it was as though Death would begin modestly, in a small way, so to speak—say, with one of the twins, they being next to the youngest, and there being two of them, to halve the loss.

Millicent Chambers died 10th June 1805 aged ten years and seventeen days,

wrote Millicent's father on that fair, blank page in the big Bible.

It was just a month later that Ann married George Craig,⁶ son of the Reverend James who had run his mill to such good purpose during the long years of war, only to have it destroyed by Tarleton at the last. In the course of time they had a great many children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren, and anyone interested in Ann's family may read about them in Mr. Landon Bell's "*Cumberland Parish*."

Eliza named a little daughter "Millicent" some years later, and thirty-nine years after her death Edward R. named a baby girl Louise Millicent in memory of the little sister who had been gone so long; but both these children died in infancy. It seemed to be an unlucky name.

For a time there were no more marriages, no more deaths. The young Eliza and the younger Ann settled down to wifedom and motherhood; little Millicent's father and mother were grand-parents now; the emptiness of her place became a familiar and accepted thing. The big boy, Robert, became a young man. Henry was attending William and Mary College. The little boy, Edward, became a big boy.

After five years, when Edward was fifteen, there came a dreadful time to that home, one of those times which become a definite mile-stone in a family's history, everything being dated as before that period, or after it, for there is a gulf between the before and the after which nothing can bridge.

The mother went first:

Martha Chambers wife of Edward died Saturday the 27th of October 1810 aged forty six years and twelve days.

Then the young man—the first-born son, the Big Brother. Notice the date. There was only eleven days respite after that other loss.

Robert Chambers died Wednesday, November 7th 1810 aged twenty one years nine months and two days.

Three more days passed. They had buried Robert beside his mother. Then:

⁶ The Reverend John Cameron's Marriage Register.

John Chambers brother of Edward Chambers, Sr. died Saturday morning November 10th 1810 aged 45 years.

It seems likely that John Chambers was a member of the stricken household. There is no record that he was married, and of all the many brothers and sisters of Edward Chambers, Sr., his name alone is written in the big Bible along with those of the immediate family.

They pulled themselves together and went on, but there were to be more entries under that long-idle heading, "Deaths," before the first anniversary of Martha's passing. Edward Chambers the husband had recorded his wife's death; Edward Chambers the father had recorded the death of his children; now Edward Chambers the grandfather takes up his pen:

Martha C. Craig died the 27th September 1811—aged two years nine months and eighteen days.

and ten days later:

Georgianna Craig died the 6th of October 1811 aged one year, one month, and—days.

Poor Ann Craig. Poor young mother.

Well, there they were—Edward Chambers, Sr., left with Henry, turning twenty and studying medicine now at the University of Pennsylvania; Thomas, eighteen; Edward R., fifteen, and Martha C., thirteen. No woman in the group, and Edward R. at the difficult age, Martha at the awkward age; all of them lonely, all of them lost in this strange world in which they found themselves. The next entry in the Bible was inevitable. I suppose Eliza and Ann saw it from the beginning—watched its approach with an inner sickness of the spirit, while admitting its practical utility. The boys, no doubt, were surprised, not to say shocked.

Edward Chambers was married to his second wife the 11th day of June 1812,

states the old Bible soberly. No doubt bridegroom Edward wrote it soberly, very soberly, contrasting it in his heart with that first proud entry, "Edward Chambers and Martha his wife"—his little eighteen-year-old wife. The second wife was, and would remain, nameless in the family record in which she had no real part. If the children loved her, I never heard it. If they hated her, I never heard that. If anyone remembered her, or spoke of her in the years to

come, it was before my time. One other entry in the Bible closes her brief record, and these two entries, which did not so much as call her name, are all her history.

Edward Chambers S — second wife died August 4 1822 aged 46 years four months and four days.

There were other changes during the interval between these last two inscriptions. Henry, a full-fledged doctor now, went to Alabama to live the same year his father married again. Perhaps the marriage had something to do with his decision, perhaps not. In January, 1815, little Martha married Charles Betts⁷ and she too went to Alabama. That same year Thomas married a girl named Petronella Logan, and five years later he died. And Edward R. became a man, and when he was about twenty-eight years old he met a girl from Brunswick County who was visiting a cousin of hers in Boydton—a Miss Tucker. Our Lucy.

Miss Tucker must have been an attractive girl—dark-haired, dark-eyed, full of a lively interest in everything and particularly in everybody. Very likely she was a spoilt girl. Somebody did an outstanding job if that one motherless girl in a family of men-folks did not consider herself some punkins. Her grand-daughter, who had it from her daughter, relates that though she was an invalid the last years of her life, she was anything but “a subdued invalid,” she was one of the jolliest people in the world, and her sick-bed was the center of the household’s life. Once when a circus came to town and it was definitely settled that she was too unwell to go, she had a groom put her on the children’s pony, after the others had left, and rode in triumph to the show. Yes, she must have been a handful at the time of that fateful visit to her cousin William, but what young man ever asked himself of a delightful visiting girl, “Is she spoilt?”—unless to add, “what of it?” Certainly Edward R. would have asked “what of it?” It wouldn’t have bothered him a minute. It was not his custom to want things with reservations. He wanted things, period. And about Lucy, he was right: with her loving heart, with him for a husband, and with thirteen children, she did not stay spoilt long.

He followed Miss Tucker to her home in Brunswick. He made himself agreeable to her four young brothers; he affected unconsciousness of Aunt Betsey’s sharp-eyed scrutiny; he shook in his

⁷ Next to last entry in Reverend John Cameron’s Marriage Register.

shoes before her father. He must have, knowing all he knew about Edward R. Chambers.

It is not likely that any good father turns over his child to an untried guardianship without inner anxiety and some distress. I feel sure that Colonel Tucker, a substantial man, well able to care for his own and used to exercising his judgment in their behalf, was not a little troubled at this time, and with not a little reason. My dear child (you, whose name is an echo down four generations, of this man's name) the time has come to tell you that your great-great-grandfather was not a perfect man. No, he was not perfect. I wish I could tell you that he was at least nearly perfect, but he wasn't even that; and perhaps it is encouraging, after all, to know that this man who was so loved by his family and died so respected in his community, had neither wings nor a halo.

Someone has said that "Charlestonians have chosen to preserve only that part of their past which is a credit to their present."⁸ It is a temptation easy to understand, hard to resist, but we must put it behind us. And there is some comfort in Rebecca West's opinion that "Imperfection is the characteristic of personality."

There was no lack of personality in Grandpa Chambers. I have heard it said of him that while not a handsome man in the usual sense, there was something magnificent in his appearance when he lost himself in some impassioned appeal; and after his death it was written of him: "He was a man of warm, generous, unselfish nature . . . courteous and kind to all . . . that he was a man of proud and lofty genius was conceded by all." This was written after years of living had done their work, but I have no doubt that in the eyes of Miss Tucker they were a just appraisal of her suitor, however her father, seeing these admirable qualities, must needs temper his response to their appeal by a reluctant knowledge that this same charming, courteous, gifted man was financially irresponsible as a jaybird, apparently incapable of living within his ample means, or of profiting by his ample opportunities. There was a sort of *leger de main*—now he had property—now he didn't; the eye was quicker than the hand, or the hand was quicker than the eye, I forget which. The vanishing property was quicker than either. His attitude toward money seemed to be much the same, or at least the results were much the same, as that of the girl in the fairy tale who carried water in a sifter. Thousands of dollars from Colonel Tucker,

⁸ A. J. Funderburke, Jr. in South Carolina Magazine.

from the husbands of Eliza and Ann, from the Bank of Petersburg, from creditor after creditor who otherwise are but names. Mud-dling over some of the records of his past debts, and the juggling of figures which satisfied one creditor by creating another, *ad infinitum*, I asked myself over and over, "where did the money go?—what did he *do* with it?" and was impelled to the conclusion that that young man was having himself a time—that he was one of those "jolly good fellows," well-liked, and well-fleeced.

It must be said for Edward Chambers that in none of the records and memoranda have I found an intimation that he was legally dishonest in fact or in intention; but it seems to me that a peculiarly ignoble form of dishonesty lies in the indulgence of an irresponsible attitude toward responsibilities which must be borne by someone—if not by their rightful owner, then by someone else.

Perhaps Colonel Tucker knew then, as well as he came to know later, that Miss Tucker, in acquiring this gifted, likeable husband, was going to need her father more than ever. Or perhaps he hoped, against his judgment and experience, that marriage would prove a magic wand. In any event, there was not much he could do about it, and we find this note preserved in the archives of Brunswick County:

Prestwood, January 28th 1824

Sir:

Be pleased to give to Mr. Edw. R. Chambers a License to marry my daughter Lucy G. Tucker.

I am yours etc,

John Tucker.

Mr. Robert Turnbull.

The Marriage Bond, also on record in Brunswick County, is dated February 3, 1824, and the wedding took place a week later, in Old Spony Church. Perhaps Lucy would like for me to record her marriage in the words which appear in her delicate, feminine hand, in that same big old Bible of Edward Chambers Sr.

Edward Chambers and Lucy his wife were married February 11, 1824.

Under this entry, in the same writing, appear names new to the old Book. "Thomas Goode and Agnes Osborn the grand father and Grand Mother of L. G. Chambers were married Feby. 2nd 1769." A careful list of the children of Thomas and Agnes, with their birth-dates, follows.

To me, there is something touching in these last entries. They call up a picture, perhaps fanciful, but more likely authentic, of the gay, spirited girl, newly dignified with wifedom, a little thrilled with the consciousness of her right to make these additions to the record in the Chambers Bible, which she had been examining perhaps for the first time—notice how exactly she copies the wording with which Edward Chambers Sr. entered his own marriage—more than a little lonely for her own home, her own people; trying to identify them, as well as herself, with this unfamiliar house; looking forward wordlessly to a time when her children would want to know the things she wrote down on a prescient impulse, of her grand father and her Grand Mother. (How utterly like Lucy, that erratic use of capitals!)

Edward R. took his bride to Flat Rock to live. His step-mother was dead, his brother Thomas was dead, Henry and Martha were far away, the old man very much alone. It was not unnatural that a year and a half later Edward Senior “conveyed to his son Edward R. Chambers considerable Est. real and personal Towit—tract called Flat Rock 1000 acres—, & 35 slaves—,” and there is a later reference to a transaction involving “between eleven and twelve hundred acres, (Flat Rock Tract) adjoining the Mill—also 10 slaves, plantation utensils, Furniture—stock, etc.,” indicating that Edward R. had taken over lock, stock, and barrel. In return for all this he made, on the same day, a deed of trust sealing the above conveyance—that Edward the son had given his bonds in penalty of \$50,000, another in penalty of 10,000 “conditioned to pay and discharge all debts and claims at that date, and to pay Edward the father an annuity of \$1,000 a year during his life.”

If none of the other children objected to it, this seemed a pleasant enough arrangement. Edward the son took over the estate, the responsibility and management of which would certainly have become increasingly burdensome to his father, now approaching seventy; and Edward Senior continued in his home, his debts paid, and assured of a sufficient income for life with which to meet his personal needs; a reasonable arrangement, and one which should have worked to the satisfaction of both. But it would seem that no financial arrangement worked to the satisfaction of those who had dealings with Edward R., for very long.

In the meantime Henry Chambers, in far-off Alabama, had been prospering uncommonly. Besides practising his profession, he had

served for a while as Surgeon on General Jackson's staff, and had been a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1819; and about this time was elected United States Senator and set out (on horseback) for Washington.⁹ His way led through Virginia, and he stopped at the old home for a visit with the family. It was probably the first time he had been back, and how much there was to ask, how much to tell! He was only thirty-six years old, but already one of the most prominent men of his section. Chambers County, Alabama, was named in his honor. His father must have been very proud, very happy. For a moment there was a burst of sunshine amid the deepening clouds which from now on would overshadow the old man to the end. It was for a moment only. Henry came home early in the new year, travelling over the wretched roads day after day, putting up at inns of varying and doubtful comfort night after night, in mid-winter. Small wonder that he developed pneumonia; and on January 24, 1826, he died at Flat Rock and was buried in the yard that had been his playground as a child. There is some room for conjecture as to just why he, and he alone, should have been buried in the yard. He had left a wife and children in Alabama, and it may have been that the spot was chosen with some idea that his body would be removed later to a place of their own choosing, if they desired it. This, however, was never done, if it was ever contemplated, and years afterwards a handsome monument was erected over the grave by his son, Henry Cousins Chambers, of Mississippi.

Almost simultaneously with the coming of death to the old home, life came to it, too. Six days before Henry closed his eyes to this world, "Henryetta Lucy Chambers" entered it. Her name, spelled thus by her father in recording it, was the tribute of the distressed young parents to the brother whose untimely death must have moved them profoundly.

The following August we find Edward R. giving a deed of trust on 1047 acres of land adjoining Flat Rock, and five slaves, to secure a debt of \$5221.00 ("this real property was no part of that received from his father"); and the 22nd of June after that making another deed of trust, this time on the Flat Rock tract, also nine slaves by name, some conveyed to him by his father, some not—to secure a debt of \$3197.80. Edward R.'s father could not have been very happy about this. What had become of that freedom from anx-

⁹ Biographical Congressional Directory, 1774-1911, pg. 583.

iety he had promised himself in his old age? What had become of the tranquil days, the untroubled nights of which he had dreamed? What assurance did he have that he would even live out his life under that familiar roof? None whatever, it was only too plain.

Old and tired and disheartened Edward Sr. might be, but he was no weakling. He took such firm measures to get the situation under control that in three months "Edward R. and Lucy his wife . . . in consideration of the *annuity* (said to be insured equal to \$12,000) conveyed back to Edward the father the tract containing 11 to 1200 acres (the home place) adjoining the Mill—10 slaves, plantation utensils, Furniture—stock, etc." It could not have been a very pleasant time for anyone—not for Edward R., not for Lucy, at that time expecting her second child, and least of all for the old man.

Once more life and death approached Flat Rock hand in hand, as if together to pay their respects and take formal leave of a household they had known long and familiarly. In the second week of the new year, Edward St. John Chambers was born; and shortly thereafter an entry in a different writing from the earlier entries appeared in the great family Bible of Edward Chambers of Lunenburg.

Edward Chambers Senior died on Saturday the 16th of February 1828.

The old man's will, made the day Edward St. John was born, directed that Flat Rock should be sold. He left Edward R. ten dollars, but did not excuse him from the debts he owed him; and with the exception of specific articles left to his daughters Eliza Scott and Ann Craig, he left all the household furniture and equipment to Colonel John Tucker, in trust for Lucy G. Chambers and her children.

The time had come for Grandpa Chambers to reap what he had sowed. Anyone doubting it, should read the deposition of John F. May in connection with the bankruptcy of Edward R. Chambers, taken on February 10, 1829. It was in this deposition that we find the sentence quoted on another page: "I believe Colo. Tucker to be an affectionate parent, more than commonly fond of and devoted to Mrs. Chambers; very much distressed on her account, and anxious for the advice of some friend whose judgment he respected—and I gave him [this] freely." He had given Colonel Tucker the

excellent advice that he insist on some security for large sums advanced in an effort to straighten out the tangled Chambers finances, "and Colo. Tucker seemed to concur entirely in my views . . . [but] sometime after this he informed me that he had not taken a deed of Trust, that Mr. C seemed to be very averse to it. . . ."

Mr. C would be.

As Cousin Mary Tucker, who furnished me with the above deposition, commented in sending it, "Those old people had their troubles."

Sometime during that year (1829) the Chambers family moved to a house in the vicinity of Boydton—I have been told that it was a mile or two out, on the Chase City road, but it was never pointed out to me, and I never heard a reference to it until recent years. Evidently the family put down no roots there, and felt little affection for it. It is mentioned in Colonel Tucker's will as "the lands I own in the County of Mecklenburg, being the lands on which Edward R. Chambers now resides."¹⁰ Nothing is more unlikely than that Colonel Tucker should have bought an obscure country place in Mecklenburg as an investment, he must have acquired it as a refuge for the bankrupt family, that his daughter and grandchildren might have a place to go. The furniture belonged to Colonel Tucker, too, as trustee. There is a memorandum or agreement executed by him recorded in Brunswick County¹¹ in which he recites that he has loaned to his daughter, Lucy G. Chambers, certain articles, and that he consents thereby that Edward R. Chambers should remove to Mecklenburg County certain household and kitchen furniture set out in a deed from Edward R. Chambers to John Tucker as Trustee for Lucy G. Chambers and her children.¹²

The harvest was all in. The mills of God were grinding. Edward R. Chambers, no longer owner of nor heir to a fine plantation, applied himself to the law, and on October 12, 1831, was licensed to practise in Mecklenburg County and took the oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth.

In 1830, not long after the Chambers family moved to Mecklenburg, Randolph-Macon College was incorporated, and its buildings,

¹⁰ Brunswick County Will Book 14, pg. 4.

¹¹ Brunswick County Deed Book 23, pg. 182.

¹² In that memorandum is listed a set of table china, a set of tea china, a set of glass, a piano, a chest of drawers, six beds and furniture, a sideboard, one desk and bookcase, one-half dozen sitting chairs, dining-table, three small tables, a clock, looking glass, an easy chair, a pair of candle sticks, "&c, &c."

located about a mile west of Boydton, opened for students on October 9, 1832. Ten years later, in June, 1842—the same year that the Court House at Boydton was built—"the reorganization of the Faculty was recommended . . . also the establishment of a 'School of Law.' This school was established, and Edward R. Chambers, an eminent lawyer of Boydton, elected Professor."¹³ He served for the session of 1842-43; and at the Annual Meeting of the Faculty in June, 1843, he was one of a Committee appointed "to recommend a plan for the relief of the college from financial embarrassment."

You will note that Grandpa Chambers is now "eminent"—that he is on the faculty of a church college—that he is recommending plans for the relief of financial embarrassment. *Well!*

What happened?

Sometimes a man has to be knocked flat, to convince him. After he has picked himself up he will realize, if he is smart, that he does not know all the answers, and he will be ready to listen. What happened was, that God spoke to him. Call it conversion, call it the belated triumph of reason, call it the fruit of bitter experience, call it what you please; but what happened was, that God spoke to him, and that he listened. Perhaps it was when he looked down at the dead face of his father. Perhaps God talked to him then of the old man's loneliness and grief, and what it would have meant to him to lean on a trusted arm during those last sad years. Perhaps God had something to say to him about the justice of the humiliation involved in the terms of his father's will. Perhaps the message got through as he watched the familiar household things that had belonged to his mother, that were a part of countless memories shared with the dead, jolting down the road going away from the house that had been his home all his life, the house that was to have been his. And there was that little grave in the Presbyterian churchyard. He owned a lot in a cemetery now, he had looked upon the spot where his own grave would be. It was something to think about.

Grandpa Chambers was not yet a perfect man; but he was improving.

Lucy's letters carry on the story of the family for the next twelve years, though her faltering pen stops short of the marriage of Jinny to the younger Dr. Laird, some months before her death. The bride and groom went to Staunton to live. Lucy became more and more ill, until she was released by death. Jinny comes home for

¹³ Irby: *History of Randolph Macon College*.

the birth of her son, Edward Chambers Laird—the only grandchild since Bettie's little Edward Chambers died in Mississippi. For some reason Jinny and her husband decide to leave Staunton, and they, too, go to Mississippi to see what they can do with the land bought by brother Sterling as Lucy's trustee, and now come to Jinny through her mother. The old mirrors in the parlor reflect another bride—Juliet marries Leroy Wilson, of Virginia, who received his A.B. degree at Randolph Macon a month after her mother's death. Jinny's second son is born, out in Mississippi, and dies at birth, but there is soon another baby in the family—little Lucy Tucker Wilson, who was born at her grandfather's home. Lila Goode tells us about it in her diary:

Monday, Feb. 16, 1857. I went to Boydton to go to College to church, but got to Mr. Chambers' too late by five minutes. I was very much disappointed, but sat with Juliet an hour and enjoyed it. She took me up to her room and showed me a quantity of pretty things, the sweetest miniature wardrobe I ever saw. She did it at the expense of many blushes.

Tuesday, Feb. 17 Wrote a note to Juliet Chambers, asking for a pattern to the handsome Infant's dress I saw Sunday. She sent it and I think it lovely.

Mar. 4 Brother George went to Boydton and brought us the intelligence of the birth of a new cousin. Juliet Wilson has a daughter. It will be a great pet, I know.

The Wilsons made their home for awhile in the old Swepson place, Gaywood, not far from Boydton. It was one of the historic houses of the county—Court had been organized there in 1764, the year Mecklenburg County was formed from Lunenburg County, forty-six years before Boydton was chartered. Later, its name was changed, and the change completes its history: it was known when I came along as "the Burnt Chimneys." I remember when a prosperous, middle-aged man, Edward Chambers Wilson, made a pilgrimage to the Burnt Chimneys with his wife. They took away with them a root of purple flag which they planted in the lovely garden of their home, Gaywood, on the out-skirts of Baltimore.

Now there are two new babies in the family almost simultaneously—Harvey Laird Wilson is born October 7, 1858, and a month later St. John Chambers Laird makes his appearance.

So the five relatively quiet years following Lucy's death have gone about their business, but they are gathering momentum now. There is something ominous in the swiftness with which the pace

accelerates. They are moving toward tragedy—they want to get it over. National tragedy, yes; but that is not all. Some hearts in the Chambers family are about to be broken: loving, inoffensive hearts, but it is love makes a heart vulnerable.

It is 1859. (I wonder if they said to each other on January the first of 1859, "Happy New Year!") and Lila Goode's diary has more news for us:

Tuesday, April 12. Dr. Laird has gone South to see his brother who is ill with typhoid fever.

Jinny's husband did not die then, but it marked the end of the struggle to maintain their entity as a household. It marked the beginning of their recognition that happiness lay behind them, not ahead. When he was able to make the trip, they brought him back to Boynton to finish out his days "at home." For Jinny, there was a brief respite.

Dr. Harvey has hardly returned from the long and arduous trip to Mississippi, when he is called back, and this time Grandpa Chambers and Pink go too. The message is so urgent that Grandpa Chambers goes on a day ahead of the others, he cannot wait while they make their arrangements. Two weeks later, his son Jack dies in Mississippi of typhoid fever.

They do the necessary things, they help Sister Mag over the first difficult days, they bring their heart-aches home. Pink's husband is very tired. There have been the two exhausting trips, the days and nights of watching, the anxious fears. The whole family loves Dr. Harvey Laird—Lucy had named her last baby for him, Jinny had named the baby who died, Thomas Harvey, and Juliet's little son is Harvey Laird Wilson. Pink wants him to go to the mountains and rest; they all want him to go, they all realize he has been carrying too heavy a load. So he and Pink go to the White Sulphur Springs together. They stop by Rockbridge to see his kin. That must have meant so much to them, afterwards, for on September the seventh, "Brother Harvey" died of typhoid fever at the White Sulphur Springs.

You would hardly recognize the Chambers household now—besides Pink, there are only Molly and Rosa and young Harvey, and Jinny with her sick husband and two little boys. The youngest of them has his first birthday. He is just beginning to walk and talk, he is the only member of the family unaffected by what has hap-

pened, and his laughter is their sunshine. In some way he contracts measles. It is winter, and it is difficult to keep the temperature of a big room even, when it is heated only by an open fire; difficult to keep a year-old baby covered up, and quiet. Pneumonia develops. The little cheerful St. John slips away, too. Thank God, 1859 is over.

No wonder when Rosa married, in 1860, the bride wore black.

For many years now Grandpa Chambers has been, to use Mr. Irby's word, an eminent citizen of his community. He has been a consistent member of the Methodist Church, active in the affairs of the college, has worked for better roads, has been Commonwealth's Attorney for term after term, and has represented Mecklenburg County "with distinguished ability" in the State Convention of 1849-50. It was written of him, after his death, that but for his being a life-long and uncompromising Whig in a county, district, and state largely Democratic, he would no doubt have risen high in the council of the nation. Be that as it may, his prominence had been local. Now he is to play a part on a larger stage. He and his brand-new son-in-law, Thomas F. Goode, are both delegates to the Convention of 1860—"the Secession Convention." Not many men, however able, are called on to take part in proceedings which visibly affect the course of history. Should Virginia secede from the Union? Answer yes or no. It was as simple, and as complicated, as that; and the convention debated the question six months without answering it. Grandpa Chambers had been a wilful young man, but life had taught him many a hard lesson. His counsel throughout was for moderation, for a persistent endeavor to find a solution short of separation. Ten years before he had written in a letter to his brother-in-law, "his (Washington's) name is, I fear, almost the only talisman that binds the discordant elements of our Union together—a union which the political bigotry of the south and the blind fanaticism of the north seem determined to sever. But I despair not of the republic, and still believe the union will weather the storm." This continued to be his attitude; but his son-in-law, also a member of the convention, was still a young man, hot-headed and strong-willed, and raising heaven and earth to get that question answered his way. Should Virginia secede from the Union? Yes, and not only yes, but yes indeed and yea verily. He came to be known, for his tenacity, as the Bulldog of the Convention; but it seemed to make no difference in the affectionate regard of the two men for each other. Mr.

Goode had read law under Mr. Chambers, they knew each other well, and each respected the other's right to his own opinion.

Rosa has accompanied her bridegroom to Richmond. She fills the time with little feminine interests of her own, and is no doubt often lonely, for she is only eighteen, very young to be studying history at first hand. Back in Boydton the two young widows—for Jinny is a widow now—with Molly and Harvey and little Chambers, keep the home fires burning. In Richmond, the tide ebbs and flows. Mr. Chambers and Mr. Goode stand up to be counted, each for what he believes right. But at long last the ebbing and the flowing are over, the flood sweeps all before it, and inundates the land. Grandpa Chambers writes a letter to say so.¹⁴ The flood has caught him up in its advance, he sees the division as an accomplished fact, he does not take it in that they will not be allowed to secede.

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My dear children—

I write only to say that I am well and most comfortably situated, my old friends seem greatly pleased to see me and I hope we shall have a harmonious time of it—I cannot say how long we shall be here as there is a great diversity of opinion as to what we should, or shall do—I went to Duncan's church yesterday and heard an able and soul-stirring sermon. Harvey is with Rosa at Ashland I shall go down to see them on Saturday and spend Sabbath with them. I have just signed the ordinance of secession,¹⁵ when my name was called I stated to the house that I would not sign it if it would exclude the name of Mr. Goode, that I did not want an immortality cheaply purchased at the expense of those who had borne the brunt and heat of the day. It was decided that he might also sign, so my name is among those who in after-times may be revered as the [illegible] fathers-of-the-land. I think the indications are in favor of a session of some weeks—though there is a strong feeling on the part of many, to adjourn immediately—I am not yet informed as to the necessities of the state & what duty may require of us—Beyond its stern requirements I will not consent to stay one hour, as nothing but a consciousness of *duty* can compensate me for the *endearments* of home, I think of you all continually and pray God to have all and each of you in his special keeping, fr

Your father E R C

The delegates finish their work, and scatter to their seething communities. Mr. Goode is no longer the Bulldog of the Conven-

¹⁴ This letter is now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

¹⁵ "An ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America by the State of Virginia and to resume all the rights and privileges granted under the constitution."

tion, he is Captain Goode (by election) of the Boydton Cavalry, and he and his men have ridden down the road to offer their services to the Confederacy. Mr. Chambers settles down with the women of his household, the adolescent boy and the young child, to the long business of waiting out the war. Rosa's stay at the headquarters of History has been little more than a lengthy visit away from home, she is once more a member of the family group, and awaits under her father's roof the birth of her first child.

Some new kin-people appear. Henry Chambers from Mississippi, son of the Henry who died at Flat Rock on his way to Washington, is a member of the Confederate Congress from the Vicksburg District—"a man of unusual brilliance and of notable physique;" and he is a guest in the Chambers home as opportunity offers. He has married his first cousin, Virginia Betts, and after awhile she, too, comes to visit her uncle in Boydton, with her little daughter, her maid, her coachman, and her carriage and horses. They came to stay six weeks, and stayed two years. The little daughter is a Holy Terror. If anyone in authority approaches her with a view to discipline or restraint, she hangs by her hands from the limbs of tall trees, threatening to drop if they come a step nearer; or walks on the edge of the well-curb, balancing herself with out-stretched arms, until they are terrified by her very real danger. Later she married E. K. Harris, a prominent lawyer of Mecklenburg, and died in Memphis, leaving a number of children; but before then, before the war is over, her mother dies, and is buried in the small enclosure adjoining the Chambers lot, though fenced separately.

Juliet's husband is in the service of the Confederacy, too. He was one of those who rode with Captain Goode to join Magruder, and later he is a buyer for the army, and scours the country looking for horses and mules for its use. He is stationed near Marion, Virginia, for a time, searching out stock in the hidden valleys of the Blue Ridge, where the northern troops have not penetrated. He is hardly ever at home.

Rosa's little boy, Edward Chambers, is born—the fourth in the family, for Juliet now has an Edward Chambers too. Occasionally her husband is at home for a day or two, occasionally there is a letter from him, or a message, but the cavalry is constantly on the move, and news is scarce.

One day Pink is in the garden, cutting roses. She is near the fence, and a countryman riding by cloppety-clop on his plow-horse

stops to speak to her, and to ask if there is any recent news from the Colonel—for Captain Goode is Colonel Goode now. She does not know him, but everybody around knows the Chambers family. It happened that there had been a letter a few days before, and she gives him its general tenor.

"I don't suppose he said anything about a soldier named Smith," remarks the stranger hesitantly. "He didn't just happen, now, to mention anybody named John Smith?"

Pink is hesitant, too. She is deeply troubled. Few names had been mentioned in the letter, but this is one of them.

"The company has been in action," she says slowly. "General Stuart commended them. He said they were brave men. They—they lost a few men. They lost . . . John Smith . . ."

Presently, out of the silence, she adds,

"Did you know him?"

"He was my son," answers the stranger; and tightening the reins on his horse's neck, he rides on.

Before the war is over, Rosa's husband comes home to stay, his health wrecked. It will improve to some extent, but he will never be a well man again. He and his family continue to make their home, for the time being, with Grandpa Chambers, and he tries to resume the practice of law, in a community where no man can say what will be the law in six months time, and where the litigants are as poor as everybody else.

Harvey, fourteen when the war began, at Randolph-Macon for awhile and then at the University of Virginia, is chaffing to get into it, and toward its close is captain of some junior organization drilling with a view to action. He is a hot-headed boy, and they probably have their hands full with him when the news comes that the Confederates opposing the advance of Sherman's army through North Carolina have surrendered (it was seventeen days before Appomattox) and that Sherman's army is approaching. There must have been many surreptitious preparations going on in its path as it crossed the Roanoke, seven miles to the south, and no doubt Mr. Chambers and Colonel Goode had to keep a sharp eye on Harvey and his young companions. Their presence was about as comforting as a lighted candle leaning toward a powder-keg.

At the dinner table, that day, there is a rehearsed conversation, for the benefit of the dining room servants. Lucy's little box bushes are still relatively small, and Pink suggests that a row of rose-bushes

on each side of the front walk might be a happy thought. The others do not fall in with this too readily. They discuss it pro and con. There are plenty of rose-bushes in the garden, and it is finally settled that after the mid-day dinner the daughters will superintend the removal of some of them to supplement the box bushes. A servant digs deep holes at measured intervals, and then is sent to the stable with a wheel-barrow for manure, and while he is gone the holes are slightly deepened, and some of the table silver is buried in each one. When he comes back, the roses are carefully transplanted, the ground raked, and the manure scattered as a mulch over all. The next night the place is alive with blue-coated soldiers, their camp-fires fill the yard, and for their supper they have, among other things, little Ed Goode's pet lamb; but no one shows any interest in the roses. Little Ed Goode was three years old when this happened. He remembered the soldiers all his life. He remembered that they ate his lamb; but he remembered, too, that one of them took him on his lap and talked to him about his own little boy, and how long it had been since he had seen him.

One spring day Mr. Chambers and some of his daughters were sitting on the side porch, over-looking the garden. Rosa was in the group, for it was she who told me about it. Her husband had gone to the village, and they are surprised when they hear his step in the front part of the house. There is a heaviness in his tread, a strange quality in his silence as he stands in the doorway and looks at them, so that their hearts contract, and they, too, are silent, with their questioning eyes on his face.

"General Lee has surrendered," he said.

Edward, give me credit—for once in my young life I condescended to take a fleeting interest in the past. "And what did you all say?" I asked my grandmother. I really wanted to know.

"Nothing at all," she answered. "Nobody said a word."

Most men feel, at seventy, or at least others feel for them, that their work is done; but when he was seventy years old Grandpa Chambers became Judge of the Circuit Court, "and that this position was worthily and ably filled, the small number of appeals from his decisions testify."¹⁶ But the Circuit Court was just what its name implied, it involved considerable travel and lengthy absences from home, so after serving from September, 1865, to March, 1869, he

¹⁶ *The Roanoke Valley*, Boydton, Va., March 30, 1872.

retired to resume the practice of law in partnership with his son-in-law. An old newspaper, dated the year of his death, carried the business notice of the firm, which by now includes a third partner since Judge Chambers is no longer active in its affairs. Too feeble?—No, indeed—it is just that at seventy-five he has run for Commonwealth's Attorney, and been elected.

E. R. CHAMBERS T. F. GOODE WM. BASKERVILLE, JR.

CHAMBERS, GOODE & BASKERVILLE
Boydton, Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

Practise in the Courts of Mecklenburg, Lunenburg,
Charlotte and Brunswick Counties, and in the United
States Courts at Richmond.

When Edward Chambers, Senior, died, his family Bible went with his son to Mecklenburg. Edward Chambers, Junior, had a big family Bible of his own—it is a good custom, and pity it is that it has died out; a buried certificate at the Clerk's Office is not the same thing—but his death is recorded in his father's Bible, too, both entries evidently made at the same time, in Pink's handwriting. She is the senior member of the family now, and it falls to her to keep the record straight.

E. R. Chambers died March 20 1872 (after an illness of four months) in the 77 year of his age.

To the last day of his life, the heart of Edward Chambers, Senior, had ached over his son. To the last day of his life the heart of Edward Chambers, Junior, was to ache too, with an ache never to be eased in this world, over his own son, who grew up to teach that exponent of justice, Judge Edward R. Chambers, some things about a father's heart that it was well for him to know. For Lucy's last baby, her dear little Henry, as she called him, (though he was commonly known by his other name of Harvey) was a wilful boy as his brother Jack had been, but more ungoverned and ungovernable than Jack ever was, who became "a dangerous man in personal difficulties, which he sought rather than declined."¹⁷ One of these personal difficulties ended in his challenging to a duel an older man, of a prominent county family. The meeting took place, and his opponent was so seriously wounded that the alarmed Harvey fled the country without waiting for the outcome. Duelling was against

¹⁷ *Virginia Cousins*.

the law, and he knew that if he had killed a man in a duel he would be tried for murder; and he must have felt—belatedly—that there was little to be said in extenuation. He went to Baltimore, and from there to South America. Brown Goode says kindly that “his health failed early, and he went to sea to recover it,” but the way I am telling it is the way it was. Harvey, like all those attractive Chambers scamps, was dearly loved by his family. I never saw Aunt Mollie cry but once in all the years I knew her, and that was when, as an old woman, she spoke to me briefly and with difficulty about Harvey’s leaving home, and the heartache of his sisters. None of the others ever mentioned him to me, except my father, who spoke of him occasionally. He remembered him as “Little Uncle.” The children had been taught to call him that because when they were small he was just a boy.

Perhaps Harvey received a letter in South America, telling him of his father’s death. In any event, about that time he started home; and a little later, Pink makes another entry in the big Bible:

Henry Harvey Chambers was born Tuesday 29 December, 1846, and died of typhoid fever at sea on the 2nd day of May 1872—the youngest child and last surviving son of E. R. Chambers. How sad!

He was buried at sea. “A very gifted man,” says Brown Goode.

Some parts of this chapter have been hard to write; but when we think of all the needless heartache Edward R. Chambers brought to those who loved him, let us remember that he knew heartache too. Let us remember that he is the same man for whom four devoted daughters named their sons; the same man of whom it was written after his death by one who knew him intimately: “His heart was full to overflowing with the warmest sympathy for human suffering, and his hand ever ready to minister to the wants of the destitute and of the distressed. While frankly acknowledging his own infirmities, he was yet possessed of the broadest charity for those of others, and rarely permitted himself to impugn or judge harshly of their motives.” And another wrote: “It may be safely said that no man ever lived in our county who did more in a quiet, unassuming way, to relieve the suffering and aid the oppressed, than he; and that no one ever died who will be more missed and lamented.”

THE ELEVENTH GRAVE

M. E. CHAMBERS

wife of

DR. THOMAS HARVEY LAIRD

Born Nov 11, 1830

Died Sept 7 1878

“Forever with the Lord.”

MARTHA EPPES CHAMBERS, who never was called that in all her life, was born one fall Sunday in Mecklenburg County, Virginia. Though her father afterwards represented Mecklenburg in the State Convention of 1849-50 and in the Secession Convention, and the family were identified with it for more than a hundred years, Martha was the first one born there. She was a lovely baby, “pretty as a pink,” said Aunt Effy, who nursed Lucy’s babies. “Honey, you’s pretty as a pink, you ought to be named Pink,” crooned Aunt Effy. So Martha Eppes remained sedately in the family Bible, and Pink Chambers became a member of the family circle. There were a number of children named for her in after years, both white and colored. None of them were named Martha, they were all named Pink.

For approximately fourteen years Pink was one of the growing family in the house on the Chase City road which they seemed to remember afterwards, when they remembered it at all, with so little affection. What provision was made for their education I don’t know, but with so many of school age I suppose some arrangement was made for getting them into town and getting them back home, every day. These drives must have been quite an event in the lives of the children, packed in whatever vehicle was used like a new species of animated and noisy sardines, with the horses “holding back” during the descent to the branch and straining on the ascent

to the village, every morning, and *vice versa* every afternoon. It is strange I never heard a reference to them in later years—though after all, only the two smallest, Jinny and Molly, were left when I came along. At the time of the move to town they appear to have been under the doubtful tutelage of a Miss Jones, a blessing who shone only as she took her flight, and even then she is not mentioned as a blessing, but as a frying-pan from which they jumped into the fire. Lucy waxes quite eloquent on the subject of the fire:

“Next comes our school, and it is a school shure enough,” she comments. “I do not believe that Mr D—— ever taught anything but an old field spelling and reading school before, he has kept Virginia saying only one philosophy lesson in the morning, and cyphering the rest of the day. I with difficulty prevailed on Mr C to get him to put her in something else he insisting that I ought to tell him myself so accordingly I wrote to him yesterday to let Juliet and Mary spell and write every day in addition to their Grammar and to put Virginia in Chemistry and Rhetoric he told her that every lady should study rhetoric and that he would give her a lesson once a week he makes them write compositions in school every Friday morning.”

I do not know what became of the Boydton Female Academy. This was housed in a large frame dwelling on the edge of town, the central part of which was the home of Sheriff Walter Beales in my day, having been shorn of its two wings, one of which had become a dwelling at right angles to the parent building and across the road from it; and it seems to me the other became the Baptist Church, though that I would not swear to. The three together made a building of some pretensions, and there were a number of Professors; so Boydton had a good deal to offer young ladies, both resident and day pupils, who were seeking an education. But for some reason the Academy disintegrated and ceased to function. Perhaps it was unable to survive an outburst of malicious slander which in 1828 assumed such proportions that a group of the most substantial and influential citizens appointed themselves a committee to look into the matter and make a report on their findings. The Academy was upheld, and the rumors condemned in the most positive and vigorous way; but once a situation gets out of hand, the damage may be irreparable.

We may laugh over thirteen-year-old Jinny's curriculum; but little Boydton believed in education, and little Boydton was doing all right. Without waterway or railroad, without large natural resources or any commercial advantage, it had had its Academy, and

it was breaking ground for its College, it was proud of both, and stood by them to the extent of its limited resources.

There is very little mention of Pink in her mother's earlier letters to Dear Mat. For one thing, she is a school-girl, of whom there is little to report, and for another, this was the time when Henrie and Bettie were having their brief day, and Lucy was taken up with their wardrobes, their social life, and their beaux, in all of which she took the liveliest interest. Pink's husband-to-be, Dr. Harvey Laird, is mentioned once as being perhaps sentimentally inclined toward Bettie, but this reference does not occur again, and was evidently a passing slip of Lucy's impulsive pen. It is repeatedly remarked that the Doctor thinks very small of matrimony, at least for himself, though he does send Mat word by little Juliet that he is courting Rosa, age four; and the sincerity of his attitude is borne out by the fact that his name is never but that one time coupled with that of a girl in any of Lucy's gossipy letters, and that when he finally did marry he was almost forty; more nearly a contemporary of the bride's parents than of the bride. There is a suggestion of loneliness in this lack of close ties, in one so kind and friendly.

I don't know just how long Dr. Laird had been living in Boydton when Lucy's letters began in 1845, but evidently for some time, since he was familiarly known to Dr. Sterling Tucker and Mattie before their departure for Mississippi. His family lived in the mountainous section of Virginia, at the Rock Ridge Alum Springs, and very likely it was through Sterling that he happened to come to Mecklenburg, since they received their medical training at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia about the same time, and must have known each other there. Lucy, in referring to his possible interest in Bettie, inquired casually, "what does brother S think of him as a match?" as if Brother S knew more about him than she did. Besides practising his profession, he established the drugstore in Boydton—not *a* drugstore, but *the* drugstore. It must have filled a long-felt want, and this business opportunity may have been one of the inducements which brought him to Boydton. What brought him into his familiar contact with the Chambers family might be a puzzle with which to occupy the leisure of anyone unfamiliar with one small detail of the Chambers home. He did not have a room in that home, there is a definite allusion to the fact that he has a room somewhere else; he does not take his meals there, he gets those at the tavern; and yet he is constantly about the place, his presence

taken for granted almost as if he were one of the family. I should say that the solution to the mystery lies in the one-room building in the Chambers yard, immediately to the right of the main dwelling—one of those buildings so common in the south at that time, for use as an office or schoolhouse. Actually this one became, years afterwards, a schoolhouse for Rosa's children; but it filled no such purpose at that time, and we may assume that Dr. Laird rented it as an office. The Chamberses may have acquired him with the house, as they did the old mirrors.

My grandfather, Colonel Goode, who was a reserved man, not given to compliments, said in his old age that during his long life he had known three great women; and this was no idle speech, but his considered opinion of them as seen through the perspective of the years, stripped of the detail and distraction of daily living. None of these women, of whom Pink was one, was conspicuous in any public way, or left any notable achievement to be chronicled; but his evaluation recognized the fact that greatness is a quality of personality rather than of events.

No one can capture personality in words, but whatever it was, Pink had it. You may remark that if she did I wouldn't know it, since she died before I was born, but I will say triumphantly, "That's the proof!"—for fifty years after her death Pink was still a living reality to those who survived her. Many an argument in many a discussion was settled with a sentence beginning, "Pink always said . . ." and what Pink said, was right. I never heard any question about that. She was considered a beautiful woman, but it was not the memory of her beauty which survived the years, and it was not her beauty which made her discarded suitors her faithful friends, and kept them so. She did not feel herself superior to others, she only felt drawn to what was superior, in people and in things. The inferior did not attract her. She believed in the little niceties of life, and thought them worth their price. The old four-poster mahogany bed that was hers—one of the beds from Flat Rock—was bare in my day, but when it was Pink's it had a full skirt and ruffled canopy of rosebud dimity, and they were kept immaculate. When she felt, at seventeen, that the big parlor was inadequately furnished, she offered to give up a contemplated trip to Washington if her father would put the money into sofas for the parlor instead, and she got them. When she paid calls, she paid them with formal elegance,

and carried a card-case of mother-of-pearl or carved sandalwood, both of which are still in the family.

Our first word-picture of her we get by inference, in a long letter written to her by Bettie. "How much obliged to you I am for the little socks, they are precious little things," wrote Bettie. One did not buy little socks then, one knitted them, so here we have our sixteen-year-old, with her full skirt neatly arranged about her, her muslin *fichu* crisp, and every chestnut curl in place, (for she was like that), bending over the fine wool which her careful needles were transforming into a message of love for Bettie and Bettie's baby. I expect she made a pair, too, for the "cross little brother" whose arrival was chronicled in her next letter, and with this there comes another picture of her acting as her mother's deputy while Lucy is convalescent, standing by the big bed in the chamber reading aloud what she has written, shifting a pillow, fetching a pencil, so that her mother may add a postscript—the responsible daughter of the house. She was that until she became, in time, its responsible head.

Cross little brother was still very new when Lucy, writing by candlelight in her room because Mark Alexander and Cogbill are in the dining room and fearing that she will soon have to put on spectacles because she cannot see very well, reports a party given by Mr. Rainey for Sandy Boyd and lady, bride and groom, which both she and Pink attended; and not three weeks later there is another party at the lower tavern: "the Boydton young men gave it in compliment to the Clarksville ladies and not one of them came over to it, it was called an oyster supper to get the Methodist girls to attend but in fact it was a large dancing party . . . Mrs. Blank was there fine as a fiddle in a pink satin dress and Blank staggering about hardly able to articulate a word to be understood but made out to tell me I had the prettiest daughter in the room."

Pink's young heart must at that time have been one with the swelling buds and the returning birds. Her heart—the world—the universe—on tiptoe, waiting. But the poised moment sped, the party dresses, with all that they implied, were put away for a time, and down in Mississippi the precious little socks were put away too, for it turned out that Bettie's baby was not going to need them after all.

However, she went, toward the summer's end, to attend the camp meeting at Nottoway. A camp meeting was one of the social events of the period, and Pink, and a girl named Clara who went

with her, "were much pleased with their trip, and *Clara says* Pink was the belle of the place," reports Pink's mother to Mat. No doubt Lucy felt that it was well for the child to have a respite from the atmosphere of sorrow in which she had moved for months, for she spent some time in Nottoway after the camp meeting was over, and perhaps visited her grandmother Chambers' people in Dinwiddie, since Lucy mentioned that she was much pleased with the attention paid her by ladies and gentlemen of both counties.

There were three families by the name of Cousins in Dinwiddie at about the time Martha Cousins married Thomas Chambers, and from the number of slaves held by them, as listed in old records, they were people of substantial means; but beyond that I know very little about them. Intercourse between them and the Chamberses would appear to have been desultory from the start, and to have soon died out.

By now Pink had presumably discarded the student named Campbell who had been mentioned as courting her, and she had another suitor—an extremely devoted, and as it turned out, an extremely persistent suitor, whose name is not important. He was much too faithful, much too abject, much too jealous, until the kind, conscientious girl reacted like any normal girl and repaid his attentions with exasperation and even rudeness. Lucy bribes her with ear-rings not to show her dislike of him, and reports that he has gone off very angry because he asked Pink to go horseback riding with him and she refused, and then as soon as he left Jim Daly came and asked her to ride, and she went. "He idolizes her, and she treats him so coldly," remarks Lucy plaintively. Her attitude toward her daughters' suitors is remarkable. She never expresses herself as opposed to any one of them, or in favor of another, she seems to regard it as entirely their matter, young and inexperienced as they are. I suppose one reason for her composure was that the young men who frequented her home, the actual or potential suitors, belonged to an educated and socially acceptable class, and that the personality variations meant, after all, more to a wife than to a mother-in-law. But it was very broad-minded in Lucy to see it that way.

One man mentioned in a letter of Lucy's about this time was not mentioned as a beau of Pink's, and I have no idea that he ever considered himself one, but he was to develop a sort of adoration of her, a deep and lasting attachment, with no expectation of any-

thing in return but the affectionate regard of a friend. J. W. Mackesy—Lucy spelled it Macacy, but far be it from me to quote Lucy as an authority on spelling. He was considerably older than Pink, an Irishman who was in business in “the village,” as Lucy called it; a loyal friend of the family’s over a long period of years, but he had a failing with which other Irishmen, and some not so Irish, could sympathize: he seemed to go to pieces under pressure, and sought refuge in oblivion when the going got too tough. Pink understood it for what it was—the pathetic weakness of one who could stand just so much; and on the day she died she motioned for one of those standing near to bend down, and whispered compassionately, “Is Mackesy drunk?” She knew he would not be able to face her passing.

The hospitable house was full of young company, there were gentlemen in the parlor and gentlemen in the dining room and gentlemen overflowed into Lucy’s letters; and Ann Daly was there for long visits, not having died of tuberculosis in spite of Bettie’s dire predictions.

The Christmas after Pink was seventeen “she received two Christmas presents from gentlemen: a ring from each, one with a red, the other with a white set I will tell you something about one of them in my next,” writes Lucy. “He is a very intelligent gentleman just entering into the practice of law.”

Pink had got herself a real beau, now; one of the ablest, handsomest young men ever seen in Boydton. He had the traditions of a fine old family behind him, he had an outstanding future ahead of him, though of course that remained to be seen; and he was very much in love with Pink Chambers. She liked him, too, for it was very shortly afterwards that Lucy wrote Mat to return Pink’s miniature, “for she wants her *sweetheart* to carry it to show his relations who live a long way from here . . . I am sure from Duncan’s letter that Jack has told you all about the ring &c &c but there is no prospect of her marriage for she often says she does not know a man in the world that she would marry.”

I doubt if the sweetheart ever took Pink’s miniature to show his relations, but I saw it many times in his home, after her death. All the girls were setting their caps for him, she must have been flattered that he chose her, and she liked him very much; but when it came right down to marrying him, her heart was preoccupied with its own secret and she told him that he must wait for Rosa, who at

that time was eight years old. As I mentioned before, whatever Pink said was right; so he waited for Rosa, and ten years later he married her.

There was a James Branch who courted Pink, and an Alex Donnan who "they say is *caught*," remarks Lucy naively; and a Mr. Whittle who was so attentive that it was generally believed they would be married, though Lucy tells Mat quite frankly that he has no intention of courting Pink and she knows it, and that she would not marry him if he did. All these come and go, and George Worsham, Stone and Edgerton add themselves to the picture, in the crowded year when Pink was seventeen. Lucy was pleased over her popularity, but she was not gay and amused over Pink's beaux as when she used to write of Henrie's admirer who "tells Mrs. Green if Henrie does not have him it will kill him I think he will have to die then," and of Bettie's rattle-brained romances—Bettie, who so obviously was the apple of her mother's eye. The wind may be tempered to your shorn heart, but you feel it just the same. God help me when I see a paratrooper's boots go down the street. God, I trust, helped Lucy when the old square piano in the parlor took her unawares with a snatch of one of Henrie's songs, or young laughter from the moonlit porch assumed the quality of an echo.

Dr. Harvey Laird was very much in the background that year. He was not young like most of the gentlemen who frequented the place—it is likely that Lucy was not the only one to be sometimes stabbed by their carefree mirth; he was not fatuous like B. J. and never thought of assuming that what he wanted he must have; he was not handsome like the intelligent young lawyer who wanted to take Pink's miniature to show his kin—he was not handsome at all. His hair, worn long, and his Horace Greeley beard were auburn, and rather coarse, his forehead was too high for good looks; but his blue eyes had the keenest, most penetrating look—you would think twice before you told that man anything that wasn't so; and he had the most sensitive mouth, betraying all his capacity for sympathy, and for pain. He looked at Pink's lovely miniature before it ever went to Mattie's, and knew that she wanted it back, and why; he looked at the rings, with their red set and white set, and knew that one was significant, and one unimportant; he listened while the teased, blushing girl declared she did not know a man in the world she would marry . . . and then he would make the children laugh with some little joke, and go away and shut himself, and that sensi-

tive mouth, into the office. If it was night, he had to pass under the lighted parlor windows to reach it. He knew who was there, and when they left, though he was not about the house as much as he had been. Lucy mentions him hardly at all, that year. Besides riding horseback with gentlemen (B. J. excepted), Pink would ride about the village by herself on Sterling's pony—she must have been small and light, like Jinny, indeed Bettie refers to once as being probably, on some special occasion, "the happiest little creature in the world." The pony was spirited, and Lucy writes that "Dr. Laird says he saw from the way he did with Pink the other day that he will throw her one of these times." She was his dear love, she was the darling of his heart, but that anxious protest is the only time his name is mentioned in connection with hers, while Campbell and B. J., James Branch and Donnan and Whittle and George Worsham and Thomas F. Goode and the rest came and went, and everyone speculated which of them she would marry. He must have been close to her for a little while, in the summer, when Sterling went; but it was the Family Friend who stood by then in a time of stress. No doubt he was careful that it should be.

One fall day he saw Pink in the garden, and joined her there because he had something special to say to her. Nothing romantic, he just wanted to tell her that he was going away, that for reasons of his own he intended to leave Boydton and establish himself elsewhere. And all at once the girl who did not know a man in the world that she would marry was sobbing in his arms, telling him that she never had loved anybody but him, and never would, and begging him not to leave her.

On January 17, 1849, they were married in the parlor, between the two old mirrors, with a large party of young people to celebrate; and Grandpa Chambers writes Mattie that the next evening a party was given to the bridal couple at the Raineys' tavern, which was attended by most of the fashionables of the county. "But"—this was four days later—"the feast and the revelry have passed away, and the Dr. and his bride are sitting with Miss Lucy in the Chamber as grave and apparently as happy as it is permitted for poor mortals to be in this changing world of ours."

They had ten happy years together. As far as their love for each other went, they were cloudlessly, utterly happy, the circumstances which kept them from being wholly so were circumstances which affected them through others. The fact that no children came did

not distress Pink, her husband was enough; but she did have one great disappointment—they wanted a home of their own, and went so far as to buy the house at the foot of the garden, just across the road. It was the same house you knew as “Parpar’s house,” when you used to go there in the summer when you were a little boy. Four rooms had been added at the front, when you knew it, two upstairs and two down, and the porch with its great columns; but the rest of the house was like it was when Dr. Laird and Pink bought it.

Years afterwards a younger member of the family who was reluctant to follow her counsel in some matter, said impulsively, “It’s easy for you to say that, because you’ve always had your way about everything.” I can’t imagine anybody speaking that way to Pink, but an immature member of the family who should have known better, did. I suppose young people then were very much like young people now. It must have hurt Pink so much, and she must have been appealing for his understanding when she answered slowly, “Since you have said that, I am going to tell you something that I never expected to say; and that is, that I have never known what it was to have my own way.”

I do not think she meant to accuse anyone of preventing it, it was a matter of self-discipline, of doing what was required of her, not by people, but by life; and I have always felt that when she said that, she was thinking of the home she and her husband planned, but never had. Jinny’s marriage had taken her to another part of the state, Molly and Rosa were children, and Lucy’s failing health, followed by her death, made it expedient, you might say necessary, for Pink to remain in her father’s home. They all adored her, but they leaned heavily on those young shoulders.

The nineteen years of Pink’s widowhood were quiet years, she was what the Bible calls “a widow indeed,” she had no thought of any other romance, though she was still a young and beautiful woman when her husband died. She was her father’s right hand, during most of those years, the staff on which he leaned as he journeyed toward the sunset; and she was watchful not only of his physical comfort, but tried to make him happy in the little ways a woman knows, and saw to it that he was the honored head of his household. One of the things remembered of her by the children of the family was, that Judge Chambers was particularly fond of some ginger-cakes made by an old colored woman who used to sell

them on Court Days, and Pink got the recipe and would make them for him, she would keep a supply in one of the drawers of his desk where he could always find them, either for himself or for a little treat to the grandchildren. They forgot nearly everything else about their grandfather, but they never forgot the ginger-cakes. Another thing she made a custom, was that on her father's birthdays she would give beautiful dinners for him, attended by the able men who were his friends, and before leaving the table they would ceremoniously drink his health.

It is a pity that the many quiet pleasures and small jokes which brighten everyday living are rarely recorded or remembered, but one bit of mirth has been handed down from those uneventful years. Pink had occasion to send a servant named Joshua to the college on some errand, and a neighbor who heard that he was going, sent to know if he could return a wheelbarrow she had borrowed from one of the faculty.

"Oh, *yes!*" exclaimed Pink in an excess of cordiality, "it will be the very thing for Joshua to roll!"

The family delighted in the implication that Joshua could not make the trip without rolling *something*; and to this day Mabel and Gena and I say to each other of some idle undertaking, "it is something for Joshua to roll."

Pink was an old man's companion, she was a mother to the children, and she was Jinny's intimate and best comforter, in their common widowhood. Being next to each other in age, so that there had been a certain amount of sharing from their earliest recollection, having married brothers, and having lost them so nearly together, it was natural that those two were linked in a very close association. They roomed together, after both were left alone, and there used to be in the Chambers home two beautiful silk quilts, small and light like afghans, made of tiny diamond-shaped scraps of silk exquisitely sewed together by the two sisters in the earlier days of their widowhood. It gave them something to occupy their hands, and by distracting their thoughts even a little, helped that much. Jinny showed them to me once—I don't know what became of them afterwards—and she told me that sometimes she or Pink, getting up in the morning, would go over to the work-basket even before dressing and pick up her quilt and start sewing on it, overwhelmed by the return of memory after sleep; trying in that small, pitiful way to ease the pain until it should be bearable. They were

spiritual women, deeply religious; they must have talked often of immortality, of the promises yet to be fulfilled, of their own personal conceptions and beliefs of the life to come.

Long before Pink's death it became apparent that she, like Jinny's husband, was a victim of tuberculosis, and that the end was inevitable. So much was inevitable then which need not be so now.

Colonel Goode had bought Buffalo Springs, and he and his family were spending half the year and more there, putting into execution his plans for it. Rosa told me afterwards that she did not want to go to Buffalo at all that last summer, but that Pink insisted she should do so, telling her that it was her duty to be with her husband. Duty was perhaps the most important word in Pink's vocabulary. Juliet had died in Baltimore two summers before, at the age of forty-one. Her death must have drawn the remaining sisters closer to each other, and made it even harder for Rosa not to be constantly with Pink as the numbered days followed each other. Buffalo was only twenty miles away, but the trip had to be made by carriage over poor roads, and there were two rivers to be crossed by ferry—a time-consuming operation. Colonel Goode and Rosa got over to see her only once a week; but once a week, all that long summer, they came and went, watching the shadow deepen. The end must have come very gradually, for they watched it come, and knew when it was at hand. Pink knew, too—she was conscious, and her mind was clear, to the last second.

Because they were close to each other and had been through so much together, because they believed "in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," she and Jinny were not afraid to face the fact that the time had come for one of them to go on to whatever came next; and Jinny asked her if it should be possible at the very last, to say some word, to make some sign from the other shore as she crossed over. And she did. With her last breath, she called faintly, as from a distance,

"Jinny! It's all right!"



"PINK"
MARTHA EPPES CHAMBERS

From a miniature by Dodge, made
when she was seventeen.

DESCENDANTS OF EDWARD R. AND
LUCY TUCKER CHAMBERS

CHILDREN:

"Henryetta Lucy Chambers" was born January 18, 1826. Died August 27, 1845. Unmarried.

Edward St. John Chambers was born January 8, 1828. Died in Mississippi in 1859. Married Margaret Waddell of North Carolina. No children.

Elizabeth Goode Chambers was born February 26, 1829. Died in Mississippi March 18, 1847. Married Duncan Campbell Hubbard. A son, Edward Chambers Hubbard, died in infancy.

Martha Eppes Chambers was born November 21, 1830. Died September 7, 1878. Married Dr. Thomas Harvey Laird. No children.

Sarah Virginia Chambers was born May 4, 1832. Died December 5, 1919. Married Dr. Alexander Thompson Laird. Children: Edward Chambers Laird; Thomas Harvey Laird; St. John Chambers Laird.

Mary Lavinia Chambers was born March 13, 1834. Died May 9, 1834.

Juliet Tucker Chambers was born April 29, 1835. Died in Baltimore July 2, 1876. Married Leroy M. Wilson. Children: Lucy Tucker Wilson; Harvey Laird Wilson; Edward Chambers Wilson; Eliza Lee (Lily) Wilson; Leroy Marion Wilson, Jr.

Mary Ann Chambers was born April 24, 1837. Died November 30, 1916. Unmarried.

Sterling Tucker Chambers was born October 8, 1839. Died July 28, 1848.

Rosa Cowles Chambers was born February 6, 1842. Died January 20, 1921. Married Thomas Francis Goode. Children: Edward Chambers Goode; Kate Tucker Goode; Marion Knox Goode; Thomas F. Goode, Jr.; St. John Chambers Goode.

Louisa Millicent Chambers was born September 12, 1844. Died September 20, 1844.

Henry Harvey Chambers was born December 24, 1846. Died at Sea May 2, 1872. Unmarried.

GRANDCHILDREN:

Edward Chambers Goode was born March 1, 1862. Died June 25, 1933. Married (1) Maria Belle Morton of Clarksville, Va. Children: Rose Chambers Goode; Mabel Laird Goode, Marguerite Keen

Goode; Benjamin Douglas Goode; Virginia Morton Goode; Gordon Murray Goode; (2) Mrs. Alice M. Finch.

Kate Tucker Goode was born November 22, 1863. Died November 19, 1917. Unmarried.

Marion Knox Goode was born May 24, 1865. Died September 30, 1954. Married Philip J. Briscoe of Knoxville, Tenn. Children: Thomas Goode Briscoe; Charlotte James Briscoe; Rose Chambers Briscoe; Marion Knox Briscoe.

Thomas Francis Goode, Jr. was born May 27, 1869. Died in January, 1941. Unmarried.

St. John Chambers Goode was born July 27, 1879. Married Lucille Randolph Pleasants. Children: Virginia Chambers Goode; William Sterling Goode; Mary Louise Goode; Katherine Randolph Goode; John Chambers Goode.

Edward Chambers Hubbard was born in Mississippi January 26, 1847. Died in April, 1847.

Edward Chambers Laird was born October 9, 1854. Died August 21, 1938. Married Cora Holt, daughter of Governor Thomas Holt of North Carolina. Children: Thomas Holt Laird; Charles Chambers Laird.

Thomas Harvey Laird was born in Mississippi July 27, 1856. Died "in infancy."

St. John Chambers Laird was born in Mississippi November 7, 1858. Died in Boydton, Va., December 1, 1859.

Lucy Tucker Wilson was born March 3, 1857. Died in New York City January 24, 1915. Married Richard B. Sperry. Children: Leroy Wilson Sperry; Joseph Alston Sperry; Edward Chambers Sperry; Richard Evans Sperry.

Harvey Laird Wilson was born October 14, 1858. Died May 6, 1917. Married (1) Ella Josephine Broumel; a daughter, Louise Broumel; (2) Mary Shield.

Edward Chambers Wilson was born February 1, 1860. Married Anna Keene Carson. Children: Juliet Chambers Wilson; Leroy Carson Wilson.

Eliza Lee (Lily) Wilson was born October 29, 1862. Died in Baltimore 1935. Married Joseph Evans Sperry. No children.

Leroy Marion Wilson, Jr. was born on January 18, 1871. Died in Dallas, Texas, December 20, 1910. Married Virginia Allen. No children.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN:

Thomas Goode Briscoe was born 1886. Died June 28, 1887.

Charlotte James Briscoe, married Charles W. Bateson of New York. Children: Philip Briscoe Bateson; Charles Edward Bateson.

Rose Chambers Briscoe, married Hannon Schoolfield of Danville, Va. Children: Marion Goode Schoolfield; Lucille Schoolfield.

Marion Knox Briscoe, married William Shaw of Boston, Mass. A daughter, Sylvia Shaw.

Rose Chambers Goode, married Charles S. McCullough of Darlington, S. C. A son, Edward Goode McCullough.

Mabel Laird Goode, married Judge John H. Frantz of Knoxville, Tenn. No children.

Marguerite Keen Goode. Died in Greensboro, N. C. on July 10, 1930. Married Thomas Holt Laird. Children: Louise Holt Laird; Mary Chambers Laird; Chambers Goode Laird.

Benjamin Douglas Goode. Died May 18, 1928. Married (1) Maude Butterworth; (2) Louise McKay. Children: Louise Elizabeth Goode; Belle Morton Goode; Douglas Morton Goode; Rose Chambers Goode.

Virginia Morton Goode, married Dr. H. Frank Starr of Greensboro. Children: Elizabeth (Betty) Starr; H. Frank Starr, Jr.

Gordon Murray Goode was born June 28, 1893. Served with Battery F of the 74th Artillery in World War I. Unmarried.

Virginia Chambers Goode.

William Sterling Goode, married Susan Wiles Fitzhugh.

Mary Louise Goode, married Alan Gray Hutcheson. A son, Alan Gray Hutcheson, Jr.

Katherine Randolph Goode.

John Chambers ("Jimmy") Goode, married Aurelia Virginia Wyland.

Thomas Holt Laird, married Marguerite Keen Goode. Children: Louise Holt Laird; Mary Chambers Laird; Chambers Goode Laird.

Charles Chambers Laird was born August 31, 1890. Died in Santos, Brazil, November 15, 1914. Unmarried.

Leroy Wilson Sperry, married Mary Baylor.

Joseph Alston Sperry, died young.

Edward Chambers Sperry was born June 1, 1883. Died after 1918. Married Eleanor Oerzen, and had a daughter, Lucy Wilson Sperry.

Richard Evans Sperry.

Juliet Chambers Wilson, married Guy H. Reese of Baltimore, Md.
Children: Wilson Reese; Anne Elizabeth Reese.

Leroy Carson Wilson, married Dorothy Buckman. Children: Leroy
Buckman Reese; possibly others.

Louise Broumel Wilson, married Reese Cassard.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN:

Philip Briscoe Bateson, married Houston Tissier Trippe of Texas.
Charles Edward Bateson was born January 14, 1916. He was reported
missing, with his plane, while on active duty with the U. S. Airforce
in the Pacific in 1942. When last seen he was headed out to sea in
pursuit of a Japanese plane. On the cockpit of his plane he had
lettered: "Lone wandering, but not lost."¹

Louise Elizabeth Goode, married Robert Sterrett, of Virginia. Chil-
dren: Robert McChesney, Jr.; David Gordon Sterrett.

Belle Morton Goode, married Hampton Gray, Jr., of West Virginia.
Children: Lynne McKay Gray; William Stuart Gray.

Douglas Morton Goode, married Edward Lowell Dodge of Arling-
ton, Mass. Children: Randolph Lowell Dodge; Debra McKay
Dodge; Stephen Goode Dodge.

Rose Chambers Goode, married Boyd Dennison of Virginia. Chil-
dren: Marion Scott Dennison; Douglas Goode Dennison; John
Emory Dennison.

Gray Hutcheson, Jr.

Louise Holt Laird.

Mary Chambers Laird, married Lieutenant Colonel Melvin William
Kernkamp of Minnesota. Children: Thomas Laird Kernkamp; Laura
Marguerite Kernkamp; Mary Carolyn Kernkamp.

Chambers Goode Laird, married Marie Louise Couterier of Mebane,
N. C. A son, Thomas Holt Laird II.

Edward Goode McCullough was born November 6, 1923. Died
August 21, 1953.

Sylvia Shaw, married Jerry Martone. A daughter, Geraldine Mar-
tone.

Marion Goode Schoolfield.

Lucille Schoolfield, married Harley Brown Weatherley of Ten-
nessee. A son, Harley Brown Weatherley, Jr.

¹ William Cullen Bryant: *To A Waterfowl*.

Wilson Reese.

Anne Elizabeth Reese.

Lucy Wilson Sperry.

Elizabeth (Betty) Starr, married James Jackson of Rock Hill, S. C.

Dr. H. Frank Starr, Jr., married Ellen Ross Izlar of Winston-Salem, N. C. Children: Virginia Ellen (Ginny) Starr; Elizabeth Ross (Betty) Starr; Frances Camille Starr.

Leroy Buckman.

GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN:

Marion Scott Dennison.

Douglas Goode Dennison

John Emory Dennison

Randolph Lowell Dodge

Debra McKay Dodge

Stephen Goode Dodge

Lynne McKay Gray

William Stuart Gray

Thomas Laird Kernkamp

Laura Marguerite Kernkamp

Mary Carolyn Kernkamp

Thomas Holt Laird

Geraldine Martone

Robert McChesney Sterrett

David Gordon Sterrett

Virginia Ellen Starr

Elizabeth Ross Starr

Frances Camille Starr

Harley Brown Weatherly, Jr.

THE TWELFTH GRAVE

MARIA BELLE MORTON

wife of

E. CHAMBERS GOODE

Entered into eternal rest

Jan. 22nd 1901

in the 39th year of her age.

North side. "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

West side: "She hath entered in through the gates into the city."

South side: "She hath seen her Pilot face to face."

I MUST HAVE heard an occasional reference, in my childhood, to "the Charlotte Goodes," for I realized that there were Charlotte Goodes, as distinguished from Mecklenburg Goodes; and a very inferior lot I felt they must be, since we of course were the important Goodes and any difference must be to their discredit. I realize now that the heaven-approved Mecklenburg Goodes of whom I thought so highly mentioned the Charlotte Goodes as a separate branch of the family for the simple reason that they were a separate branch, their nearest common ancestor being John Goode of whitby, and their social and community life having different centers. Probably the Charlotte Goodes would be pariahs in my estimation to this day, however, if one of them hadn't turned out to be my great-grandmother. Of course she was my great-grandmother all the time, but I did not identify her, while I was a child, as a Goode, or as a person, she was simply a picture hanging in the dining room which attracted my attention by portraying a face so perfectly oval that it reminded me of the large platter in

which mother sometimes poured chocolate candy to cool and harden. It was a pleasant association, but not illuminating, and it was a long time before I took enough interest in her to find out that the Charlotte Goodes were real people in every sense of the word.

Well, my dear, have you forgotten about John Goode of Whitby, who is now so far behind us in the past as we followed the story of his descendants through his son John?—and have you forgotten that I told you we are descended from him through two other sons besides John? And now the time has come to pay attention to the oldest son, Samuel.

Samuel was an immigrant, too. He was born in Barbados, and came to this country with his parents and his nurse when he was a baby; and it was his mother who was a Mackarness, that unique name in American geneology, which was to be kept alive by sons of hers long after she was gone. There is a Mackarness Goode living today, I believe—he was living a few years ago—(a son of Brown Goode's) who is an authority on economics, and some of his books are, or were, used as text-books by the Harvard School of Business Administration. Samuel Goode, son of John Goode of Whitby and Frances Mackarness Goode, was born in Barbados, came to Virginia as an infant, and died there in 1735. He married Martha Jones, the daughter of Samuel Jones of Henrico County, who in June, 1716, deeded one hundred acres of land to his daughter and son-in-law. The name Jones was not common in this country at that time. It is of Welsh derivation, and goes back to the time when surnames were first used in Wales, meaning simply "John's child," i. e. "John's."

The children of Samuel and Martha Jones Goode were:

Samuel
William
Philip
Mackarness
Edward
John
Frances
Martha
Margaret

Samuel lost his mother early, and there are some vague traditions of what was probably a childish resentment toward his step-mother, and a lack of understanding on her part, which did not

make for harmony between them. Such things are better forgotten, and I mention them only because a descendant, the Reverend—Goode of Indiana, reports that “finally her influence over the father, in old age, was so great that she induced him to leave all his (considerable) estate to her own children.”

I think the Reverend is a little off the track here. For one thing, John Goode the Immigrant out-lived his second wife, and made his will after her death, so that her influence could not have been very dominant in the division of his property. For another thing, it should be remembered that Samuel was a man approximately fifty years old at the time his father's will was made, definitely established on his own plantation; and we have it on less prejudiced authority that John Goode had deeded to Samuel before then all that part of his estate to which he was entitled. Samuel did not lack for land. Records show that besides at least a hundred acres from his father, and a hundred from his father-in-law, he conveyed to William Byrd on October 4, 1698—over ten years before his father's death—a hundred acres of land upon the river, a mile below Stoney Creek, which land was granted unto him by his father, John Goode, and also 428 acres of land lying high up Stoney Creek, a part of a patent for 888 acres of land dated April 29, 1694. In 1734, when his own will was written, he devised 1900 acres of land to his older children and gave to his wife and two minor daughters “the remainder” of his estate. Brown Goode writes: “It would appear . . . that it must have been this same Samuel who, in 1730, received an additional grant of 2200 acres in Henrico County. Another grant was made the same day (September 28), to Samuel Goode, probably the eldest son. There is no way of distinguishing father from son, but it is certain that before 1731 nearly four thousand acres of land in Henrico had been granted to one, two, or three persons named Samuel Goode.”

Besides land, Samuel had probably received other help from his father and all these things were no doubt considered in the final disposition of the estate. Moreover, the assumption that Robert, who inherited the home place, was Anne Bennett's son, is now accepted as erroneous.¹ Samuel was doing all right, step-mother or no step-mother; and I might add, Indians or no Indians, for they too were a factor to be reckoned with in the life of the boy from Barbados. His brother John was killed by Indians, and a descendant of

¹ *Virginia Cousins, Addenda*, pg. 468.

Samuel's reports to Brown Goode a blood-curdling episode of earlier trouble with them—giving, incidentally, an illuminating word-picture of Samuel. "Indians were numerous," he reports, "and frequently annoyed them. Samuel Goode, our progenitor, was fearless and decided, keeping them in awe, and when occasion required, driving them away from his house. Old Mr. Jones, his father-in-law, was timid and yielding, and this led them to trouble his family the more. At length, in the absence of all but a grown son and daughter, an attack was made by several Indians, which culminated in an hand-to-hand fight in the house, between young Jones and an Indian man, Jones was wounded and fainting with loss of blood. Still, he mastered the Indian, and seizing his long hair and winding it around a bedpost, he held him fast until his sister dispatched him. This done, he said 'I have done what I could for you,' and expired."²

Samuel was a Goode, all right—"fearless and decided, keeping them in awe, and when occasion required, driving them away from his house." It sounds mighty familiar to a woman well-versed in the ways of Goode men.

When he was well in the seventies, and of course very sicke and weak of body, Samuel made his will.³ With a handsome disregard of daily perils, nobody seemed to consider making a will until such was the case, and the old man's signature confirms it, being written by a hand whose gallant attempt at flourishes only betrayed its feebleness. But Samuel's mind was perfectly clear, thanks be to Almighty God for the same, as he parcelled out his lands among his sons Samuel, William, Philip, Mackarness, and John with exact justice, or at least with exact impartiality, which is not always the same thing—three hundred acres to each; three hundred acres to be sold to pay his debts; Winepeck Plantation to go to his daughter Frances; and the rest of the estate, and negroes, to go to his beloved wife and to Martha and Margaret, to be divided equally when they should come of age, or at the day of marriage. His son Edward is not mentioned in the will, perhaps because he had already received his share, for John mentions years later that land he is deeding to one of his sons adjoins the land of his brother Edward.

² This account, taken from *Virginia Cousins*, was written by a great-grandson of Samuel and Martha Goode, the Reverend Dr. ——— Goode, and was related to him by his mother, their grandson's wife.

³ Henrico County Miscellaneous Records, 1650-1807.

This will was made on the tenth of December, 1734, and offered for probate early the following April.

Mackarness Goode, the son in whom we are particularly interested, was the first one mentioned in the will, being left "the uppermost part of my land at Middle Creek, containing three hundred acres." But Mackarness was either restless by nature, or became so under the pressure of circumstances, and on June 25, 1747, twelve years after his father's death, he took up 1030 acres of land in Brunswick County. This land was evidently situated in that part of Brunswick from which Lunenburg was carved, for we find a notation, of little importance in itself, but interesting for its implications, that on November 11, 1749, the Vestry (of Reedy Creek Church near Lunenburg Court House) "ordered that Mr. Cox, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Martin and Mr. Ellidge treat with workmen to undertake and build a church near the Court House of this County at such a place as they shall think most convenient and that Mackarness Goode and Julius Nichols assist them in search of a convenient spring."⁴ It was this same Mackarness, rather than his son, who on June 27, 1764, was granted 3241 acres of land in Lunenburg,⁵ for this grant took place six years before the marriage of young Mackarness, at a time when he was probably a minor, and he is charged in the Charlotte County tax lists of 1782 with only 816 acres. There is no mystery about the location of these 816 acres, but although located in Charlotte they were very likely a part of his father's Lunenburg property, for just as Lunenburg County had been created by dividing Brunswick County, it was, six months after the grant mentioned above, divided in its turn, and gave birth to Charlotte County; and a year later, to Mecklenburg. Brown Goode and I cordially agree that the lands granted to Mackarness, Sr. were situated in what eventually wound up as the south-eastern part of Charlotte County, adjoining Mecklenburg. It is inconceivable that a man advanced in years and responsibilities should have felt any necessity for up-rooting his family and making a fresh start every time a county line changed. "Martin's *Gazetteer of Virginia*, printed in 1835, speaks of 'Mack Goode's plantation'—this was Mackarness, Jr.—as being situated upon the ridge separating the waters of the Meherrin River and a branch of Bluestone—some-

⁴ Bell: *Cumberland Parish*.

⁵ Hening VIII, 41 and Journal of the House of Burgesses, November 27, 1764.

where, perhaps, in the vicinity of the present Wiliesburg.”⁶ Tax records describe the property as being eighteen miles south of Charlotte Court House, and this corresponds with the location described above. In his will Mack Goode, Jr. mentions “all that part of my tract of land whereon I now live, which lies in the fork of the two creeks which includes the mansion house.” This must have been property inherited from his father, for we are told of only one other son, Samuel, to share the estate, and he lived in Mecklenburg.

In my opinion, either the name given this Mecklenburg brother was an error, or there was still another brother, named Edward. I have not encountered any Samuel Goode in the Mecklenburg records of that period, though there may be one; but there was very definitely an Edward Goode in Mecklenburg County as early as 1763, when Janery Goode married Philip Poindexter, the application for a license being accompanied by a note from Edward Goode, father of Janery.⁷ Apparently this same Edward had a daughter, Mary, who married Joseph Fontaine on February 8, 1773, he being security on the Marriage Bond; and he had a daughter Elizabeth who married John Hawkins on December 19, 1785, Robert Goode (presumably a brother) security; note from Edward Goode, father of Elizabeth. There was also a Joseph Goode who may have been Edward’s son or grandson, who married a Martha Birchett in 1790, and a Nancy Goode who married Charles Hudson the same year; note from Joseph, the father of Nancy. Notice how the names—Edward, Robert, Joseph—coincide with the names of Samuel’s grandsons in Chesterfield: Edward, Robert, Joseph, among the sons of John, brother of the first Mackarness.

The same obscurity which attends the history of this first Mackarness is evidenced in the early life of his son, Mackarness Jr. According to the Bassett-French Manuscript Biographies in the Virginia State Library, he was born in Charlotte County (then Lunenburg) in 1725-50. He was married in 1770 to Mary Mosely,⁸ the daughter of Edward Mosely Sr., who is listed in the census of 1782 as being the head of a family of twelve, with thirty slaves. Rich Grandpa, eh?—all those slaves! But a quiet-living man—we don’t hear much about him. Mary had a brother, Hillary, who lived in Charlotte County, and she named one of her sons Hillary (who

⁶ *Virginia Cousins*.

⁷ Mecklenburg County Marriage Records.

⁸ Marriage Bond, dated November 15, 1770, in Charlotte County.

had a son named Mackarness Hillary). Apparently a favored name in the family, but not common in the early census lists. However, for what it is worth, there is a Mr. Hillary Mosely on the list for Princess Anne County, over on the eastern shore, in 1783-5. A substantial man, evidently, distinguished by being "Mr." on the census list.

The children of Mackarness, Jr. and Mary Mosely Goode were:

Edward m. Joyce Holmes December 13, 1798; died 1803

John m. Mary Jones 1809; moved to Franklin County, Mo.

Thomas

William G. "of Mecklenburg." Married Mary Tabb of Mecklenburg County September 2, 1798; died 1845

Mackarness third, m. Sallie Green; died May 25, 1849. Served in War of 1812

Hillary

Sallie m. John McQuay in 1788

Mary (Polly) m. James Jones in 1813

Elizabeth (Betsey) m. Richard Jones in 1811

With increasing maturity, and as the tides of history drew him with accelerated pace toward major events, Mack Goode, as he was generally called, and as he generally signed himself, begins to emerge from the realm of conjecture into the realm of established fact. He must have been quite a young man when he served, the year after his marriage, as one of the Justices for Charlotte County;⁹ and this entry appears in the Journal of the House of Delegates of Virginia, on June 6, 1777:

"Resolved, that Paul Carrington, William Hubbard, William Booker, John Morton, James Speed and Mackarness Goode, gentlemen, or any three of them, he appointed Commissioners to inquire into the state of the arms lodged in the public magazine built during the last war in the County of Lunenburg, under the direction of Col. Clement Read, deceased, and make report to the next session of the assembly; and they are to have the power to send for persons, papers and records for their information."

John Gwathmey in his *Historical Register of Virginians in the Revolution*, lists Mackarness on page 315 as: Macknep Goode, Commissary in the Revolution; and he is mentioned on the tax lists of 1796-1803 as "Captain Mack Goode," which accords with his name being one of those on a petition presented November 10,

⁹ Bulletin Virginia State Library No. XLV, pg. 108.

1780, to the Honorable Speaker & Gentlemen of the House of Delegates by "Sundry Officers and privates of the Militia of the County of Charlotte."

This petition is quite interesting in itself, and your generation, troubled in its turn with the problems which rise from war and the aftermath of war, may find in it a link with those who preceded you, as they struggled toward an equitable decision in matters affecting not only others, but themselves. The officers and privates . . . and other Inhabitants of the said county humbly sheweth,

That a well-regulated Militia, composed of the Body of the people trained to Arms, is the proper, natural & safe defense of a free state—that the Militia and Invasion Laws have partly proved inadequate to Answer the Intention of the Legislature,—that in time of Danger & Invasion, in this or any Sister State, the Militia when ordered on Duty by the Executive, often fall short of the force intended to repel the incursion of an Enemy, by reason that Numbers who stand enrol'd as Militia, then Claim a discharge, alledging their infirmity, or other causes of Mutilation, not apparent at the time of enrolment, which render them unfit to encounter the Marches & fatigues of a Soldier, so that the force ordered fall far short & insufficient to the Emergency.—That the like Causes prevents the Legislature fixing with precision on any Number of Recruits to be Levied and Raised to fill up our Quota in the Continental Battallions, because on a Strict Discrimination, the Number of Militia are reduced far below the Quantum on which the estimation is made.—that above all the Militia, who from a duty they owe to their Country, themselves & posterity, being obliged at all times to encounter the Dangers of War, and fatigues & toils of a Camp, should not be made subject to a duty that Invalids may perform with safety to themselves, and benefit to their Country—

We your Petitioners, as well Militia, as other, Inhabitants of the said County, Therefore humbly pray that a law may pass, to form Invalid Company's of the Militia in every County in this State, to be subject to the same duties and like penaltys, as other Militia, excepting that of Marching out of their respective County's on Invasions & Insurrections; but in all other cases to relieve the other part of the Militia, and to be subject to all fatigue duty, such as keeping Garrison, Guards, Conveying of Deserters, patrolling, and such other duties or Regulations as this Honorable House shall think meet & convenient.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound pray &c

The casualness of that last line intrigues me. I do fear me the Petitioners were inclined to skip lightly over their duties as prayers. Nevertheless, it is a sensible document, signed by fifty-nine earnest citizens trying to remedy a bad situation—names any Vir-

ginian would recognize, names like Flournoy, Bouldin, Morton, Watkins, Venable, Goode.

A little over a year later, on February 7, 1782, "Mack Goode, gentleman," is listed as among those present at a meeting of the Court for the adjustment of public claims; and that same year, the Revolution being over, and the new government struggling to lay its foundations, the first U. S. census was taken, and tax lists were set up. The census figures for forty-one Virginia counties, including Brunswick and Lunenburg, were destroyed in the destruction of the Capitol by the British in the War of 1812; but the records for thirty-nine counties remain, Charlotte being one of them. Only the heads of families were listed, with supplementary information as to the number of white and colored represented by them. Mackarness was there, living in Charlotte County in 1782 with a household consisting of eight white persons and sixteen slaves; and this information is amplified by the tax lists, which show him as owning 816 acres of land, eleven horses, and forty cattle; and lists the slaves by name.¹⁰

None of the scattered allusions above record anything of special importance, but they do serve to link Mackarness Goode, Jr. with a time and a place and some measure of responsibility and esteem. Of those intangibles which also leave their mark on a man's life, we know even less, and what we do know must inevitably be colored by our imagination. We take, perhaps, some small, vicarious pride in the knowledge that Patrick Henry and John Randolph, "perhaps the most accomplished *belle lettres* scholar who ever sat in the House of Representatives," were his fellow-citizens, maybe his friends. Mack Goode's plantation on Bluestone Creek, "Red Hill," the home of Patrick Henry, and "Roanoke," the home of John Randolph, were all in the same county; and Charlotte Court House, dear little Virginia town, must have been the frequent meeting ground of their masters. This would have been, of course, after Patrick Henry retired from public life in 1791, and as young John Randolph was on the threshold of his stormy career. Cousin John Randolph. He was descended from Pocahontas, like you, and proud

¹⁰ Charlotte County Personal Taxes for 1782. Also on the tax list at that time appears the owner of a varied and extensive property, named Philip Goode. He was almost certainly a nephew of the first Mackarness, who had a brother Philip living in Amelia County in 1749, when he deeds land in Henrico to Robert Goode, "the said land being part of a larger tract containing 1800 acres granted by patent to Samuel Goode and by the said Goode in his will given to the aforesaid Philip Goode." (Henrico Book I, pg. 34).

of it. You and many others, my Edward, decry pride of ancestry, believing, or affecting to believe, that it is synonymous with snobbery. Surely you must know in your heart that there is a pride in able and responsible forebears just as fine and legitimate as the pride of a father and mother in able and responsible children. It has nothing to do with money or social position, except as money and social position tend to follow out-standing ability. Certainly little Pocahontas had neither, from the standpoint of the English, for at the time of her marriage she was their helpless prisoner; but she had some quality which made her stand out from all her nameless sisters—let us say, she had quality—and her children ought to boast, as John Randolph boasted, of their descent from a brave, intelligent, compassionate girl

Perhaps, if we had been around in 1795, we might one day have noticed two citizens of Virginia meeting on the principal street of a little court house town, and heard scraps of their conversation:

“Governor, your servant, Sir!”

“Mr. Goode, good-day. I trust I see you well?”

“Well enough, sir; though not altogether easy in my mind. I am come to town on business connected with the land I am making over to my son Edward. I wish to give him a fair start in life, but sometimes I fear he will not profit by it. These children do not realize the shadow they cast between us and the sun when they experiment so rashly with lives that would appear to be more precious to us than to them. But no more of that. Permit me to take this opportunity, sir, of saying that I am gratified that you have decided not to deprive Charlotte of your presence by a return to public life. You must have been sorely tempted.”

“No, Mr. Goode. No. The temptation was the other way. Charlotte and Red Hill tempted me, and I fell. I cannot claim that my decision was anything but selfish. I am a little tired from all this launching of the ship, and some other Secretary of State must steer her course. President Washington will choose a sound man, I have no fear of that.”

As I said, our thoughts of that period are inevitably colored by out imagination; but some such meeting, some such conversation, might easily have taken place; and it is not stretching the imagination very far to picture Mack Goode among the listeners to the great debate on States Rights between Patrick Henry and John Randolph at Charlotte Court House, on a March day in 1799. It was

to be a year momentous to both men. That year John Randolph, age twenty-six, was elected to Congress, and began his long public career; and that year Patrick Henry, who had indeed toiled mightily in the launching of a new nation, rested from his labors. He was buried at Red Hill, and there must have been notable men present in little Charlotte that day, as well as neighbors like Mack Goode who understood that a tall tree had fallen. Colonel William Morton is sure to have been there, too. While a much older man than Mack Goode, he was nevertheless his contemporary, and outlived him by six years. There can be no doubt they knew each other—you could not have lived in the same county with Colonel William Morton and not known him if you were anybody yourself, or even if you weren't. Particularly if you weren't. He felt a personal responsibility for the less fortunate, and lived up to it. His plantation on the Staunton River must have been quite a center for the outstanding men of that section, and for the poor. He was, in his day, a substitute for radio and television on a high plane—his associates must have been constantly tuning in tomorrow to find out what had developed with Colonel Morton over-night. You can read about him in another chapter, where he takes his place as a prize ancestor of ours through his great-grandson's marriage to Mack Goode's great-grand-daughter.

It is not a matter of imagination, but of sober record, that Mack Goode's oldest son, Edward, gave him much anxiety, ending in grief and worry and burdensome responsibilities. All the poor tale is told in a petition by Joyce Goode, Edward's widow, jointly with his father and brothers, to the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia:

"... the said Edward Goode intermarried with your Petitioner, then Joyce Holmes daughter of Samuel Holmes Sr. of the County of Mecklenburg, in the fall of the year 1797. At the time of the said marriage the said Edward Goode was in possession of a valuable tract of land in the County of Charlotte, which your petitioner Macknep Goode, by a deed legally recorded, had given to him for his advancement in life. Some time after the marriage aforesaid, the said Edward Goode, being on a bargain with Samuel Holmes, Sr. the father of your Petitioner Joyce, for the purchase of a tract of land in Mecklenburg County, on which the said Holmes resided, for the sum of nine hundred pounds, which tract was offered him by the said Holmes at that price, he the said Edward sold the tract of land which he owned in Charlotte County to his father Macknep Goode for the sum of six hundred pounds, which



MARIA BELLE MORTON GOODE

Taken at the time of her marriage.



MARIA BASKERVILLE GOODE, 1808-1849

The wife of
John Pleasants Keen

Portrait now owned by Virginia Goode Starr,
(Mrs. Frank Starr), of Greensboro, N. C.

sum was paid by your Petitioner Macknep in part of the purchase of the land bought by the said Edward Goode of Samuel Holmes.—The said Edward thereupon having bought the land of Samuel Holmes, moved to the place, and resided there one year; but was very discontented with his place of abode, and was desirous of returning to the land in Charlotte.—Your Petitioner Macknep Goode being also anxious to have his son near him, and perceiving that he was dissatisfied with his situation, to induce him to return to live on the land in Charlotte, offered to sell it to him again for five hundred pounds, on condition he would come and live upon it, and to wait with him until he could raise the money by the sale of the land in Mecklenburg, to which the said Edward Goode agreed, and accordingly purchased the said land in Charlotte of your Petitioner Macknep Goode for the said sum of five hundred pounds.—In pursuance of the said Contract, the said Edward Goode moved again to the land in Charlotte, and remained on the same 'till his death, which happened on the 3rd day of May, 1803, the said sum of five hundred pounds being then due from him to your Petitioner Macknep Goode, the land in Mecklenburg not having been sold to satisfy the same.”

It appeared that Edward's verbal will, expressed a few hours before his death, was insufficient to dispose of any but his personal property, and that the land in Mecklenburg could be sold in accordance with his wishes, to settle the debts of his estate, only by an act of the Assembly authorizing the same, which was requested.

For some reason, connected perhaps with the fact that Edward's children were minors, or some other intricacy of the law, this petition was rejected. So we have Mack Goode, having given his son a valuable tract of land, bought it back from him for six hundred pounds, sold it to him again on credit at a loss of a hundred pounds, now unable to collect anything at all; and apparently having assumed besides responsibility for his three little grand-daughters, whose mother was living with them on the land in Charlotte which had cost him so dear, “and wishes to continue there, conceiving it to be greatly to the advantage of herself and children and conformable to the wishes of her deceased husband.” In his own will, made eleven years later, he left these girls, Patsey, Betsey Anne, and Harriette, one dollar, to be divided equally between them. I expect he thought he had done enough for that household.

I do not know the circumstances of Edward's death, only that about nine o'clock in the morning, a few hours before he died, he made a verbal disposition of his belongings in the presence of three witnesses, desiring that “his Father and brother William might have the management of his estate, and said he had spoke to his father on

the subject and told him what he wanted done." He was thirty years old.

Mack Goode must have been an able business man, for the tax lists the last year of his life (1813) show his extensive acres as undiminished, with some increase in slaves and horses, in spite of the fact that he had given substantial aid to his many children as they reached maturity. We know this partly from his will, in which he gives to his son William G. "such property as I have heretofore possessed him with," and the same to his son Hillary, with two Negro slaves additional; and to his three daughters, all married (Sally McQuay, Mary Jones and Betsy Jones) the same bequest of property he had "heretofore possess them with," with two slaves besides to Mary, in addition to the slaves formerly delivered to her; and to Betsey "all such property as I have heretofore possessed her with, also the tract of land whereon she and her husband now resides." To his youngest son, Mackarness (third), a minor at the time of his death, he left ten slaves by name, half his stock of every kind, half his household and kitchen furniture, five hundred pounds in money, and "the land loaned to Mary Goode his mother, after her death and not before;" and he goes on to say that it is his wish and desire "that if my son Mack take due care in the comfortable support of his mother during her natural life, that in that case he should have the benefit of my estate left to her." The part of his estate referred to, in which his wife had a life interest, consisted of the other half of the slaves, stock, household goods, and land, half of which had been left to Mack, who obviously was making his home with his mother. Mackarness (second) seems to have taken great pains that Mary should be secure in the years remaining to her, expressly providing that the part of the lands in which she was left a life interest was that part containing the home itself—he speaks of it as "the mansion"—and devising and directing that after all other bequests "all such sums of money as are due to me may be kept at Interest annually collected and applied to the Comfortable support of Wife (if necessary)." When he desires that his son Mack, if he take due care in the comfortable support of his mother, should have the benefit of that part of the estate lent to her for her natural life, he does not mean that it is to belong to him eventually (except the land) for he directs that after her death, that part of his property lent to her, and all other property not otherwise devised, be equally divided among his children who are then

living; he means just what he says, that Mack is to have the benefit of his mother's home, slaves, etc., as a man does who shares a home and the responsibility for making a home, and is conditioned on the latter. He knew the relationship between mother and son, and no doubt was satisfied there would be no friction, nevertheless he saw that she was protected. If any snip of a woman married his young son and tried to lord it over his old wife, Mary could show them the door. I do not know what became of the place eventually. The Bassett-French Manuscript Biographies state that young Mackarness died in Mecklenburg County in 1849, and that he left no male issue.¹¹

We don't know too much about William G. Goode—not so much as what the initial “G” stands for; and he is not even in his right place in *Virginia Cousins*.¹² Brown Goode says of him:

“The name of William Goode, of Mecklenburg County, was omitted in the discussion of the fifteenth generation, but by the aid of our kinsman, Dr. Harris, one group of his descendants have been restored to their proper place on the family tree. William Goode married Mary Tabb, daughter of Captain Tabb, of Gloucester County. The name of Tabb has long been known in Virginia, and the family have intermarried with the Burwells, the Bouldins, the Taliaferros, the Willfords, and other Colonial stock.”

Captain Tabb, while originally from Gloucester County, settled in Mecklenburg and died there relatively young, leaving a widow (Mary) and four children: Edward L., Margaret, Elizabeth, and Mary. In 1779, Mrs. Mary Tabb was married to Richard Swepson of “Gaywood,”¹³ who was a widower with several children of his own at that time. There were two children of this marriage, Lucy and William H. In case anybody wants to know, Lucy was married in 1801, and William in 1806, and their marriages are recorded in Mecklenburg.

It was at the Swepson house on Coleman's Creek, north of what is now Boydton, that the government of the new County of Mecklenburg was established in 1765, and at that time Richard Swepson owned the land on which Boydton is located. Later he conveyed this land to his son Richard, who afterwards conveyed it to Alexander Boyd, the husband of his sister, Ann Swepson, and it was he

¹¹ Mackarness (third) married Sallie Keen and had a son, William Green Keen, in 1822; who may, however, have died prior to his own death.

¹² *Virginia Cousins*, pg. 51: William G. Goode, No. 207.

¹³ Mecklenburg County Marriage Records.

who deeded it to trustees appointed for the town of Boydton.¹⁴

All four of the Tabb children married, and their marriages are recorded as follows in the Mecklenburg County Marriage Records:

Margaret m. Abraham Keen December 29, 1890
 Edward L. m. Elizabeth Blair Burwell January 31, 1791
 Elizabeth m. George H. Baskerville December 16, 1791
 Mary m. William G. Goode September 2, 1798

The children of William G. and Mary Tabb Goode were:

George Mackarness b. about 1800
 Lucy Swepson m. Adam Finch
 Maria Baskerville b. 1818, m. John P. Keen
 Edward d. unmarried
 Eliza m. Henry Stokes
 Martha m. Mr. Farrar

It is difficult, if not impossible, to trace the Tabb connection in any detail, since the records of Gloucester County were burned during the fall of Richmond, where they had been sent, ironically enough, for safe keeping. Much authentic knowledge survives, of course, but there is no central reservoir of information to which we can turn. There is evidence enough, however, to make it very clear that Mary Tabb came of no mean family. According to the information we have, the present house at Elmington, one of the estates of Gloucester County (whose history goes back to 1611) was built in 1848 by Mr. and Mrs. John Tabb, of beautiful "White Marsh," at that time one of the wealthiest and most influential families in Gloucester County,¹⁵ as a wedding present for their son Dr. John Prosser Tabb and his bride, who sold it in 1865. The date of the sale would make it seem to be one of the innumerable war casualties which left the south strewn with loved and lovely homes passing out of the hands of their former owners. Reference is made, in connection with the account of Elmington, to "Newstead, one of the Tabb homes," and Toddbury, "one of Gloucester County's celebrated early homes . . . exquisite in the simplicity of its Colonial architecture . . . remained directly in the Todd family for four generations before passing from Christopher Todd to his nephew Philip Tabb¹⁶ who owned it in 1830. In 1840 a George Edward Tabb purchased from

¹⁴ From an address delivered by Judge Sterling Hutcheson in Boydton, Va., August 16, 1941, at the reunion of the descendants of Alexander Boyd the Elder.

¹⁵ *Homes and Gardens in Old Virginia*, published by the Garden Club of Virginia. Pg. 259.

¹⁶ *Homes and Gardens in Old Virginia*, pg. 267.

a descendant of the builder imposing "Kingston Hall," built about 1730 by Thomas Smith on a grant named Centreville.¹⁷

These items are not taken from a record of the Tabb family, they are incidental to the histories of the impressive old homes, gathered by the Garden Club of Virginia and checked for authenticity, and this makes the recurrence of the name Tabb of special interest. All of those mentioned were contemporaries, or the children of contemporaries, of Mary Tabb Goode, and some of them must have been her kin.

William Goode must have "had something," for while he was the fourth son of Mack Goode, his oldest brother, Edward, passing over the two nearest in age to himself, desired that his father and his brother William should take charge of his affairs. As Edward left a wife and three small children, and his affairs were in great confusion, he must have either have had a special affection for William, or a special confidence in him, or both; and his father, Mackarness (second) also named him as one of his executors. But the urgency of political turmoil and of war which brings out the qualities of leadership in a man and sets him apart from his fellows in a greater or less degree, had died down as the Revolution faded into the past; and the War of 1812 did not greatly affect those living inland—though William's youngest brother, Mackarness (third) only a boy at the time, did serve in some capacity in that period. William belonged to the generation whose task it was to consolidate what had already been decided on, to translate into terms of daily routine a mode of life already accepted. The solid citizen: building, conserving, unspectacular; but multiply him by thousands, and the new nation forged ahead.

About the time he reached maturity, his name appears on the tax lists of Charlotte County as owning a hundred acres of land, and these acres continued to be listed as belonging to him year after year for a long period. Beginning at a later date, he is also charged with from four to eleven slaves and from two to five horses; the number varying from year to year, and tending to diminish rather than increase. No doubt the slaves and horses lived on the hundred acres and cultivated it, and no doubt all these were part of "that property with which I have heretofore possessed him" mentioned in his father's will; but William was known as "William Goode of Mecklenburg County," and it is fair to assume that he held his main

¹⁷ *Homes and Gardens in Old Virginia*, pg. 269.

property and made his home there. All the same, he was a resident of Charlotte County when he died, and his will is on record at Charlotte Court House.¹⁸

I do not like that will. I walk around it in my mind, bristling like a dog that is instinctively distrustful and suspicious. I do not like its implications. At the time it was written, November 29, 1844, William was not living on the hundred acres which had become his when he became a man, and on which he had paid taxes for so many years. He was living on "two hundred acres of land lying and being in the County of Charlotte state of Virginia on the waters of the south Meherrin River called the Hazelwood Branch (which I bought of the heirs of Dr. Fuqua and Elizabeth his wife through George W. Cabiniss as their agent . . .)"

He left everything he had—"viz monies bonds household kitchen furniture stock of all kinds crops of all kinds, carpenter and plantation tools & five negro men viz: Jim, Kit, Robin, Gloucester and Minnis three negro women and their future increase"—everything—to his wife, Elizabeth Susan. No mention is made of any of his children, even to say that he had previously made some provision for them, as he may have done—probably had done. Elizabeth Susan Hankins got the Mahogany Bureau, and the pair of brass candlesticks, and the 2 small butter pots, and the bushel of salt, and the men and the women. Everything. A brother or cousin, John T. Hankins, was one of the witnesses in whose presence the will was signed, and William Hankins, Sr., the father of Elizabeth Susan, was named executor.

William Goode was nearly seventy at the time, and Elizabeth Susan was a young woman, for the possibility of a child is taken into account. Among other things, she inherited the slave Gloucester, who is valued in the appraisal of the estate, at "nothing." A very old man, too old to be of any further account, named Gloucester. The only one left who remembered young Captain Tabb as a boy in his father's home by the shining waters.

And now we come back to where we started—to the Portrait Grandmother, who turned out to be William Goode's daughter Maria, though for years she was only a dark rectangle on the dining room wall, in the house which was home until we followed Mother's coffin down the long front walk one January day, never to return

¹⁸ Offered for probate February 3, 1845.

to it as a residence. It was as if, since she must go out into the unknown, we were under some compulsion to go out into the unknown, too, even though we might not go where she went; leaving together the home we had shared so that we might keep it in our memories, forever undimmed by any new associations. When it was sold, later, the money received for it was not ordinary money, to be invested in an ordinary way; it represented too much. Father put it into some shares of United States Steel, not in his own name, but as the guardian of Rose C. Goode, and he would give me the quarterly dividend checks to be divided among me and my sisters. Like most adolescents, we were not at all provident, and by the time "the steel check" was due we were often desperately hard up, and counting the days.

I was quite old enough, when Mother died, to have taken some interest in the Portrait Grandmother, and to have remembered anything that was told me about her; but unfortunately, when you see a thing day after day, for year after year, it becomes invisible. It must have been that way with Mother, too, for she never called my attention to the portrait, or made any reference to her grandmother that I remember. Of course, she had never known her, or been old enough before her own mother's death, to take much interest. She never even told us how she came to have the portrait—a brother of hers who remembered the incident told me about it years after her death. When she was first married, she went to live on the plantation Oklahoma, down on the Roanoke River, and would sometimes make what was then the long and tiring trip to visit her father. She had a step-mother, who was not in the least like the step-mothers in the fairy tales, but no doubt she was human, though a Presbyterian—she may even have inherited some Methodist tendencies and fallen from grace at times. So on one of these visits home, Mother discovered her grandmother's portrait in the woodshed. Perhaps the step-mother just did not think it ornamental, and wanted to put something else in its place; but it might have been, it could have been, that she disliked it as a link with her predecessor. Anyway, there it was in the woodshed.

Mother was a gentle, unaggressive woman, or perhaps merely a disciplined woman—she was undoubtedly that; but on this occasion she seems to have been considerably ruffled. She appeared accusingly before the family group with the dusty portrait in a firm grasp, and announcing that it was her grandmother and she wanted

her—even, by implication, if nobody else did—she went out and put it into the carriage with her own hands.

Thus rehabilitated in the esteem of at least one descendant, Maria B. journeyed in state to Oklahoma Plantation, and from there to Boydton; and finally someone took her down from the dining-room wall there and hung her in the hall of the new home to which we moved after Mother's death; and still, as far as we were concerned, she was invisible. But not now. She hangs in the place of honor now, over the living-room mantelpiece at lovely Woodhaven, the home of her great-grand-daughter, Virginia Goode Starr. We other great-grandchildren see her there, and talk about her fondly, and I do not believe she will ever be found in a woodshed again.¹⁹

Neither the date when the portrait was painted, nor the name of the artist, are known; but at least the identity of the subject is authentic. With some of the old portraits, which have passed through many hands, there is a question, but there was never any mystery about this one as it passed from mother to daughter for four generations; and for good measure, the artist incorporated the name of his subject into the picture, painting "Maria B. Goode" as if it was the title of the small book held in her right hand. It is idle to speculate now why her maiden name was used, when both the face and costume are those of a mature woman—indeed, the severe black and white of the costume indicate at least a modified mourning, and the fact that Maria B. had "put on caps," an insignia of maturity, makes it seem likely that the portrait was painted during her widowhood, which began when she was thirty. Perhaps she felt that the Keen name would be carried on by her son, and that she was in danger of losing her identity as a Goode.

Maria Baskerville Goode was born December 5, 1818,²⁰ on a Virginia plantation. We will never know all that those words signify, but Maria B. never knew anything else. As a child, as a wife, and as a widow, a Virginia plantation was the background of every joy, every sorrow, every care of which her life was woven. Not always the same plantation, but they were cut from one pattern: the inadequate transportation, the slow communication; the isolation of distance, of bad roads, of storm and flood which complicated life in many ways, self-contained as a plantation necessarily was; a

¹⁹ A photograph of this portrait is in the *Clarke Collection of Historical Portraits of Virginians*, the Clarke County Historical Association, Berryville, Va.

²⁰ The family Bible of John Pleasants Keen, now in the possession of Miss Shannon Morton, of Wilmington, N. C.

hospitality, growing out of conditions, which has become a legend; and under-lying all, a sense of infinite leisure. The master and mistress of a plantation were busy people, they not only owned slaves, they were owned by them, and had many responsibilities; but the other members of a plantation household must have waked in the morning with a delicious sense of time for everything—a delicious interest in small events, a delicious anticipation of small pleasures, since these were not being continually crowded out by other demands on their attention. There was time to linger indefinitely at the table, after a meal, engaged in conversation; time to walk in the garden in the late twilight, when the wood-thrush still sang and Venus was just beginning to catch the eye above the western horizon; time to embroider ruffles for a christening robe; time to go into one's room, and shut the door, and kneel down beside an empty chair.

I know what Miss Susie Brunson would say about all this leisure, because she said it. Some who read this will not recognize the name, but you, my Edward, remember Miss Susie Brunson. You may not think often of her, you may never speak of her at all, but you will never forget her. She was the principal of St. John's High School all the time you were a pupil there, and Miss Susie's concept of her duty as a teacher was that no boy or girl who came under her influence should, as far as it lay with her, fail to achieve the utmost of which he or she was capable. I remember hearing her correct her own choice of a word on the occasion of the presentation of Deltas to the out-standing members of your class: "And so we honor those who have done more than was expected—" she paused thoughtfully and made the correction without haste or confusion: "more than was *required* of them." The correction was of attitude, rather than of language—there was a limit to what Miss Susie required of her pupils, there was none to what she expected of them. She expected you to graduate, for instance, when your own mother thought it a mathematical impossibility for you to make the needed points in the time that remained. You graduated, by making more credits in your last year than in the four preceding years put together. Miss Susie was proud and happy, but not surprised.

But to get back to what it was she said, that came into my mind in connection with ante-bellum plantation life. During the summer, she lived with relatives in Florence, and one day I said to her that I had that morning driven by her vacation home.

"It looks like such a restful place, Miss Susie," I said.

She considered this in her deliberate way, and arrived at a conclusion. "I sometimes think," observed Miss Susie, "that any place is restful where somebody else does all the work."

Up to the time of her grandfather's death when she was six, Maria B. was probably taken with the other children from time to time to visit her grandparents in "the mansion" in the fork of the creeks in nearby Charlotte. His death was no doubt the first major event in the family to leave its impress on her budding memory, perhaps to make its permanent mark with her first disturbed awareness of Change. But afterwards life went back into its accustomed pattern, she was a little girl again in her familiar home with her father and mother and brothers and sisters. There was nothing to be afraid of, after all.

There was another family living in the same section of the county, that was not so fortunate—some children named Keen, who had lost their father and mother within a year of each other, when the oldest of them was only ten years old, and the youngest three. That had been before Maria B. was born, but she was old enough, later, to listen to the grown-ups talk of the fresh tragedies that came to the little orphaned group—how Nancy, the youngest, died when she was twelve, a few months after nineteen-year-old Elizabeth had married Mr. Roger Mallory; and how Elizabeth, too, died the following year, for reasons which were not clear to Maria B., but seemed to weigh with special sorrowfulness on Mama and Aunt Margaret Keen, Mama's sister, who talked of it with hushed voices that went lower still as Maria B. drew near to hover, wondering. They were not as excited over Elizabeth's baby as Maria B. thought they ought to be. Perhaps they felt that it would not be long before he went to his young mother and there would be nothing to show for it all; and about that, they were right. That left only John and Sallie. They lived with Aunt Margaret Keen, who was their Aunt Margaret, too, because she had married their father's brother. They were considerably older than Maria B., and no kin to her at all, but from childhood she had been thrown with them, and must have heard their sad story discussed at length, so no doubt she was excited enough when Sallie all of a sudden became a Goode and a relative. It was the next thing written down in the Bible after the sad little entry about Elizabeth's baby:

George Mack Goode and Sallie Green Keen, daughter of William Keen, were married the 1st of October, 1822, by the Rev. John S. Ravenscroft.

The Keen family Bible was concerned primarily with Keens, and only incidentally with Goodes, and it does not go into any details about the bridegroom—Maria B.'s young uncle, the same one who had been left to make a home with and for his mother; but we know that he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight when he was married; and Sallie was twenty-six, and a horrible age it was to be married, in that day. They had a son, William Green Keen, whose birth is recorded in the Bible, but beyond that there is no record of him, and the indications are that he died young.

Maria B. was fourteen at the time of the marriage—quite old enough to have fallen madly in love, in that atmosphere of romance, with the bride's twenty-three-year-old brother John. I do not know that she did, but girls of fourteen are apt to be madly, secretly, and idealistically in love with somebody—anybody. It would be nice to think that she could tell John, later on, that she fell in love with him at Sallie's wedding. She must have been fond of Sallie, for she named a daughter for her, a good many years later; so it must have been a sadness for her when those ill-starred Keen children bowed to fate once more, and Sallie passed on, some four years after her marriage.

It was when Sallie died that the family Bible which has been so invaluable came into possession of the only son, John, as the lone survivor of that group of father, mother, and four children. He was twenty-eight when he wrote in it:

John P. Keen's Property. 18th May 1827.

It had started out, as such Bibles did, as one of the cherished possessions of a bride and groom, almost as significant as the wedding ring, because it stood for a new family. The first thing written in it was:

William Keen and Mary Pleasants were married the 8th August 1793.

Mary Pleasants was the daughter of Jesse Pleasants, described in the first United States census, 1782, as Jesse Pleasants, Head of Family in Halifax County; seven whites, eighteen slaves. Eight years later, in 1790, there were only 369 slaves listed in the entire county,

so Jesse had his share. The returns for the county, made up of whatever state enumerations were still on hand after the destruction of the United States records at Washington, are incomplete, and show some confusion. Jesse was not named at all in 1785, though he continued to live in Halifax until his death in 1804. On the other hand, his son John, who was not mentioned in 1782, is mentioned in 1785, when he was still a very young man, as being head of a family of thirteen—a good deal to have accomplished in three years. Probably he, and whatever family he had, were living with his father, sharing the work and responsibilities of the plantation, and the census-taker combined the two households, naming John as the head. Be that as it may, if Jesse had not been smart enough to make a will, he would have been sunk without a trace after 1782.

But he did make a will, bless him, in which he leaves his daughter Mary Keen three Negroes, one bed and furniture, “that they have now in possession.” Daughter Elizabeth Waddle (Waddill) got two Negroes and two horses, a bed and furniture, already in her possession. The unmarried daughters, Judith²¹ and Martha,²² each got three Negroes by name, a bed and furniture. To his beloved wife Elizabeth was loaned all his Tract of land, Stocks of all Kind, Household and Kitchen furniture, and all those Negroes not willed to his daughters; and to his only son, John, he willed the home place after his wife’s death; also “a Tract of Land that came to me by my wife in Greenbriar County;” three Negroes by name, one bed and furniture; and he wanted all the rest of his estate, real and personal, to be equally divided, after his wife’s death, among the children. As executors he appointed “My friends, William Keane, William Britton, and Thos: Dobson.”

I like that mention of his young son-in-law, William Keen, as his friend.

This will, which was written November 25, 1803, was offered for probate the following October,²³ Thomas Dobson giving his bond for \$40,000.00. It was a lot of money for that time and place.

We do not know the maiden name of Jesse Pleasants’ wife, Elizabeth, but his mention of a tract of land in Greenbriar County (now West Virginia) “which came by my wife,” suggests that her kin were among those Virginians who came into the state from

²¹ Judith married Matthew Ligon July 16, 1806.

²² Martha married Matthew Rowlett April 2, 1807.

²³ Halifax County Will Book 7, pg. 39.

Pennsylvania, by way of the Valley,²⁴ and this was no doubt true of her husband and their son-in-law, William Keen. Only a few families named Pleasants appear on the available lists of the period, and those few rather widely scattered, but the name is of Quaker origin, which in itself suggests Pennsylvania; and even before William Penn brought over his Quaker group to "Penn's Woods" to worship in peace in a new land, the name Keen in its original form had taken root in the same soil. It was brought to this country by Joran Kyn. Keen (with its later variations of Kean and Keene) is the first English version of the name recorded, occurring as early as 1665. "Joran Kyn," writes his descendant, Gregory Keen,²⁵ "one of the earliest European residents upon the River Deleware, and for more than a quarter of a century the chief proprietor of land at Upland, New Sweden, afterwards Chester, Pennsylvania, was born in Sweden A. D. 1620. He came to America in the company of Governor John Prinz, in the ship FAMA, which sailed from Stockholm on the 16th of August, 1642." Not until the 15th of February, 1643, did they finally arrive at Fort Christina, now Wilmington, Deleware. Here the first three Swedish expeditions had established their chief settlement, and here remained for a short time this fourth and greatest of the colonies. The encroachments of the neighboring Dutch and the recent repairing of their little Fort Nassau determined the new Governor to move to the more commanding post of Tinicum, (a small island in the Deleware), where he erected a new fort provided with considerable armament, and also caused to be built for himself and his family a mansion described as very handsome. At this place also resided Joran Kyn. "In a *Rulla* dated by Prinz at Khristina, June 20, 1644, preserved in the royal archives at Stockholm, he is mentioned under his appellation *Snubhuitt* as a soldier in the Governor's life-guards, and in a List of Persons living in New Sweden March 1, 1648, written in German, the name is given as *Schneeweiss*, which means the same: Snow-white." Designations of the sort were very common in the early Swedish Colony.

Well, my tall son, it doesn't surprise me a bit to have a platinum blond showing up on your family tree. You were more platinum

²⁴ There is nothing to connect Jesse Pleasants with the more widely known John Pleasants, "a member of the pacific, prudent and upright Society of Friends," who came to Virginia from England in 1665, settling on the James River.

²⁵ *The Descendants of Joran Kyn of New Sweden*, by Gregory Keen, LL.D., Vice President of the Swedish Colonial Society. Published by the Swedish Colonial Society, Philadelphia, 1913.

than blond the first few years of your life, and the only reason you were not called little Schneeweiss is, that it is a name that hadn't been added to my vocabulary at that time. And aren't you glad of that!

It was not long before the small island in the Deleware became too small, and many of the fast-growing families moved over to the mainland. "The tract of land which Joran Kyn acquired was unusually large, even for those days of liberal grants, extending along a great part of the eastern bank of Upland Kill, now Chester Creek, for a mile and a half above its mouth."

In spite of his connection with the military, and the spirit of boldness and adventure without which he would hardly have set out on the long and dangerous voyage, Joran seems to have been a very gentle person, "a man who never irritated a child even." His name bobs up from time to time in the annals of the locality, the latest mention so far as known being on the occasion of his making over a deed at a court held January 6, 1687, conveying a lot in Chester to certain persons in trust "to the use and behalf of the said Chester meeting of the people of God called Quakers and their successors forever," upon which ground the First Meetinghouse of Friends at Chester was built. His wife's name has not come down to us, but Gregory Keen tells us that he had at least three children:

Hans, married Willemka

Jonas, married ———

Anna, married (1) James Sandelands; (2) Peter Baynton

After the Bible came into the possession of John P. Keen, there was no further entry in it for three years. Maria B. was a woman grown—she was twenty-one—when the Bible was dusted off and the pen and ink got out.

John Pleasants Keen and Maria Baskerville Goode were married on Thursday the 4th day of November 1830 by the Rev'd William Steele

After recording his marriage, John made only three other entries in the book that was his property, and they were all happy ones:

Mary Pleasants daughter of John P. and Maria B. Keen was born on Tuesday the 21st of February 1832

William Pannill son of John P. and Maria B. Keen was born Tuesday the 18th day of February 1834

Sallie Goode daughter of John P. and Maria B. Keen was born on Wednesday the 18th day of May 1836

No entry in that Bible was ever to hurt him again. There was one a year later that wrecked a world, but it was not his world. It was in a different hand-writing, no doubt Maria B.'s:

John P. Keen departed this life on Saturday the 7th day of May ten o'clock in the morning 1837

Life on the plantation went on. It had no choice. Maria B. had an overseer, of course, and there were men in her family to advise her and help her. Mack Goode—it could have been either her uncle or her brother—was one of the witnesses to her husband's will, and certainly her father was still living, though if Elizabeth Susan Hankins and her crew had entered the picture at that time, I doubt if he was much comfort to her. Then, too, John's last provision for her, the very last thing written in his will, after appointing his friends Zachariah Bugg and Tucker Carrington, (his executors), guardians of his infant children, was to "recommend my dear wife to their special care and kindness."

When he made his will two weeks before his death he was an ill man, and he knew his dear wife would soon be his young widow. It must have taken all the courage he could muster to face the fact that some other man might, probably would, before too long, take his place with her; but even in that case he wanted to do the best he could for her. In the event of her marrying again, she was to have a thousand dollars in cash and "eight average negroes" of his estate. For so young a man—he was thirty-eight—he left quite a substantial property, arranging that each of his children, on coming of age or marrying, be given five hundred dollars, a good bed and furniture, and ten average Negroes, as an advancement to be accounted for in the final distribution of the estate. He qualified this by adding that if ten Negroes should be more than a fourth of his Negro property at the time of the first distribution, then the number was to be reduced to one-fourth, but evidently he estimated that there should be not less than forty. With so large a population to be supported, there was necessarily a considerable amount of land. In the event his widow did not re-marry, this land, with the remaining Negroes and all other property not disposed of, was to remain in her possession for her life-time, and after her death to be sold and the proceeds divided equally among his children.²⁶

Of course Maria B.'s comfort, her link with past happiness and

²⁶ Mecklenburg County Will Book 14, pg. 299.

her hope for the future, lay in her children. But grief and loss came that way, too. In September, 1842, her little Mary, age ten, went to join Mary of Charlotte and Mary of Mecklenburg and Mary of Halifax, wherever it was they had gone. It would appear, from the grave, mature face and the sombre costume, that Maria B.'s portrait was painted during her widowhood, and probably between Mary's death and her own death seven years later.

It was during this period that Lucy Tucker, down in Boydton, was writing her artless letters to Dear Mat, but there is nothing to suggest that the two daughters of Whitby ever met. Separated by the long, hot, dusty road in summer, the long, cold, muddy road in winter, each was busy with her own group, functioning within the modest limits prescribed for her.

Time passed. William Pannill grew taller, his voice deepened. Sallie swung like a pendulum between childishness and maturity, and was not encouraged to turn her personality loose on the world without restraint. Maria B. felt her responsibility for those two, so early fatherless, whose souls were as real to her as their bodies. More real, for she knew the definition of a soul: ". . . that part of a man which is indestructible."

The children did not have a telephone, or a radio, or television, and a mixture of cars and adolescents was not one of the problems of the time; but they had a mother who talked to her boy, there on a Virginia plantation, of responsibility, of right and wrong. She talked to her little girl of patience, of kindness, of unselfishness. When did patience cease to be a virtue? and "duty" is another word not mentioned so often as it used to be. No doubt Maria B. talked to them, too, of a day of judgment. Not a pleasant subject, but not dodged on that account—it would certainly have been mentioned to them that sometime, somewhere, there would be a day of judgment. They did not want to hear about the Judgment Day, or to think about it—who does? But it is worse still never to be told that there will be one, until it is too late.

So time passed, and passed, and kept on passing. It passed for mother and child, for mistress and slave, until for one it ceased to pass; it ceased to be.

Someone opened the Bible. Someone dipped a pen in ink, and wrote:

Maria B. Keen departed this life on Monday night the 11th of June,
1849

A question rises here, the answer to which is, for us, merely a matter of established fact, or if it cannot be established, of speculation and conjecture; but it was at the time a matter of far-reaching and urgent consequence for those concerned. The same question had risen in the same family, a generation earlier, when the death of William Keen left his motherless children wholly orphaned; and it was an even more serious question then, for the four children involved were very young. Who made a home for these children? Who nursed them and taught them and guarded their inheritance for them? Who accepted responsibility for Maria B.'s adolescent boy and girl? Someone did. It is not important that we should give a name to these people, it is merely a matter of affectionate interest that we try to do so, and it is their due.

Sallie gives them "a local habitation" when she writes to her two little boys one day in the late sixties. The little boys are visiting relatives—"dear relatives"—on a plantation near enough for transportation by horse-drawn vehicles, but far enough away for the transportation to be occasional, with visits arranged for in advance as real visits, not just calls. There is a Cousin Martha mentioned, who is expected to bring the little boys home and pay a visit in her turn, "but not before Presbytery, as I shall have such a houseful then." A casual, sisterly, unceremonious relationship.

I am going to copy this letter for you in its place, but I am referring to it a little early because it does reveal intimate kin living on a plantation not very far away. And there is another letter, written by Sallie's bereaved husband a year later. It is addressed to all his children, who had left the week before for an indefinite visit to the familiar farm, in which he says of their hosts, "You must mind them and love them, for they were near and dear relatives of your dear Mother."

Who were these near and dear relatives? Those were good people, always looking out for little children who needed a friend, and I am glad I can tell you something about them, particularly as there are not many who think of them today.

There were no Keens living in Mecklenburg County in 1782, when the first census was taken, so it was after that when two brothers, Abraham and William Keen, established themselves in more or less, of Mack Goode and his family. They were young that part of Mecklenburg which adjoined Charlotte—neighbors, men. The first thing we really know about them is that on Decem-

ber 29, 1790, Abraham was married to Margaret Tabb;²⁷ and on August 8, 1793, William was married to Mary (Polley) Pleasants of Halifax.²⁸

Probably their lands adjoined, and the two families were intimate from the beginning. When William and his young wife died, it must have seemed natural, almost inevitable, that the two households should be combined. With plenty of servants, the actual work involved would not present the problem that it would today, and Abraham no doubt managed both farms, while Margaret raised William's children along with her own: Margaret T., Martha A., Elizabeth, Edward, and at least one other son, for in her will Miss Margaret Keen mentions years later a niece, Margaret Keen, then living in Mississippi.

John P. Keen and these children grew up together more like brothers and sisters than like cousins. When he married, he acquired a home of his own, but the Abraham Keen household stayed intact, for four of Abraham's children never married, and lived out their lives under one roof. When John's children were orphaned, this was the home that took them in; this was the farm Sallie's little children visited later, as they would have visited their grandparents if they had been living. Such warm affection as existed between them could never have been rooted in mere kinship, it had its origin in long and intimate and kind association.

By the time Mother grew up, they were all very old people, indeed Martha and Elizabeth died while she was still a child, but Edward lived until shortly before her marriage, and Margaret died some years after that. Mother must have talked of them often, for their names come back to me very familiarly after all these years. "Old Uncle Ned Keen," and "Old Aunt Margaret Keen," she called them. She must have loved them, for she named her third daughter for Old Aunt Margaret, who had died the year before; and Old Aunt Margaret must have loved her, for in her will she left all her property to that namesake in Mississippi, who was her niece; but with the provision that if she out-lived the niece, everything she had was to go to Mother, who was only the grand-daughter of a cousin.²⁹

Just before he would have been nineteen, William Pannill Keen

²⁷ Mecklenburg County Marriage Records.

²⁸ Halifax County Marriage Records.

²⁹ Mecklenburg County Will Book 25, pg. 442.

died. There are experiences which are common to us all; but there is one experience which is reserved to a limited group, composed for the most part of the elderly. To this there are exceptions, and John Pleasants Keen at twenty-eight, and his little daughter Sallie at sixteen, were exceptions. These two found themselves, while still so young, the last surviving members of their immediate family. It must have been a lonely and confusing situation for the little Sallie, hardly out of her childhood, hardly recovered yet from the shattering upheaval when the death of her mother, three years before, had meant the breaking up of her home. No father, no mother, no big brother, no little sister—she who had had them all. It was hard; but Sallie still had the dear relatives, she had the guardian who had been her father's friend, and she had a sizable estate. They were but poor substitutes for what she had lost, but they were a lot better than nothing. I remember the question being idly raised, years later, as to what became of Sallie's inheritance, and there seemed to be a feeling that Mr. Carrington's guardianship had been perhaps not all that could be desired from the standpoint of Sallie's heirs. The only things which came down to her children through her, as far as I know, were her mother's portrait and her father's Bible. But in justice to Mr. Carrington, we must remember that her property consisted chiefly of slaves, and of land which without slave labor was practically worthless; and we might as well let it go at that. There were not many people in the south who had anything after Appomattox, including Mr. Carrington's own daughters. They were Sallie's friends, and she stayed with them some of the time at the Carrington home, Sunnyside, near Clarksville; perhaps sharing a governess, or whatever arrangement was made for their education.

They were highly educated women, I know, for I lived at Sunnyside for nearly a year, and they taught me algebra (Miss Emily), and English (Miss Mildred), and a great many other things not included in the curriculum, that could not be paid for with money. Gentle Miss Belle did not teach, she did the housekeeping. There was a whispered legend among the girls that Miss Belle had once been engaged to be married, but that when the wedding day arrived the bridegroom did not appear. We thought an enormous blanket chest in the upstairs hall contained her trousseau. More likely it contained blankets, but it gave us a sentimental interest in Miss Belle. She and her sisters were spoken of by all as "The Ladies." When their father died, having been metamorphosed by time from

Mr. Carrington to Old Major Carrington, and they found themselves with an impressive old house full of four-poster beds and solid mahogany bureaus, but no income, they turned it into a school for girls; and for two generations Sunnyside was a synonym for culture at a time when a war-ravaged country did not have much to offer in that line.

It was a small school, the number of resident pupils being restricted by the accommodations, with a scattering of day pupils; but with transportation what it was then, the number of these was restricted too by the necessity of living within walking or driving distance. It was a very old place—the beautiful elms in the front yard were enormous, and there were climbing rose-bushes growing by the broad grass walks in the garden which had been there so long that they created their own trellis, over which the new growth spread itself year after year until each bush was a dense thicket, a safe refuge for birds and little animals. We slept in the four-poster beds, and studied in our room at night by a coal fire in a Franklin stove, by the light of a kerosene lamp. On certain Sundays in the month, when the weather permitted, we marched the mile into town and attended services at the Presbyterian Church. The distinguished old minister was originally from England, and we always heard that if he had not given up the things of this world for spiritual reasons, he would have been an earl. I have no idea whether it was true or not. He lived at Chase City, serving several churches turn and turn about, and often spent Saturday night at Sunnyside (in a room we called “the prophet’s chamber”) when he was to hold services in Clarksville next day. We were supposed to be honored, and such was the grace of his goodness that I think we dimly realized that we were. His favorite hymn was “Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way,” and it was always sung when he held services. It would please him if he knew that in all the years since, I have never heard it without thinking of him.

For an hour, on Sunday afternoons, we all assembled in “the Chamber,” the big bedroom downstairs that was The Ladies’ room, and the Presbyterian girls were drilled in the Shorter Catechism. Mabel and I, as Methodists, were exempt (our misfortune), and memorized hymns instead.

There were two other young girls at Sunnyside at the same time we were, and dressed in black like us: Henningham and

Josephine Ellett, from Richmond. Hennie, with her thin dark face, was sensitive and mature beyond her years. In time to come, she was to give the world great beauty, in developing, with her husband, the famous Middleton Gardens, near Charleston. Josephine was plump and blonde, and the child at heart which she was in fact. There was brown-eyed little Nannie Marshall, too, motherless like we were, but a cheerful, merry little creature. She was Commodore Maury's grand-daughter.

At the end of the school year, we held exercises, to which the public was invited, with assorted offerings in the entertainment field; among them the trial scene from Shakespeare's Henry VIII. I was Cardinal Wolsey in a tremendous amount of red cheese-cloth, and Mabel was Queen Catherine in pale blue cheese-cloth with canton-flannel ermine with inked-in tails. A quaint idea, but somehow satisfying, that queens on trial appear in court with ermine-bordered trains four yards long. We had the best parts of anybody, and I think now it was because The Ladies remembered Sallie, who had shared their youth, and her little daughter Maria Belle, who had gone to Sunnyside too, and who had died the year before.

In 1854, when she was eighteen, Sallie Goode Keen married Benjamin Douglas Morton, a young merchant of Clarksville.

They lived in a frame house on the edge of town, simple and unpretentious like the woman who made a home of it, but lovable like her, too. Both husband and wife were devoted Presbyterians, and I am sure they would have been deeply gratified to know that eventually their home, with few alterations, would become the Presbyterian manse. The small front porch used to have latticed panels where it has columns now, but I do not think much else was changed. Sallie died there of tuberculosis on June 7, 1869, "age 33 yrs, 1 mo, & 19 days." She left four living children, Sallie, Johnnie, Eddie, and Maria Belle; and there had been a baby boy, Benjamin Douglas Jr., who died in 1864 at the age of seven months, and a baby girl, Agnes, who died in August, 1865.

There is a letter Sallie wrote her two sons, (little dreaming how long it would survive her), which speaks for itself. It was probably written the last summer of her life, for the younger Sallie was old enough to be interested in books, the boys old enough to write; and there is a reference to her health—she has been "better than usual this week."

Clarksville, Aug. 3rd

I wonder if my dear little boys are thinking of Mother and would like to see her? I am afraid that you are so much taken up with country life that you won't think of homefolks much. We have all missed you no little and I have felt more anxious to see you today than I have done since you left, but must try and get my consent to let you stay until after Presbytery as I shall have a housefull then. Tell Cousin Martha I shall expect her to bring you home and make me a visit, but if she can't come she must let me know and I will send for you about the 20th of this month. I have been better than usual this week, spent the day with Mrs. Whaley Tuesday and enjoyed her nice dinner so much. Freddie and *all* the boys are anxious for you to come home. I have had your pig fed every day. Your chickens are almost large enough to eat, and I expect you will find them all gone when you get home. Nelly and her kittens are doing well. Sallie was so disappointed that she didn't get the book she wanted, by Davy. You and Eddie must be good boys and do not give any trouble, be kind and polite to everyone, and always say your prayers when you go to bed—and ask God to bless your Father, Mother & sisters and the dear relatives you are staying with. When Sunday comes, read your Bible. I shall expect you to write to me. Papa, Sallie & Maria Belle join me in much love.

Your loving and affectionate mother

S. G. Morton.

Awhile back we were giving our attention to a little group of men who, as a by-product of their personalities, were lifting Charlotte County out of the average as a place of residence. I once knew a gay and lovable young man who, encountering my sisters and me on Charles Street in Baltimore, his home town, announced blithely that he would walk along with us and lend us a little tone. These gentlemen of whom I speak, walking down the street of life in intimate association with Charlotte County, lent it no little tone, and must have added no little zest to the lives of their fellow-citizens.

We were preoccupied at the time with Mackarness Goode, a very solid person, perhaps more responsible than gay; but I told you we would get back before long to his neighbor, Colonel Morton, and I keep that promise.

Ladies and gentlemen (and Edward): COLONEL WILLIAM MORTON! OLD SOLID COLUMN MORTON!

It was Mrs. Tucker Graham, the former Lilian Baskerville of Waverly Plantation, in Mecklenburg County, who told me that Colonel William Morton had achieved the nick-name "Solid Column" during his military career; and she related to me that Lafayette, seeing Colonel Morton approaching in a procession

marching in his honor, during his triumphant visit to Richmond in 1784, got down from his horse and ran to meet him, embracing him and kissing him on both cheeks, crying affectionately, "Ole Soleed Column! Ole Soleed Column!"

The literal significance of the name Morton is "Great Mountain." The earliest records of the family place them in France, where the Comtes and Marquises Morton de Chambrillon occupied many important positions; their first appearance in England being in the train of William the Conqueror when his half-brother, Robert, Comte de Mortain, or Moriton, crossed the channel with him—disastrously, it would appear, for the Cornish Goodes of the moment: Whitstone, the seat of the Goodes from 1540 to 1669, being given by the Conqueror to this same brother.³⁰

The feeling between the Montagues and the Capulets, the Hatfields and the McCoys, must have been small potatoes and few in the hill compared to the feeling between the Goodes and the Mortons at this juncture; but nearly a thousand years later we find a Goode marrying a Morton halfway round the world from Whitstone, and you and I are a part of both, or rather, each is a part of us. You have to take the long view.

Once the Norman Moritons, or Mortains, had established themselves in England, members of the family scattered and became identified with new localities, including in time a group in Scotland startlingly transformed by some miraculous quality in their new environment from French Catholics to Scotch Presbyterians in a very thorough way. Our own Mortons belong to this sturdy and adaptable branch, some of whom appeared in this country at an early date.

Joseph Morton (1709-1782) of Charlotte County, Virginia, the father of Colonel William Morton, settled in Virginia early, and it is safe to assume that his coming was connected with the arrival of the two groups of Scotch-Irish who in 1735-40 came down from Pennsylvania under the leadership of John Caldwell and established two settlements: one at Cub Creek, in Charlotte County (then Brunswick), and one in adjoining Prince Edward County (then Amelia). There is a question which comes to my mind here, irrelevant and unimportant, but intriguing: how did Cub Creek get its name? Sounds like there were bears in them thar woods. This Joseph may or may not have been the son of that Joseph Morton, Sr. of

³⁰ *Virginia Cousins.*

"Lunenburg" County who made his will in 1749, one of the executors being Joseph, Jr. The will was proved four years later in Halifax County, newly cut off from "Lunenburg," as was Charlotte; but even if we knew positively that he was the Joseph Jr. mentioned, we still wouldn't know much, unless you consider it important that his mother was named Elizabeth. A John Morton, born in Pennsylvania about 1724, and perhaps a kinsman of Joseph's, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

I think we might consider for a moment the long, winding road which brought our Mortons so far, from France to England, to Scotland, to Ireland, to Pennsylvania, to land them at last in the wilderness at Cub Creek. A Mr. Foote gave some thought to this, over a hundred years ago, and can help us out right here. "These people," he says, "who were Scotch in nationality, had the Irish hyphenated as the result of a sojourn of nearly a century in Northern Ireland. They had been settled there by James I to repopulate a land made desolate by the armies of Queen Elizabeth. There they had prospered until economic discrimination by the government of England cut off the market for their goods, and severe depression followed. Many migrated to Pennsylvania, where they settled on the frontier. Indian troubles made life precarious there, so many took to the weary road, and sought a haven in the 'back parts' of Virginia . . . The Scotch-Irish for the most part moved in companies and made their homes in a settlement, for the three-fold purpose of mutual protection against the rigors of the wilderness, of maintaining social contacts, and of convenience of religious worship."³¹

John Caldwell³² had, through the 1938 session of the Synod of Philadelphia, petitioned Governor Gooch of Virginia on behalf of himself and the others of his party who were about to settle in the back parts of his domain, for recognition of their right to worship in their own way, and had his assurance that they would not be interfered with as long as they stayed within the law. Samuel Davies—"dear Mr. Davies" Colonel Gordon calls him in his diary—the great young preacher who had much to do with establishing the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, says in a letter to Dr. Bellamy:

³¹ Rev. William Henry Foote: *Sketches of Virginia*. First Series, Philadelphia, 1850. Pages 102, 103.

³² "afterwards barbarously murdered in New Jersey," Colonel James Gordon notes in his diary, in which he says of him that "Mr. C is a great orator." Caldwell was the grandfather of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. Foote: *Sketches of Virginia*."

"The Honorable William Gooch always discovered a ready disposition to allow us all claimable privileges, and the greatest aversion to persecuting measures."³³

Foote tells us that "The reasons that actuated Governor Gooch to promise protection in the exercise of their religious forms, in a state whose laws for uniformity were precise and enforced with rigor, were two: 1st, he wished a frontier line at a greater distance from Williamsburg . . . 2nd, he knew these people to be firm, enterprising, hardy, brave, good citizens and soldiers."

How well the Governor sized up these new citizens of Virginia is borne out by history. They were soon taking the shock, and holding the line, in the time of trouble inaugurated by the French and Indian hostilities; particularly after the general massacre and the flight that followed Braddock's defeat on July 10, 1755, when many settlers abandoned their homes and retreated head-long toward the coast. It was only ten days afterwards that Mr. Davies was saying to his Presbyterians:

"Let me earnestly recommend you to furnish yourself with arms, and put yourself in a position of defense. What is that religion good for that leaves men cowards on the appearance of danger; and permit me to say that I am particularly solicitous that you, my brethren of the dissenters, should act with honour and spirit at this juncture, as becomes loyal subjects, lovers of your country, and courageous Christians. That is a mean, sordid, cowardly soul, that would abandon his country, and shift for his own little self, when there is any probability of defending it . . . Certainly he does not deserve a place in any country, who is ready to run from it upon every appearance of danger."³⁴

But even after that, persecution did not altogether cease for the Presbyterians, and even more for the Baptists, who were beginning to make a place for themselves. They were tried, and fined, and sometimes actually imprisoned, for nothing more than worshipping in a house not licensed by the authorities. It was as late as 1768 that Deputy Governor John Blair (believe it or not, another grandpa) wrote a letter to the King's attorney in Spottsylvania on the occasion of some such severity, in which he said that he had consulted the Attorney General, and that the matter of granting licenses [to assemble to worship] had been referred to the Court; and goes on to say: "The act of Toleration (it being found by experience that persecuting dissenters increases their numbers) has given them the right to apply, in a proper manner, for licensed houses, for the

³³ Foote: *Sketches of Virginia*.

³⁴ Foote: *Sketches of Virginia*. Pg. 283.

worship of God according to their consciences; and I persuade myself the gentlemen will quietly overlook their meeting till the court. I am told, they administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper near the manner we do, and differ in nothing from our church but in that of Baptism, and their renewing the ancient discipline, by which they have reformed some sinners, and brought them to be truly penitent. Nay, if a man of theirs is idle, and neglects to labour and provide for his family as he ought, he incurs their censures, which have had good effects. If this be their behavior, it may be wished that we had some of it among us. . . ."

About the same time that our Joseph appeared from Pennsylvania, two other Joseph Mortons, father and son, were taking up land in adjoining Prince Edward County, but those Mortons were English in descent, and came by way of eastern Virginia; and they belonged to the established church, one of them being elected a vestryman in the newly-formed Nottoway Parish in 1749,³⁵ while our Joseph down in Charlotte was definitely Scotch, and definitely Presbyterian. I mention this in order to clarify the situation for others seeking a grandfather Joseph Morton of that period and that section.

During the time that the Pennsylvania immigrants were moving into Charlotte and Prince Edward from the north-west, the virgin lands of those two counties were filling up rapidly with settlers from the east, and the name Woodson appears early in Prince Edward. The Woodsons, who were English in origin, were descended from Dr. John Woodson, who came from England to Virginia in the *George* in 1619 with Governor Yeardley, as surgeon for the Virginia Colony.³⁶ Joseph was a young man; Agnes Woodson, daughter of Richard and Anne Smith Woodson, was a young woman. No doubt each felt that they had found in the other the answer to all the doubts and questions with which they set out on their arduous journeys into the unknown. Joseph, or Agnes, or perhaps both of them, had some means, for Joseph took up a large acreage in Charlotte County,³⁷ and there they established their plantation home.

³⁵ Herbert C. Bradshaw: The Settlement of Prince Edward County, in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Geneology* for October, 1954.

³⁶ The descent is as follows: John Woodson from England, had son Robert married Elizabeth Ferris of Curle's Neck; who had son John, married Judith Tarleton; who had son Richard, married Anne Smith; who had daughter Agnes, married Joseph Morton. *Abridged Compendium of American Geneology*. John Woodson was killed in the massacre of 1622.

³⁷ Original grant.

There, through the years, they raised their large family, and were useful, prosperous, and respected citizens. Joseph was Justice of the Peace in Charlotte County from 1765 to 1771, inclusive.³⁸

The first marriage among their children to be recorded was that of William, (born 1743), to Susannah Watkins, in 1764; but there were a number of older children, and William's brothers, Josiah, Jacob and Little Joe, and his sisters Mary and Judith and Agnes, had all been married before he was, though their marriages do not appear in the Charlotte County records, which began in 1764. Josiah and Mary (Mrs. Daniel Price) may have been a half-brother and sister, for while their father leaves a number of slaves to each of them, they are not mentioned at all in the will of William's mother, though she seems to have tried to divide her assets evenly among her children. The greater part of the property in which she had a life interest was only "loaned" to her, and its final disposition had already been decided on in advance; but there again Josiah and Mary had apparently gotten what was coming to them, with the exception of a few slaves, a bequest not comparing in value with the shares of the other children. Josiah was, however, named as one of his father's executors, and there is no discernible lack of family feeling there. He was a prosperous man, too—the census figures show that. No doubt his father had already done a good part by him.

The will of Joseph Morton was presented at Court in August, 1782,³⁹ and later that same year his wife Agnes, so recently widowed, was described in the first census as head of a household of three, with twenty-one slaves.

I have no idea who constituted the two other members of Agnes' household. Perhaps some of the maiden cousins or other lonely or necessitous kin who so often found shelter with relatives in those pre-welfare days. All of her children were married by then, most of them with homes of their own nearby: Jacob, who was to inherit the home place after her death; Little Joe—so-called to distinguish him from his father, and once Little Joe, Little Joe he remained to the end of his life, in the most formal records; William—John William, he signs the receipt for his legacy—down on his river plantation; her namesake Agnes, married to dear Susanna's brother Joel—such a good man, and the Lord had prospered him accordingly; Judith (Mrs. James Venable) named for her Wood-

³⁸ Bulletin of the Virginia State Library, 1921.

³⁹ Charlotte County Will Book I, part 2, pg. 292.

son grandmother; Elizabeth (Mrs. John Daniel); and Jane (Mrs. Claiborne Barksdale). She must have thought of Jane, (or Jeanne as she is called in her father's will), who had not been Mrs. Barksdale very long in 1782, with particular satisfaction, for Jane had known problems and a sadness that set her apart from the others. She had been first married in 1768 to John Carter, and at some time during the twelve years that followed had been widowed. She had a Carter daughter, Elizabeth, and other Carter children, not identified, for this will, made before her second marriage, mentions certain property left to her, to be given at her death to "such of her children as she may think proper."

When that first census was taken, Agnes Morton, with the seven children mentioned in her will, their husbands and wives and families, represented a group of approximately seventy-two people, owning a hundred and fifty-five slaves, besides the small ones not listed. Such a group would certainly make its influence felt in any community. It is a good thing for Charlotte County that they were Scotch Presbyterians.

Agnes, who was born in 1711,⁴⁰ was an old, old woman when she died, in 1802.⁴¹

William, when he married Susanna Watkins the year he was twenty-one, took her to a plantation home provided by his father, who enlarged its boundaries in his will to take in the boundaries mentioned in William's own will forty years later; leaving him at the same time six adult slaves to supply the additional labor needed for the new acreage. A valuable legacy. Joseph Morton was a rich man. He bequeathed land to his son Little Joe "lying on the lower side of Wallace's Creek and adjoining the lands of the said Little Joe Morton, William Morton, Joel Watkins"—his son-in-law. Obviously the holdings mentioned must once have been part of a tract belonging to him and divided by him among certain of his children, with a good deal left to be added to their lands after his death; this not taking into account whatever help he had given his other children, or the home plantation, which he describes as being "above Little Reonoke." And in addition to the slaves who remained at the home place, he leaves to various children forty-four adult slaves, with an unspecified number of children who are thrown in with their mothers—not casually, I think, but in an effort to keep family groups together. However unkind slavery

⁴⁰ *Abridged Compendium American Geneology.*

⁴¹ Will in Charlotte County Will Book 2, p. 219.

might be as an institution, Joseph was a kind master. He directed that his wife have the final say about certain of the slaves loaned to her for her life-time, giving them to any child or children of theirs she thought fit, but only to a child or children. They were not to be handed over to strangers. And he stated his desire that there should be no division made among the slaves until the following November, a whole year from the date of his death—this, I take it, in order to give them time to adjust to impending changes. Evidently he knew that he did not have a great while left, probably thought it less, even, than it turned out to be. He knew that when November came again it would find him gone, and it did.

Besides his consideration for the slaves, he expresses a desire that his brother Stephen “may be maintained by all my children during his life.” Not a bequest, just the expression of a wish. He knew his children, and he considered that was sufficient. His four sons were named as his executors.

Edward, I can just hear you starting an argument as to how so good a man came to be a slave-owner—or, since he owned slaves, was he all that good? You mustn’t lose sight of the fact that in Joseph’s day slavery was an almost universally accepted institution. It was not confined to the southern part of the United States, it existed practically wherever conditions did not render it economically unprofitable, such as our New England states, the British Isles, and continental Europe, already over-populated with a numerous peasant class which made slavery, as we know it, superfluous. Many of the native Africans brought to this country were forced on us by the English government (in favor of British shipping) in spite of earnest efforts on the part of Virginia to end the slave trade; and those who fell into the hands of kind and responsible masters were the lucky ones, compared to what their fate would have been if they had remained in their native jungles to be slain or enslaved by their fellows. Don’t think that any high-mindedness about slavery existed in Africa.

Much has been made of laws against teaching slaves to read and write. I suppose such regulations existed in some places—I have not looked into it—but it is axiomatic that no law can be enforced which is against the popular will, much less the popular conscience, and slaves were given careful instruction within their capacity, and particularly given religious training, in many southern homes. I can give Joseph Morton a clean bill of health in this respect. In 1819 Dr Rice, writing in *The Evangelical Magazine*, reports that “at this

day there are more than one hundred (Negro) communicants in a congregation called Cub Creek in the County just mentioned [Charlotte]. Of these a very large proportion can read, and are instructed in religious doctrines and duties beyond many professors among the white people. And they afford an experiment of sixty or seventy years standing of the effect of this sort of discipline among the slaves."

Mr. R. A. Brock tells us that "the Watkins family, of French-English descent, was founded in Virginia by Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy, one of two brothers who came to Virginia in Colonial days, one settling in Virginia, the other in Alabama." But shucks, nobody's brother was going to Alabama at the time of the first Virginia Watkins; and his descendants, when they did go, went in coaches and established fine plantations in the Canebrake section, where they had been preceded by some of Napoleon's followers who were no longer happy in France. But don't feel badly, Mr. Brock. It took me a mighty long time to find out that Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy had a Virginia-born father, and a grandfather who was a Virginian by adoption; and then it was by happen-chance, and happen-chance, like lightning, strikes where it will.

Benjamin Watkins came from Wales to Virginia in 1687, and had a son, Thomas, (died 1760), a planter of Swift Creek, in Powhatan County, then Cumberland. His son, Thomas Jr. (1715-83), afterwards known as Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy, married Martha Anderson.⁴²

In 1899 a small, paper-covered pamphlet was printed by the Atlas Printing Company, of Henderson, North Carolina, bearing the title:

A catalogue
of the
Descendants
of
THOMAS WATKINS
of Chickahominy, Va.

Who was the common ancestor of many of the
families of the name in Prince Edward,
Charlotte, and Chesterfield Counties,
Virginia.

By
Francis N. Watkins
of Prince Edward County, Va.

⁴² *Abridged Compendium American Geneology.*

The twenty-five sheets of paper constituting its pages are of a very mediocre quality, as is the gray paper cover. Close economy is indicated, and even so it is doubtful if the publishers, or their client, sold enough copies, at fifty cents a copy, to break even. But the contents of the pamphlets are not mediocre. A tremendous amount of work went into it—"some labor and expense," the introduction notes modestly.

The author says in this introduction, dated Farmville, Va., September 1852: "I have endeavored, as occasional leisure and opportunity would allow me to indulge my curiosity, to ascertain the names and history of some of my paternal kindred. The annexed catalogue is one of the results of my inquiries. It is mainly designed to be a register of the descendants of Thomas Watkins of Chickahomony (my paternal grandfather), and of his youngest brother, Benjamin Watkins of Chesterfield, and is printed only for circulation among my friends . . . I do not know that my own notes would have gone to the printer except that I am induced to believe, and hope from some of the encouraging interest which some of my kindred have manifested in my humble effort to preserve at least the *names* of the kindred, that the information necessary to complete the catalogue and notes may be hereafter furnished; and the defects in the paper be supplied, and its errors corrected, in a future edition."

Just what this first catalog consisted of, I do not know, or whether there are any copies of it extant today. Except in the introduction there is no mention of it in the 1899 edition, and no explanation of the forty-seven years between the writing of the introduction and the printing of the pamphlet; only a simple notation on the cover that any member of the family wanting a copy will address N. B. Morton, Townesville, Vance County, North Carolina, who is unidentified. A member of the family, of course—there was much intermarrying between the Watkinses and the Mortons; and this plainly represents *his* "humble effort to keep at least the names of the kindred alive."

Edward, I doubt if you ever heard the name of Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy—there has been very little occasion to bring him into the conversation in your life-time; but he seems to have been an upright man, who made a good life out of the materials he had to work with; and through the marriage of his daughter, Susanna, to William Morton, he is one of your many grandfathers. Of him, his grandson, Francis Watkins, writes:

"He was the oldest son of Thomas of Swift Creek, above named. He married a Miss Anderson, probably of Chesterfield (hence the middle name so often found in this branch of the Watkins family). She was a sister of Claiborne Anderson of Chesterfield.⁴³

". . . Thomas Watkins resided near Bottom's Bridge, and died in 1783. My limited knowledge of him was derived from a few old papers found among those of his son Francis Watkins of Prince Edward, and from the late Mr. Leigh. 'Of Thomas Watkins, of Chickahominy,' said Mr Leigh, 'I have heard very full accounts from my mother and from my uncle Thomas, both of whom knew him well; he was a man of the highest respectability from every point of view, and in particular, a man of the most indefatigable industry. He reared a large family of children (four sons and seven daughters) with limited means, and when they entered upon the active duties of life he seems to have made but little, if any advancement to his sons at least, leaving them either from necessity or from prudential considerations, to depend mainly on their own energy and resources. I have seen his will, and find among the papers of his executors, in relation to its execution, evidence of a very affectionate regard among the children for the wishes of their father, and of their great integrity. There is a codicil attached to his will, in which he designed to devise real and personal estate, of a value I infer, equal to any bequest in the will, to persons not members of his family. There is no proof of the execution of the writing, purporting to be a codicil to the will. By the operation of the then existing law the old man died intestate as to the property mentioned in the codicil, and the real estate descended to his eldest son, Henry, and the personal assets, by virtue of the will, went to the sisters and brothers. The sons, daughters, and sons-in-law appear to have been anxious to carry out the old gentleman's wishes, although it deprived them of interest of some value to them. There being infants interested (the children of Thomas, who had died) some difficulties occurred in carrying out the intention of the testator. The children not only relinquished to the intended beneficiaries their right and title to the property in question, but made liberal contributions to the intended devisees.' "

The children of Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy and his wife Martha Anderson Watkins, were:

Henry Watkins of Prince Edward County
Francis Watkins of Prince Edward County
Joel Watkins of Charlotte County

⁴³ Claiborne Anderson had as guardian Richard Eppes of Bermuda Hundred, who on July 24, 1753, gave his consent to his ward's marriage with Betty Clack of Brunswick County. There was a connection between the Claibornes, Eppeses, and Andersons. Mary Eppes, the wife of Edward Eppes, was a daughter of James and Mary Jordan Anderson; and when her son James was baptized on April 29, 1749, his sponsors were: James Claiborne, James Anderson, and Mary Tatum, daughter of Daniel Eppes and sister of Edward.

Thomas Watkins of Powhatan County
Betsey m. Major Nathaniel Massie of Goochland County
Susanna m. William Morton of Charlotte County
Sally m. John Spencer, Esq.
Mary m. Stephen Pankey of Manchester
Nancy m. Smith Blakey of Henrico
Jane m. Charles Hundley of Goochland County
Prudence m. William Royster

As you see, one of these good children was a daughter, named Susanna. She was one of the pushed-around middle-class majority, expecting no tribute and receiving no special consideration either as the oldest or the youngest; disciplined to share the world with others, and to think more of what she owed them, than of what they owed her. Nobody had any illusions, in that family, of white meat for all and new outfits for thirteen assorted bodies simultaneously. Perhaps there was an occasional brief moment when she may have felt as you felt one day when you were three years old. You and I were walking down the street hand in hand when we encountered a crowd of boisterous school-children who were not at all particular about keeping to their own part of the sidewalk. I relinquished your hand and stepped ahead of you to keep you from being jostled, and when we had gotten by I took your hand again and we went on as before; and presently you said reflectively, having thought the matter over and reached a conclusion: "Don't you wish God hadn't made anybody but us?"

But if Susanna in the crowded nursery ever had that feeling for a moment, we can be sure it was only for a moment, and that it was followed by sincere and humble penitence. We have heard too much about our "rights." I doubt if Susanna ever realized that she had any rights. She knew more about patience, and self-denial, and service—all very conducive to the "meek and quiet spirit" which so beautifully adorned her life, as her nephew testifies in his "Catalogue."

He seems to have had very little, if any, personal knowledge of her, she had married and gone to Charlotte before he came along; but he wrote of her being remembered with great veneration and affection by the older people, and records that to her husband and children she was of priceless value. After which, meekness and quietness and life-long piety having been given their just due, we come to what admiring nephew Francis regarded as the really notable achievement of her life—and how Susanna's fellow-women

will agree with him! She caught herself a very fine beau, and on the 29th of October, 1764, she married him. Three cheers for Susanna! You have to watch that quiet kind.

“But if Mrs. Morton had been a woman of no marked and distinctive character,” writes Mrs. Morton’s nephew, “the alliance with Colonel Morton brought much honor to her name. He must have been an extraordinary man. He seems to have held some office, while a young man, which called him occasionally to Williamsburg, then the seat of the government of Virginia. On one of these journeys he called at the home of Thomas Watkins of Chickahominy, and the acquaintance with his daughter resulted in their marriage. He settled on the Staunton River, at the plantation now (in 1852) occupied by his grandson. He enlisted in the patriotic service of his country, and exhibited much gallantry at the Battle of Guilford Court House. He was afterwards a faithful and useful Justice of the Peace in Charlotte County; and on one occasion refused to vote for the nomination of the Executive of Virginia, for a militia officer to be commissioned as major. The officer demanded his reason; Colonel M told him ‘that when he ran at Guilford from the enemy’s fire he (Col. M) *thrashed* him back into the lines.’ A personal difficulty was apprehended by friends; and when someone asked the Colonel if he did not feel apprehensive for his safety in making so grave a charge, he promptly replied, ‘no, I thrashed him once and I can do it again if necessary.’ The charge caused a lawsuit; the Colonel had some difficulty in obtaining the proof of the alleged slander; but when he was finally sustained by an old soldier who had witnessed the scene, the prosecution of the suit was abandoned. Few men were held in higher veneration and regard, by all, young and old, than Colonel Morton; and mainly for his piety and benevolence, and for all those high and ennobling virtues which make up and complete the character of the ‘good citizen.’ As an evidence of his exceeding kindness of heart, no love of profits could induce him to sell corn to the poor beyond the lowest market price, during a season when, from great scarcity in the country, corn was commanding a very high price. And at such times, he liberally supplied the wants of the extremely poor, without price. In the development of a wonderful *sagacity* of mind, Coll M. exceeded any man of whom I have ever heard, and especially in ferreting out crime. He was a ‘terror to evil-doers.’ The various and authentic anecdotes of his skill at tracing others by ‘*tracking*’ them, are most wonderful. Among the many facts which are told of him in this particular, I mention one. A riding-horse was stolen, while the congregation was engaged in public worship, on some occasion at Briery Church. Colonel Morton followed the track of the horse into North Carolina; the thief evidently designed to prevent pursuit by often leaving the direct road; but he could not evade the Colonel. He pursued him, by following the horse’s track, and without aid, he apprehended him. . . .

“The Presbyterian Church had few more useful, consistent, and

zealous, and wise members than Col. Morton was; he was, for a long time, a ruling elder of the denomination.

"Mrs. Morton died some years before her husband. Very numerous descendants survived them; their children and grand-children are among the most honorable and respected in the commonwealth, whose useful lives illustrate the benefits of the examples and counsels of their most excellent ancestors."

So William and Susanna lived out their long lives there on the Staunton River plantation to which he took her as a bride, adjoining the lands of his brother Little Joe and of his sister Agnes, who was married to Susanna's brother Joel, of "Woodfork." There his twelve children were born; from there he set out to fight mightily for what he believed in, and to see that others fought for it too, even if he had to thrash them into line; and the war over, back there he came to spend all the rest of his days in the service of his church, his community, and his fellow-man.

If any of his descendants should take a notion to visit that ancestral home, I can tell them exactly where to find it—or rather, William told them himself: "... the land on which I reside as follows to wit, beginning at the mouth of Wallace's Creek thence up the same to where the mill water empties into it, thence a straight line to a poplar at York's spring thence a line to a stony point to include all the plats of the Mill branch thence along an old line *sutherly* to Fuqua's corner & thence along my lines to the river again & down to the first point so as to include all my land North of the first mentioned lines with the mill Mansion house & all other buildings situated on the same."⁴⁴

Do not laugh at the landmarks given. They may not have been permanent, except as they became a permanent part of the man who knew them well; but I wish I could stand today where Wallace's Creek slips soundlessly into the river, and from there go on up to where the mill waters add their volume, tumbling to their goal, almost home. Joseph does not mention the mill, in laying down those same boundary lines. Perhaps William built that later. Joseph mentions the mouth of the creek "where there is a fish-trap." The exciting moments when the fish-trap was visited, and emptied!

I would like to find the great tulip poplar, reflected in the living water of the spring at its roots; and stand beside the shallow ripples lapping the wet rocks of a stony point; and so back to the wide

⁴⁴ From will presented in Court and ordered to be recorded December 4, 1820. Charlotte County Records.

river, with its banks hidden under the spring green of the willows. I cannot imagine myself wanting to be where latitude A crosses longitude B, even if they were real and their junction visible; can you? But if I were burning with a fever, the thought of those other boundaries would cool me.

The old man was very near the end when he took that last walk, in his mind, along the boundaries of the home place, telling them goodbye. He died four days later, on November 20, 1820. His obituary notice in the *Richmond Enquirer* of December 21, 1820, says of him in part: "He was engaged in several skirmishes and battles, in each of which he discharged the duties of an officer with much honour to himself and his beloved country. It was at Guilford Court House, more particularly, he displayed the traits of a hero, and of a skillful officer. As a man, he was universally esteemed—free, easy, and unassuming in his manners, all approached him with freedom, and with entire affection. No one had the presumption to use profane language, or be guilty of any indecent or irreligious conduct, in his presence; for they saw something of Divinity stamped on his countenance."

Perhaps it is all summed up in a letter I had from Gena years ago: "... and if it can ever be said of me that my 'children and grandchildren are among the most honorable and respected in the commonwealth' I shall be one proud angel."

The property described above, along with a Negro man named Charles and his wife Lucy, were left to Colonel Morton's only surviving son, Joseph; and as Francis Watkins notes, was occupied by his grandson in 1852.

Out of all that family's many children, there were only two sons: Henry, who died in 1796, apparently unmarried, for there is no record of a wife or family; and Joseph, who married his cousin, Betsey Watkins.

With the exception of this property, and a few minor bequests, (if you can call the bequest of a human being, a little boy to his little grandson, minor) all the rest of the land, and his personal estate, were to be sold, and the proceeds divided among his daughters. They were:

Frances m. Robert Watkins February 19, 1785

Agnes m. Benjamin Morton of Halifax November 5, 1787

Nancy m. Rev. William Hill, D. D., of Winchester, October 3, 1792

Betsey (Elizabeth Watkins), m. John Morton of Charlotte Co., (son of her uncle Jacob), December 30, 1800

- Mary (Polly), m. Richard N. Venable of Prince Edward, May, 1797
Lucy m. Captain George Hannah of Charlotte County.
Martha W., m. Captain Henry Edmunds of "Elm Hill," Halifax
County, February, 1808.
Mildred m. (1) Edwin Edmunds, March, 1806; (2) Henry N.
Watkins, August 20, 1812.
Susanna m. Thomas Throckmorton of Kentucky, February, 1797
Jane (Jincey), m. John H. Marshall, April 13, 1813

Those Morton girls must have been an attractive lot. They married like corn popping, as fast as Susanna could raise them. The plantation must have been a lively place, with all the visiting backwards and forwards among the cousins, the family gatherings at the old place with Grandmother, all those beaux coming and going, all those wedding bells ringing, year after year. The long, dull, unsettled period of the Revolution had left hardly a ripple in its wake as it flowed past them. It was different then from the way it is now, with radios and television.

One December day when you were overseas, I turned on the radio for the two o'clock news broadcast, and heard Cedric Foster say: "The 501st Paratroop Infantry is fighting today in a blizzard two miles north of Bastogne, with the thermometer near zero."

The 501st was your regiment. *You* were fighting, while I listened—or maybe you were lying dead or wounded in the bitter cold. I remember shutting off the radio and walking up and down, up and down, in the small room that had been your room. It is all I do remember.

But on the plantation on the Staunton, sometimes it would be weeks, or even months, before those at home would hear what was happening, or what had happened, on the battlefields. All very well for dear Papa, galloping around the country on his horse brandishing a sword, and for Mr. Patrick Henry, making the welkin ring down at Richmond; but consisting mainly of long, anxious periods of loneliness and unshared responsibilities for Susanna, meeting the exigencies of the plantation and of her over-flowing nursery in her quiet back-water.

Now all that was done at last. The time had come to be happy. Even Mildred's early widowhood was soon happily behind them, too, for she was married again in no time to her cousin Henry, the son of Susanna's nephew, Colonel Thomas Watkins. Another hero of Guilford Court House—he had a letter from General Washington to prove it. I have already mentioned that there was a lot of

intermarrying between the Mortons and the Watkinses. It makes my brain reel to try to trace the relationship between some of them and others of them. To begin, Susanna's brother Joel married her husband's sister, Agnes. A very exceptional man, Joel. Starting with little or nothing, he managed so well that when the first census was taken he is listed as owning more slaves than any other of that prosperous family, of his generation; and not only that, it was said of him by someone who knew him well that he must have been the best man that ever lived. Susanna's oldest child, Frances, married her cousin Robert, the son of Susanna's brother Henry; and Susanna's son Joseph married his cousin Betsey, daughter of Susanna's nephew Colonel Thomas Watkins and sister of Mildred's second husband. Two of the girls married Mortons—cousins, of course.

Our concern is with one of these, Agnes, who married Benjamin Morton of Halifax County.

Agnes and Benjamin Morton belonged to the same generation as William Goode, of whom I wrote awhile back: "the urgency of political turmoil and of war which brings out the qualities of leadership in a man and sets him apart from his fellows in greater or less degree, had died down as the Revolution faded into the past; and the War of 1812 did not greatly affect those who lived inland. William belonged to the generation whose task was to consolidate what had already been decided on, to translate into daily routine a mode of life already accepted. The solid citizen: building, conserving, unspectacular; but multiply him by thousands, and the new nation forged ahead." Agnes and Benjamin were among the thousands.

The pattern of Agnes' life differed, too, from her mother's, in that Susanna had two sons and ten daughters, while Agnes had seven sons and one daughter. The law of averages was working overtime to maintain some sort of balance between the sexes, in the two groups. However, it came out very well, putting them together, with nine boys and eleven girls. Almost even.

The children of Benjamin and Agnes Morton were:

John A. Morton of Baltimore, m. Julia May

William Morton of Mecklenburg m. (1) Lavinia Ligon; (2) Mrs. Mary Langworthy

Henry Morton of Mississippi, m. Mary Briant, Mass.

James Morton of New Orleans

Betsey Morton m. Colonel Henry Carrington of Halifax County

Richard V. Morton of Mecklenburg

Nathan (Nathaniel?) S. Morton m. Elizabeth Scott

Benjamin Morton m. Ann Bell

Anyone reading the above in even a casual way must be struck by the fact that the boys of the family scattered widely, and apparently at an early age, marrying outside their home orbit. Conditions were changing. Benjamin Morton was a planter on a large scale, but the best lands around him were taken up at higher and higher prices by the increasing population, and limited markets were being depressed by competition. The plantation which provided generously for one family, could not be expected to do as much for nine families. They branched out. But John Morton of Baltimore, and James Morton of New Orleans, and Henry Morton of Mississippi, must have remembered sometimes the world they had shared as boys; a world whose like they would not see again.

We get a glimpse of this world in the inventory of Benjamin Morton's property made at the time of his death in 1836.⁴⁵ Like most large plantations of the era, it was practically a self-sustaining community. In the main, the land supplied the needs and furnished the sustenance of those who lived upon it. The inventory is very long, since even the smallest items are included; there is no purpose in quoting all of it, but some of the possessions listed are indicative of the mode of life in that unit of a larger community. Some of the furniture may well have been beautiful—it is impossible to judge the present-day value of any given piece by the appraised value at the time. For instance, "one dozen Windsor chairs" were valued at eight dollars—not apiece, but the whole dozen; and "one and ½ dozen large plates" at a dollar and a half; and a cupboard, undescribed, at fifty cents. Perhaps the handsomest single piece was a combination desk and bookcase for fifteen dollars, very likely walnut or mahogany which would be a museum piece today. At the other end of the scale were eight counterpanes valued at twenty-eight dollars for the lot—very high. (There were others less expensive.) They must have been hand-woven. The plantation had its looms and its spinning-wheels, including a flax wheel. The nine pairs of sheets at two dollars a pair were probably linen, woven on the place, for there were eight lesser pairs whose value was not considered worth mentioning.

This is where the women made their contribution to the plantation economy. Food—shelter—clothing—the three necessities of life. The men—the woodsmen, the carpenters and the masons, provided the shelter; and the gardeners and field workers and herdsmen

⁴⁵ Inventory and appraisal of the estate of Captain Benjamin Morton, November 26, 1836. Halifax Will Book 18, pg. 307.

provided the food. The women cared for the shelter, and prepared the food, and the clothing was almost wholly their responsibility—the spinning, weaving and sewing, the washing and ironing. They also made candles, for a tin candle box and a set of “candle moles” are mentioned; and there are sixty-five pounds of soap on hand—home-made soap, of course, made from waste fats and lye bleached from the wood-ashes. Believe it or not, I have seen that done when I was a child. There was a better grade of “bought soap” to be had, but our cook used to make the other for use in washing and scrubbing.

Also itemized are seven pairs of sheep shears, which with the wool cards mentioned, and the twenty-seven sheep, no doubt kept several women busy and promoted winter comfort. There were fifty-nine hogs, including nineteen shoats; fifteen cows, two herd bulls, two pair of oxen with an ox-cart and harness, some steers and young calves; and six horses, with two colts, one of which was valued at a fairly high price.

No cow was valued at more than twelve dollars, no horse at more than a hundred and twenty-five; but when it came to the men and the women, it was different. Abram and Daniel, of course, were worth nothing at all, their working days were over; but Isaac was worth twelve hundred dollars, Clem and Big Clem were worth eleven hundred each, and Joe, Boy Davy and Edmond, were valued at a thousand each. From there the men varied, according to age and capacity, to as little as two hundred and fifty dollars each. The women were not worth as much. Old Sally, like Abram and Daniel, was appraised as of no value at all, but there was a “Girl Sarah” valued at nine hundred dollars, and “Lucy & child” were valued at nine hundred. Only Martha, at eight hundred, came anywhere near them. I expect she was the cook.

There were twenty-three men and women, not counting the small children who are not even mentioned, with the exception of Lucy’s baby.

To feed these dependents, animal and human, the plantation had on hand at the time the inventory was made:

- 60 barrels of corn
- 20 stacks of oats
- 5 stacks of fodder
- 15 bushels of wheat

besides an unestimated acreage in pasturage and food crops—the inventory does not include real estate; and to supply cash, ten

thousand pounds of tobacco still unsold, in late November.

Apparently when Benjamin died intestate in 1836, his property was sold and the proceeds divided among his legal heirs, for only the two youngest of the boys remained in Halifax, if indeed, they did. Francis Watkins is not explicit about that. It may be that after the home was broken up he lost touch with them and did not know what became of them ultimately. Richard and William lived in Mecklenburg, where they appear to have farmed, as their father did before them, but not on so elaborate a scale. Benjamin and Agnes Morton and their son William appear to be, geneologically speaking, just—links. We cannot all be out-standing personalities, notable for dramatic adventures, for leadership, intellect, wealth or beauty. Most of us experience such measure of achievement and failure, hope and disappointment, as we are capable of absorbing, without ever doing anything to set us apart from thousands of others. Links. But without the link, the chain dangles, incomplete; without the parenthetic “to be continued,” the book is closed; and without Benjamin and Agnes and their son William, of whom we know so little, you and I would never have existed. The world would have gone on, but we would have had no part in it.

William Morton of Mecklenburg married (1) Lavinia Ligon; (2) Mrs. Mary Langworthy. The children of William Morton were:

Susan m. A. A. Grigg of Amelia County

Benjamin Douglas m (1) Sallie Goode Keen; (2) Sue Carrington

William H. Morton m. Angelina Ballow of Halifax County. Living in Clarksville in 1865

Mary B.

Elizabeth L.

The only one of them with whom we are directly concerned is Benjamin, the young merchant of Clarksville who married our little orphaned heiress, Sallie.

Benjamin Douglas Morton the son of William and Lavinia Ligon Morton, was born July 3, 1825. As near as we know, the early years spent as a member of his father's household were entirely uneventful. His obituary mentions that he joined the Presbyterian Church in 1848, when he was twenty-three years old. Apparently the Presbyterian Church at Clarksville is meant, and his joining no doubt coincided at least approximately with his arrival in Clarksville, where he was in business for a time with his brother William.

That he decided to take up merchandising is in itself significant.

His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather had lived on the land in patriarchal plenty and with patriarchal authority. The pattern had begun to change in his father's generation, when cheap and abundant land was no longer available. In his own generation a new pattern had begun to emerge. As the denser population developed multiple needs, business came into the picture.

The obituary speaks of him as having been "for more than forty years a leading merchant of Clarksville, he was a man of fine business capacity and the highest integrity."

Grandpa Morton did right well. He maintained a comfortable home for his family, educated his children, and accumulated enough to care for him and his household in his last long illness and to provide for his wife and three small children of his second marriage, beside whatever help he was able to give the others as they started out on their own. A good citizen, who stood on his own feet, met his own responsibilities, and served his generation without asking any favors.

The happiest period of his life must have been those early days of his first marriage, before Sallie's health began to fail, and before they had buried little Agnes, named for his grandmother, and his own namesake, little Benjamin. All too soon, those happy years faded. All too soon, hard times came a-knockin' on the door; very hard times indeed for the lonely man struggling to meet the physical and spiritual needs of four motherless children. It was inevitable that he should marry again. The only wonder is that he waited four years before he did.

I don't think he understood children very well. He was very strict with them, and was undoubtedly very narrow in some of his views. So were the Puritans. The main thing was, he loved his children, and tried to be a good father to them; and they sensed that, as children do, and loved him too. They had never heard of child psychology, and it did not occur to them that they were perhaps repressed, or that their individualities were being trespassed on; and when I knew them as mature men and women, years later, they were cheerful, pleasant people, who remembered their father with respect and affection, and were warmly attached to each other; accepting the world as they found it, and getting along fine.

He was paralyzed four years before his death, and for those four years was a helpless invalid. I remember seeing him once. I have no

way of knowing just how old I was at the time, but I was very young, since I was only five when he died. Nevertheless there was something about him which made a deep impression on me, to this day I remember the figure wrapped in quilts in a big chair close to the bed—the thin, carved-ivory face with its dark beard, and above all, the burning eyes in which all the life of that still form was concentrated. He died on December 8, 1892. Mother did not go to the funeral, for it was only a short time before the birth of her first son, Benjamin Douglas; but years later I found in her Bible a little piece of paper to which had been carefully fastened three violets, and on the other side of it, in her handwriting, was written the date of the funeral, and the two words, "Well done."

The children of Benjamin Douglas and Sallie Goode Morton were:

John William of Clarksville; m. Willie Haskins
Sallie Lavinia m. Judge Henry Wood of Clarksville
Edward Leigh of Clarksville; m. Shannon Cramer
Maria Belle m. Edward Chambers Goode of Boydton
Agnes d. young
Benjamin d. young

The three daughters of his second marriage were: Anna, married Thomas Fry; Elizabeth (Bessie), married Adam Tyree Finch; Susie, married Owen Easley.

And so we come to Mother, though we did not call her that in her life-time. To us, her name, as a person, was Mama. Her name, as a memory, became Mother, perhaps because it hurt too much to say the familiar word, perhaps because there was about the other a certain dignity of withdrawal from the commonplace and the accustomed.

Mother was born during the Civil War, but she was too young to come into direct contact with war, or with the reconstruction that followed; just as she was too young, at thirty-eight, to have done more than touch the hem of the garments of the era just unfolding. Her brief life was sandwiched in between these periods of war and destruction, and of fantastic progress in knowledge and achievement. She could not say, "I remember the marching men, and the faces of the women looking after them . . . I remember the broken men, and the broken homes." She could not say, "I remember the first time I ever talked over a telephone, the first time I rode in an automobile." She never talked over a telephone, or saw an auto-

mobile, and she never even heard of an airplane, or of radio, or television.

I am happy to recall that she did have a bathroom, which was almost as revolutionary at the moment as those other things were later. My grandparents had the first one in Mecklenburg County. When Mabel and I would go to visit Grandmother on Saturday mornings, to carry back the books we had borrowed the week before and get a fresh supply—we were greatly enamored of the Henty books at the time—she would entertain us by letting us take a bath in the upstairs bathroom, thus killing two birds with one stone. We got a bath, and she got immunity from having to take up time with us on a busy morning. She had two bathrooms, one upstairs, and one down—the last word in luxury and self-indulgence. We never tired of the wonder of producing water by turning a spigot, and the exhilaration of water, both hot and cold, in unlimited abundance. When water for bathing was carried in a bucket and poured into a little round tin tub with a spreading tin apron, as at our house, abundance was not the word.

My grandfather soon had the kind thought that with so many little children to keep clean, Mother could use a bathroom too; so he had one built for us, and we became the second family in the county to have a bathroom. The plumbing was crude by today's standards, but efficient. True, the water-heater, which burned coal, was in a corner of the bathroom, but that only made it cozy in winter, and in summer the water did not have to be very hot, so the fire did not have to be very large.

The water supply came from a tank into which it was pumped by a windmill. It was fine to see the wheel of the windmill go flying around in a brisk wind and know that with every revolution water was pouring into the tank. When there was no wind for days, as sometimes happened, the pump could be disconnected from the windmill and attached to the windmill's dependable predecessor, the pump-handle. The process was a very simple one—all that connected the pump-rod proper to either windmill or handle was an iron cottar pin with a hole in the end through which a leather thong was slipped to keep the cottar pin from working loose.

I remember that on one occasion, after a considerable period when hand-pumped water had been a luxury to be used sparingly, the windmill began to turn again, and the connection which was to replenish our supply was thankfully made. Father went to his office.

Mother and the maid moved in their respective orbits in the house. The cook did not care what I did. I entertained myself, as one might entertain one's-self toying with a buzz-saw, by slipping the cottar pin out and then slipping it in again as the rod jerked up and down. The rod was moving fast, and it took some skill to make the rapid connection, but I kept on until I acquired a facility which met my standards, after which I roamed off in search of some fresh world to conquer. I left the pump connected with the windmill, but I forgot to secure the cottar pin, and this I was to hear about.

At "first dark" Father came charging into the nursery, and called our attention in no uncertain terms to the fact that the wind had been followed by a great calm, and that the tank was empty. The sixty-four dollar question was, which of us had monkeyed with the cottar pin; and to this I knew the answer. I alone. But it did not make me proud.

"Didn't you hear me dare any of you to put your hands on it again?" thundered Jove.

The "again" must have referred to some previous incident which was plain to me at the moment, though now forgotten. I was not particularly upset, but I must have been more impressed than I realized, for I remember distinctly the sweet reasonableness with which I answered.

"Yes sir," I enlightened him, "but I didn't know you meant *any* time, I thought you just meant *that* time."

Father looked at me speechlessly, and left the room with all the impetus with which he had entered it. But after his supper and Mother's—we had had our milk and bread and blackberry preserves an hour before—he came back to kneel beside me and say, with his arms around me, that he had meant to punish me for disobeying him, but had reversed his decision because he was so proud of me for telling the truth. What he did not know, and what probably fixed the episode in my memory, was my bewilderment over this concept of his that it was praise-worthy in me to have told the truth. It had never entered my head not to tell the truth.

Beside the almost unique luxury of a bathroom, Mother had one other contact with impending change. She heard a phonograph play. Only once, to be sure, but she did hear it. A man came to Boydton one day bringing with him a sort of fumed-oak box, or case, from which spouted six sets of ear-phones, something on the order of a doctor's stethoscope; and for ten cents, he would insert

into the anatomy of the box a wax cylinder, and any listener attached to the ear-phones would hear music. At any rate, they would hear faint, shrill sounds which could be identified with reasonable certainty as a band playing, a woman singing, or a man talking. The unfortunates who had no ear-phones heard nothing at all. Father, always interested in new things, sent him down to the house to play five cylinders for our benefit, and we listened raptly, trying to convey to each other with our eyes that now indeed the millenium, or its equivalent, had come.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Goode had taken his tempestuous presence to the office, somewhat quieted and fortified for the day's work by Mother's gentling calm, and she was ready to sit down with her lap-board and her patterns to cut out identical gingham dresses for Rose and Mabel. Peplums were being worn that year, and she cut out two little peplums, one for Mabel, and one for me. The green-and-white plaid of the ginghams would look well with the bunches of artificial grass mingled with the field flowers on our new straw hats. As she worked, she sang softly to herself,

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?—
Johnny's so long at the fair!

He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon,
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon,
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon
To tie up my bonny brown hair."

It was a very old song, popular not long after the Revolution, and had been sung in Scotland before then. Perhaps it had crossed the ocean with some of those Mortons.

The day had settled down, and everything was in order. Mother had a competent cook, and a more or less competent maid, but it was she who furnished the activating principle of cleanliness and order which dominated her home. While Mr. Goode had been making his morning rounds at the plantation, she had made her presence felt in nursery and pantry, assigning the tasks and checking the routine for the day. She had stolen a brief moment for her own pleasure, going to look at the pansies blooming in the cold frame under the parlor window, and to fondle the little yellow-and-white

pointer's new puppies. "Let's go and look at the babies, 'Lert,'" she had said, and Rose, hearing her, had tagged along. She seldom had a moment to herself.

She had made time, however, to read her Bible chapter for the day, and had copied a verse in the little note-book which she was starting for special passages which appealed to her. It happened that the cover of the book was alike on both sides, and that she inadvertently opened it the wrong way, so the one line she wrote that morning turned out to be in the back of the book and upside-down, and no one noticed it when the little book was laid away, unfinished. The first time anyone read it there was when Rose inadvertently opened it the wrong way, as she had done. It was the first anniversary of the death of Rose's only son, and nearly sixty years before her mother had written against this day: "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted."

Rose sat on the floor at her feet, absorbed in trying to make a doll dress out of scraps of gingham. She had a big needle in one hand, and a length of coarse thread in the other, and kept patiently bringing them together in the hope that next time, if not this time, the thread would slip through the eye of the needle. Her hands tired, and she rested them in her lap a moment before trying again.

"Little daughter, let me thread it for you," said a loving voice. "I've been watching you try, and you've done your best, and didn't complain. Stand here by me and I'll show you how to make a knot in the thread so it won't slip through the cloth."

It was nice to have the needle threaded and to proceed with her earnest task. It was nicer still to know that someone had noticed how hard she had tried, and that she hadn't fussed. The little girl on the floor smiled shyly up at her mother.

Mother had been in Richmond for five whole days, doing the spring shopping. Little country stores did not offer the wide variety then that they do now, and nearly every spring and fall Mother went to Richmond for a few days to buy for her family; and if for any reason she could not go, she made out a list and Grandmother shopped for us on her own trips to Baltimore.

Five days was a mighty long time. Today she would be on the three o'clock train, and all the children would be hanging on the fence to wave at her as it went by; and then it would be only a matter of minutes till the buggy would be turning the depot

corner, and she would be in it. And then the wagon would bring her trunks, with the "music horse" for Gordon, and the new hats, and the paperdolls for Marguerite, and a book each for Rose and Mabel. A worthwhile book, carefully chosen and long remembered.

Next spring, she had said, she was going to take Rose and Mabel to Richmond, and next spring she did, and Mabel wrote a letter to Marguerite on that memorable trip. The loving little family, seldom out of each other's sight, were great letter-writers when occasion offered. They took pleasure in expressing themselves in words, and the ones on the receiving end shared eagerly each new venture into the unknown. "Dear Marguerite," went Mabel's letter: "I am going to write to you tonight to tell you about the pretty things that are here and wish you could see them for yourself. I am haveing a nice time. I read your letter at Belfield and Mama and Rose did too—" (this was a letter written before the traveler's departure, as was quite customary with us, and handed to him to be read at some designated place for refreshment on the long journey)—"we came from the depot in the carrieg. We have a nice room on the second floor and we came up in the elevator. They have some lovely fountains here in the capital square and pretty stacures one of them is a man on horseback it is a very large one. You must write me when you can, just think what a large citty this must be, we are at ford's hotel and there is so many things to see I must close now yours lovingly Mabel Goode."

But that letter was to be written in a spring still to come. This was now. It was a dream of a day, with the buds on the still-bare trees swelling visibly, and a little shad-bush in bloom on the steep south bank of Aunt Molly's ice-pond. Because it was such a beautiful day, Miss Annie Haskins, instead of letting her pupils play in the back yard at recess, had marched them down to Boydton Branch, and up the branch a little way to the ice-pond. She was all the faculty there was, and as far as our little group was concerned the Board of Education and the Superintendant of Schools as well, so with her along we did not have to watch the clock. There would be no bell rung till she got back to ring it.

The boys were getting their feet deliciously wet, shoes and all, as they tried to dip up a crawfish in a rusty tin can. The crawfish was very adept at slipping under stones, and when the boys dipped him up—if they did dip him up—they would have no earthly use for him and would put him back again, but the chase was exhilarat-

ing. The girls were with Miss Annie, admiring wind-flowers and hepaticas further along the bluff; all but the oldest one. She had lagged behind, and was sitting on a bank of dead leaves, feeling the warmth of the sun on her hair, looking at the reflections in the mirror-still water below, conscious of the blossoming shad-bush beside her. She had never, she thought, been this happy before; and all the time she was singing softly, over and over, a little song. It was not much of a song, to be sure, it had only three words, and no tune at all, but she had made it up herself, and found it wonderfully satisfying.

"She's coming today . . . she's coming today . . ." crooned the oldest little girl under her breath.

The sun was bright and hot outside the shuttered windows, but the clock on the mantelpiece—the one with the crane standing in a clump of cat-tails etched on the glass behind which the pendulum swung—struck five, and Mother folded her sewing neatly in her work-basket, gathered up the scraps of material and thread-ends, and put the top on the sewing machine.

Such ready-made garments as were available then were poor in quality and workmanship, not favored by the discriminating, and Mother made all our clothes herself. She had a seamstress by the day sometimes, to help with her own dresses, but she did a lot of the work on those, too. She had some pretty clothes. I remember a black chiffon, trimmed with jet applique, which she used to wear to church in summer, and a blue jacket-suit with a blouse of figured silk in rich deep shades of blue and rose; and a silk dress with little brown-and-white checks which emphasized the brown of her eyes and hair. She wore a brown straw hat with that one, trimmed with a bunch of artificial cherries, and with long streamers of wide brown ribbon hanging down the back.

Whether she liked doing so much sewing or not, I do not know. It never occurred to me to ask, and I don't suppose it ever occurred to her.

She washed her face and combed her brown hair and arranged it in a simple knot at the back of her head—a "Psyche knot"—and remedied the soap shine by passing lightly over her nose and cheeks a piece of chamois skin which she had rubbed on a little cone of "prepared chalk," the size and shape of a chocolate drop. Five cents bought quite a few of these at the drug store, and Mother kept a

supply of them, with the chamois skin, in a round black-laquered box ornamented with little Chinese figures and landscapes outlined in gold. She did not have any lip-stick or rouge, and would not have dreamed of using them if she had—or would she?—and she did not have any of the delicate, scented powders overflowing the counters of even the ten-cent stores today; but she did have a bottle of perfume Father gave her, that smelled like heaven. It said on the box, “Roger and Gallet’s Palma Violet.”

Mabel and I were sent to freshen up, too, and by the time we were ready Mother had put on a thin white dress and we sat down together, she to read aloud, and we to be read to. Mabel and I were omnivorous readers of books of our own selection, including innumerable adventure books by G. A. Henty and George Manville Fenn, and first editions of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, which had been bought for our uncle Chambers. We borrowed them from Grandmother, and took them back, and re-borrowed them time after time. There were books of our own, too: Swiss Family Robinson, The Wide, Wide World (very weepy), Hans Brinker of the Silver Skates, Black Beauty, and the Alcott books, and all the old fairy-tale classics—Hans Christian Andersen, the Grimm brothers, and the rest. There is a quotation from Grimm’s “Robber Bride” which sent thrills down my spine and has been as good as brass knucks to me more than once when I have been backed into a corner: “Sweetheart, the tale is not yet done.”

Every Christmas Rose asked for, and got, a subscription to *St Nicholas, A Magazine for Young People*.

St. Nicholas is not to be under-estimated. During the time when we were among its readers it published Kipling’s Jungle Books as a serial, with the beautiful illustrations which have never been equalled; and John Bennett’s classic, “Master Skylark,” and his lovely “Toinette’s Philip;” and it had a department over toward the back in which it published poems and drawings submitted by readers under sixteen, with awards more or less according to merit. Not all the offerings were so meritorious, but E for effort, anyway. Rose got a silver *St. Nicholas* badge, and then a gold *St. Nicholas* badge, not that the gold poem was much better than the silver one, but anybody would know you had no use for two badges just alike. There was another girl got a silver and then a gold badge, too; a girl known to a much wider audience, later on, as Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Mother did not read us these things—it was not necessary. She

read us the things she knew we would never finish, left to ourselves; and the three of us sharing them like that, a little at a time, we enjoyed them, and never forgot them. She had read us *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Wandering Jew*, and *Vanity Fair*; a quaint novel, full of noble sentiments, called *The Lamplighter*; and nearly all of Scott, and of Dickens. We did not think of *Our Mutual Friend* as a who-dunit, though it is one of the best of them; but we were absorbed enough in it, and suffered together and laughed together over *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House*, until the people in them were almost real to us. We were reading *Pickwick Papers* when Mother died. I think she had it in mind to finish it before the new baby came and reading would have to stop for awhile, but she never did finish it, and neither did we.

On that summer afternoon, we were well along in one of the three fat volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, but before Caligula got too unpleasant, Father came home from the office, every nerve in his body quivering from the day's contact with people, and Mother went off with him in the buggy for a drive in the late afternoon. Sometimes, in the spring or fall, she would go with him on horseback, wearing a dark blue riding habit she and the seamstress had made, with a tight-fitting, well-boned bodice, and on her head a mannish little black hat. She was very slender, and must have looked more girlish than motherly as she adjusted her skirt over the pommel of the side-saddle and went off down the road. I hate to think what would have happened if one of us had set up a hue and cry to go along, but nothing was further from our thoughts. We did not even want to go, and if we had, we either knew by instinct or had learned early that parents are people, and would like a little time to themselves, sometimes. Mother had a job to do. She would listen quietly as they rode along, while Father poured out to her all his accumulated frustrations and resentments, and he would come home re-newed.

Tomorrow would be Christmas eve, and everything was just about ready. School was out for the holidays, of course, and there were two kinds of pie and a cocoanut cake and a chocolate cake and a big platter of little cup cakes with raisins in them, made by adding raisins to the batter after the layer-pans were filled, and lemon tarts, like little individual lemon pies, on the shelves of the big press in the dining-room; and Mr. Shackelford's trunk had come days before, and been hidden in the company room upstairs.

Every year, some ten days or two weeks before Christmas, Grandmother's wagon would come rattling up our lane behind the fat gray carriage horses, with Grandmother's carriage-driver, Uncle Isham, and her house-boy, Collins, on the seat; and behind them, in solitary state in the wagon-bed, a large trunk. By the time the two of them had lifted this carefully down, they were submerged by a wave of excited children, screaming for joy.

"Is somebody coming to see us, Uncle Isham?"

"Who is coming, Uncle Isham?"

"Whose trunk is that, Uncle Isham?"

"Git outen my way," Uncle Isham would retort, without a visible trace of the Christmas spirit. "Yawl think you so smart, yawl think you know so much! Dis Mr. Shackleford's trunk, dat whose trunk dis is!"

We knew perfectly well, and Uncle Isham knew that we knew, and we knew that he knew that we knew, that the trunk was filled with the things Grandmother had bought in Baltimore to go in our stockings, but it was delicious to play the game of Mr. Shackleford's trunk year after year—a name, by the way, which was not known in the community, and was quite a flight of imagination on Uncle Isham's part.

Mother never graced these occasions with her presence. Like George Washington, she could not tell a lie, and it seemed the better part of wisdom for her to stay in the background until Mr. Shackleford's trunk had been disposed of indoors, during our temporary exile without.

On Christmas morning, just when our excitement was beginning to die down a little and a hearty breakfast featuring sausage made under Mother's supervision, seasoned with sage from her garden, had been disposed of—(undimmed, after some years, by memories of the Christmas when Douglas had gotten a little hatchet in his stocking and had chopped the heads off Mabel's and Marguerite's and my new dolls while we breakfasted)—Uncle Isham and Collins would appear on the scene again, coming up the long walk to the front door—no mystery now—with a clothes-basket swinging between them filled with Grandmother's personal gifts to us. The contents of Mr. Shackleford's trunk were not enough—I do think Grandmother was the givingest woman I ever knew. There had to be lovely presents for us all. There had to be presents for Christmas, presents for birthdays, presents when she came home from a trip,

presents for the ailing. I can still taste the baked custards with nutmeg grated over the top, and the wine jelly that she made herself, dissolving long, coarse sticks of dark gelatine in boiling water, and adding enough home-made blackberry wine to make life very rosy for the indisposed. I can still see her in the doorway, brushing back her widow's veil with one hand, and holding a package in the other—or more likely two packages—proclaiming cheerfully, "The sick must have a present!" Once when I was "the sick," she said as she came into my room, "they tell me the color-bearer is down," and I never forgot it. But I do not remember that anyone ever called her "the color-bearer." I wish someone had.

Sometimes there were presents from Aunt Kate, sometimes not, she could not be depended upon; but when she took a notion she gave us expensive presents from which she herself, I think, derived great pleasure. One year she gave Mabel and me little book-cases, hoping, no doubt, to develop whatever literary qualities we might possess; but they were not practical for books—the shelves were too narrow—and so we promptly turned them into doll's houses. Another year she gave us enormous dolls as large as real children, with beautiful flaxen curls. We named them Violet and Pearl, and kept them in the parlor as more or less exhibition pieces, but I do not recall that we ever played with them much, they were too heavy. Grandmother, now, knew exactly what each of us wanted, by the simple process of asking us beforehand; and as surely as the sun rose in the heavens, what we wanted would come out of Mr. Shackelford's trunk or out of the clothes-basket on Christmas day.

By the time these accessions to our wealth had been, so to speak, digested, Aunt Molly's house-boy would arrive with another basket filled with presents from her and Aunt Jennie. There was always something particularly nice for Mother. I remember one year these aunts-by-marriage gave her a dozen beautiful little after-dinner coffee cups of very fine, delicate china, and the next year they gave her a dozen little silver spoons to go with them. Mother never had any in-law trouble. All her husband's people were devoted to her. Her father-in-law said of this little small-town wife and mother that she was one of the three great women he had known in his long life.

That special morning before Christmas Eve, she was standing by the stove in "the new room," stirring alternately two saucepans, one of them containing caramel icing and one of them chocolate

icing for the two cakes that waited on the dining room table. It was about the last of her Christmas preparations. Her presents for the children were wrapped and put away: a pink-striped flannelette wrapper for Rose, and a blue-striped one for Mabel, which she had made herself while they were at school; and she had thought Douglas old enough, this Christmas, to give him a Bible. She had written his name in it, "From Mother;" and because she had wanted to wrap it, she had written the date in advance: "December 25th, 1900." After his death, they were to find it in the pocket of his car, where he had carried it with him wherever he went, and had read it until it was falling to pieces.

Suddenly Mother pushed the two saucepans to one side on the stove, and hurriedly left the room.

With no more warning than that, our world disintegrated.

It was only a little while before Aunt Harriet, the cook, opened the door between Mother's room and the room we were in, and told Douglas to get on his pony and go as fast as he could for Father, and then for the doctor. I remember how he looked as he leaned forward in the saddle, urging his banker pony, Merrylegs, up the hill. I remember how we stood there at the window, watching the road. Somebody help us! Somebody, come!

When Father did come into sight, he was running; and very soon the doctor came; and last of all the scared little messenger, riding slowly on his winded pony.

The rest of that day is not very clear to me. There must have been a great deal of confusion. The doctor was there all night, and sometime during the next day we found ourselves at Grandmother's house. Our cousins, the Briscoe girls, were spending the winter with her, and as they went to school with us we saw them every day and were very much at home with them. Grandmother made a sort of dormitory of their big upstairs room, with a row of beds side by side; and Douglas and little Gordon downstairs in the room next to hers. Gordon was seven then.

Somebody took time to see that Mr. Shackelford's trunk was carried back, too, and after supper that night we all hung our stockings in Grandmother's room. There were eight of them, nine counting little Marion Briscoe's, though she was only a baby and did not know any more about Christmas than about any other day.

After we were all in bed, in the care of little Marion's nurse, Grandmother and Grandfather went back to our house. I do not

know how long they were there, but when Marguerite and Rose Briscoe slipped out of bed and tip-toed downstairs just before dawn, to see if Santa Claus had come, they encountered Grandmother and Katie saying a whispered goodnight to each other in the hall. Poor Santa Claus was just going to bed.

The next morning, Grandmother told us that Mother was better, and that after breakfast we could all walk down together and speak to her for a minute, and that we could each take one thing of our new treasures to show her—only one, because we could not stay but a minute. We were bundled into our outdoor things, and set out very happily, for if Mother was better, and we were to see her, then everything was all right.

The stores were closed, on account of Christmas, and the Court House Square looked quiet and empty, like a stage before the play begins. We were the only ones stirring, until we saw a familiar figure coming toward us, walking fast—our maid, Mary. She had been sent to turn us back.

A few hours later our little brother, who never had a name, was born dead.

We were back at home. Aunt Sallie had come over from Clarksville, but she was with Mother most of the time, and Aunt Harriet and Mary and I ran the house between us. We hardly ever saw Mother, even for a minute; but one day she sent for me, and while I leaned over the bed, holding the hand she held out to me, she whispered to me that it was the day to pay the servants. She was like that, always thinking of others.

On the twenty-first of January they let us go in to tell her good-bye. Of course we did not know it was for that, but she knew, and she had asked to see us one last time. Father and Dr. Carter and Miss Webb, the nurse, withdrew silently into the background, and one by one we went close to her, and touched her hand, and smiled at her; and she smiled back at us, not trying to say much, but loving us with her eyes; and watched us go.

The day wore to its close, and the next day. Supper was over, and the lamps had been lighted a long time, but she said to the nurse it was getting dark, and asked if it were not time to light them. She was relaxed and comfortable, and when the nurse said, "In a little while," she gave a smile of acknowledgement and closed her eyes and went to sleep, knowing that when she woke there would be light.

THE THIRTEENTH GRAVE

COLONEL
THOMAS FRANCIS GOODE

June 28, 1825
January 6, 1905

He asked life of
thee and thou gavest it to him,
even length of days for
ever and ever.

He walked with God

These are they
which have washed their robes
and made them white in the blood
of the lamb.

JOHN GOODE the Immigrant had five sons, two of whom were minors at the time of his death. Of these five, three died relatively young. Thomas lived to reach legal age, for he left a will disposing of property which under his father's will would not have become his if he had died a minor; but he died before his brother John, for he left part of his land to John. Robert died before either of them. Robert was the son of John Goode's first wife, Frances Mackarness. Some geneologists confused the issue for a time by giving him to the second wife, even Brown Goode states that he was the son of Anne Bennett; but then, in a later note in the Addenda, makes the correction on the strength of additional information. This is now so generally recognized as authentic that I would not mention the divergence at all, but for the sake of some who may come across the earlier accounts and be confused by them. It is not evidence (we have that) but noticeable that the name Robert is used freely in the earlier generations of his brother

Samuel's family, but does not appear at all in the family of John, the son of Anne Bennett.

The suggestion that Whitby came to Robert under an entail, as the oldest son of the second wife, does not appeal to me as altogether logical. For one thing, it is now established that he was not the oldest son of the second wife; but even if he had been, I do not see why an entail should have skipped the oldest son for a second son, no matter who their mothers were, and while it is true that Robert became owner of that part of the Whitby land containing the home place, the suggested entail does not appear to have given him any other advantage over his brothers.

Indeed, anyone studying John Goode's will would be put to it to find any pattern governing his disposition of his property. It can only be surmised that his possessions were divided according to John Goode's conception of the individual needs of his children, and to some extent at least on help previously given them. Robert got the home, and "100 acres lying next to and adjoining to the river, and north by the lands of William Byrd" . . . two Negroes by name . . . one-half interest in remaining goods and chattels, after final distribution of the various legacies. With the exception of the residence, John received exactly the same: 100 acres of land lying next James River "and adjoining the land of my son Samuel Goode" . . . 2 Negroes by name . . . one-half interest in the remaining goods and chattels. To one daughter, he leaves 3000 pounds of tobacco; to three daughters, 2000 pounds of tobacco each; to four daughters, one shilling each. To Thomas and Joseph, minors, 200 acres of land each, 2000 pounds of tobacco each, to one two slaves, and to the other, one slave. To Samuel, as mentioned in the last chapter, ten shillings and a right of way for cart and horse over certain fields. But we know that years before he had given Samuel a hundred acres, for it is described as land conveyed to him by his father in a deed transferring it to William Byrd in 1698. We have no proof that he also gave Samuel, or placed at his disposition, the slaves to cultivate his hundred acres—which you will note is the same amount given to Robert and John; but the chances are that he did.

We know very little about Robert, and can conjure up only a vague picture, limited or confused by our imaginations, of his boyhood there at Whitby, with the river at his door, the secret woods behind, Indians and slaves an accepted part of daily life, and no lack of companionship under the paternal roof. John, who was next to

Robert among the boys, probably shared his adventures and experiences there on the river, more than any of them. He appears to have had, too, a special affection for one of the little girls, Anne, a minor at the time of his father's death and still a minor at the time of his own death, nine years later, when he leaves her in his will "one heifer about three years old with a calf by her side to be given her at the age of eighteen years or the Day of Marriage." She is the only one of his half-sisters so remembered.

In 1710, within a year of his father's death, Robert married Elizabeth Branch, daughter of Thomas Branch of "Kingsland" and Elizabeth Archer his wife, daughter of George Archer of Henrico County. (Thomas Branch was third in line from Christopher Branch, immigrant, an early settler in Henrico County.) Apparently she married (2) ——— Curd, being alluded to in her son's will as Elizabeth Curd. The name Curd is little known in Virginia. A Thomas Curd and his wife Katherine Price came to this country and settled in Goochland County, and fourteen years after Elizabeth's marriage to Robert, the name occurs in the records of St. James Parish, Goochland County. But she seems to have out-lived this second husband, dying at Whitby November 30, 1766. If there were any children of the second marriage, there is no record of them, and from her Goode son's care in providing for her, it would appear that there were none.

There were two Goode children:

Robert, b. July 19, 1711, d. October 29, 1765
Francis

Robert (first) while he died young, was not the victim of any of the mishaps possible at that time and place, he died of an illness, whose nature we do not know, other than that he realized more than a month before his death that he would not recover, and made his will. Obviously, Brown Goode had him confused with his son Robert in saying that he "by the removal of his brothers would appear to have become the owner of nearly, if not quite all, of the [original] plantation." His will makes that plain enough: "Imprimis I give and bequeath to my son Robert Goode the plantation I now live upon known as Whitby Containing by Estimation one hundred acres more or less with all the appurtenances there."

If little Robert, then seven years old, should not live to reach lawful age, then the plantation was to go to little Francis; and both

of them were to receive certain livestock when they came of age, and besides that, a Negro woman named Moll was to given to little Francis to be his very own nurse and guardian, and the "heifer with a calf by her side" was to go to young Anne. "All the rest and residue of my personal estate I give and Bequeathe to my Loving Wife Elizabeth Goode and make her full and whole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament."¹

Young Robert (1711-1765) lived to grow up and take possession of his legacy—the home where he lived with his mother and younger brother. I am sure that Elizabeth saw to it that it was as happy a home for her two fatherless boys as she could make it. Her husband evidently had profound confidence in her, leaving her as whole and full executrix of his will, involving the interest of children too young to understand or oppose anything she might do, or that a possible step-father might do; and besides his confidence in her judgment and integrity, he must have loved her very much, for he spoke of her as his Loving Wife, and no woman is called loving by a husband who does not love her. How well she measured up to his high regard is shown by the will of one of the little boys she raised, and whom she out-lived at last. Robert (second) made special and careful provision for "my dear mother, Elizabeth Curd."

No doubt Samuel, who lived near Whitby, came and went there freely up to his death in 1735, trying to be a friend to his brother's widow and growing boys. The oldest of his generation, he was nevertheless the last of them to visit Whitby. With his going, they were all gone, all the five little boys the house remembered as its first-born. Robert and John and Thomas were dead, and Joseph had moved away. He went further up the James—much further, to Albemarle County; and had a son named Daniel (or perhaps John) who married a Miss Campbell and had a son William, born in 1743, who married Mary Glidwell of Halifax County; and their son William, born in 1775, after marrying Agnes Cole of Halifax County, went west, and is last mentioned as "of Carrollton, Illinois."² Perhaps some day one of your Illinois cousins will read your book, and know for the first time that his roots go back to our Whitby. Maybe he always wondered; maybe he will be glad to know; but of course Illinois doesn't feel as Virginia feels about these

¹ Will proved at a Court held for Henrico County July 7, 1718. Anne, a minor, was also mentioned in the will of her brother Thomas, who died that same year—the only sister so mentioned by either of them.

² Abbreviated Compendium of American Genealogy.

things, and maybe he will be a true child of Joseph, who sold his share of the home place and waved it goodbye and went his way. The grass was greener on the other side.

But Joseph's nephew, Robert, starting out with the same foundation his father did—the plantation known as Whitby consisting of a hundred acres more or less—two slaves—a few cattle and hogs—did right well there in sight of his father's and his grandfather's graves. He is the one Brown Goode had in mind when he wrote "he . . . would appear to have become the owner of nearly, if not quite all, of the [original] plantation. He was a planter of considerable wealth, though living almost upon the frontier." He must have loved the old place—probably he was the first one to think of it as "the old place"—and he bought up whatever was available of its former lands; and in 1753 bought 406 acres of land on Falling Creek from William Byrd, the boundaries given as "a corner Red Oak, a small corner Red Oak, & a small Corner hiccory," the line designated "crofing the Creek at the mouth of Beverpond Branch." So there was a beaver pond near Whitby. He also bought additional land from William Byrd in 1755 and in 1756; and before then, in 1742, he had received a grant of 480 acres in Goochland County in which, evidently, he became interested through his wife's people, who owned land in the vicinity. He had married in 1737 Mary Turpin (1720-1760) the daughter of Thomas and Obedience Turpin of Goochland County. John Cocke of Albemarle County, who in his will³ mentioned his niece Mary Goode and three of her children, left her father, "my beloved brother, Thomas Turpin," 400 acres of land in Cumberland County, formerly Goochland.

The Turpins were people of means. Thomas Turpin Jr. of Powhatan, Mary Goode's brother, (whose wife Mary Jefferson was a sister of Bennett Goode's wife Martha Jefferson) is mentioned in the first census as owning forty-one slaves, indicating a large estate. Mary and her husband had both died before then, but their son Robert owned at that period a hundred and four slaves—a very wealthy planter indeed. Whitby reached its zenith under this third Robert.

Robert (second) died March 6, 1765, age 54. Much too young to die, by today's standards. He was survived, as he anticipated, by his dear mother, whose life had run like a clear stream through all

³ Written June 12, 1755, proved August 9, 1759 by Thomas Turpin and Robert Goode. Albemarle Will Book 2, pg. 86.

the years of her generation and his; but his wife had died five years before he did. She, too, was young to die, being only forty, but she had married at seventeen, and borne ten children, some of whom had caused her much heartache, and I imagine it seemed to her that she had lived a long time.

In connection with the bequests from John Cocke to his family, my attention was called to an unusual and rather sad little deed of gift recorded in Chesterfield the year after John Cocke's death.⁴ On November 7, 1760, Robert Goode made over two Negro boys, his own slaves, to "Richard Clarke an infant the reputed son of John Cocke of Albemarle deceased." Richard would not come into possession of these slaves until he came of age, but the deed of gift assured them to him at that time, if he lived until then, whatever might happen in the interval. Only in case of Richard's death while a minor did the Negro boys go to Robert's own sons, Thomas and Samuel. I bring this up only for the light it throws on the character of Robert Goode (second). I like this grandfather, what I know of him. An able man, evidently; but better still, a loving son, and a just and compassionate man.

The children of Robert and Mary Turpin Goode were:

Elizabeth b. March 2, 1738

Mary b. April 6, 1741; m. Seth Ward

Robert b. February 8, 1743; d. April 20, 1809. Married June 18, 1768, Sally Bland of "Jordan's," Prince George Co.

Francis b. December 20, 1744; d. April 23, 1809

Obedience b. April 12, 1747; d. unmarried 1800

Martha 1 b. August 10, 1749; d. September 30, 1751

Martha 2 b. October 24, 1751; d. December 15, 1752

Thomas b. December 31, 1753; m. Elizabeth Prosser. Died 1813.

Samuel b. March 21, 1756; d. November 14, 1822

Martha 3 b. June 13, 1760; d. March 29, 1774

If you will notice the birth and death dates of the three Marthas, you will see that there is a great deal to read between the lines; but one good thing, the mother of the little Marthas did not have to give up the third one. She died three months after her birth and never knew that this baby, like the other two, was a stranger and a sojourner, not adapted to this planet.

It was Samuel, the ninth child of Robert and Mary Goode, with whom we are concerned. He was of the third generation of little boys to whom Whitby was a cradle and a playground. He and

⁴ Chesterfield Deed Book 5, pg. 18.

Thomas, and the little colored boys who were undoubtedly their boon companions on their expeditions, must have paused sometimes beside the graves of his grandfather and his great-grandfather and their wives, though with only a passing interest. The ones buried there had walked by the river, too, but they had gone their way, and it was easier to forget them than to remember them. There was a Law: the Law of Change. None were exempt—not people, and not places: Whitby was changed, too. “Pawatah’s Tower” had been succeeded by “Powhatan,” the seat of the Mayo family; and “Powhatan” was being succeeded, even in Robert’s childhood, by the spreading roofs and chimneys of Richmond; and on his own side of the river, the all-encompassing wilderness had given way to open country, populated country, with roads (such as they were), and fenced pastures, and homes. Maybe “the Beverpond Branch” was still there, but the beavers were long gone. When, in 1780, an act was passed for locating the public squares in the city of Richmond, “to enlarge the town, and for other purposes”—locating the Capitol, governor’s mansion, a public market, etc.—Robert Goode (third) was appointed along with Thomas Jefferson, Archibald Carey, Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Adams, Edmund Randolph, Turner Southall, James Buchanan, and Samuel Du Vall, to lay off the space allotted for these purposes “in such form and such dimensions as shall be convenient & requisite.”

Samuel was nine years old when his father died—a little older than his father had been when he, too, was left a fatherless little boy. But Samuel was motherless as well, though much richer in sisters and brothers. His oldest brother, Robert, was twenty-two—of lawful age to come into immediate possession of Whitby plantation; and Francis, having just attained his majority, could do the same with his inheritance: “my plantation on Appomattox River by the name of Goode’s Bridge and middle creek with all the lands thereunto belonging.” To Thomas, age twelve, his father left all the land owned by him in Cumberland County, with five hundred pounds current money to be paid with interest on his coming of age, and three Negroes. To Samuel, “All that tract of land I hold on Falling Creek containing five hundred and six acres,” with five hundred pounds to be paid with interest at his majority, and three Negroes by name. All four sons were to receive, besides, identical legacies of “a bed etc. worth twelve pounds.”

I do not know what arrangements were made for the family of

orphaned young people. Robert did not marry until three years later, but there were girls old enough, unless they had married and left, to take charge of the household with the abundant help available from the quarters, if it had not been that young ladies needed a background of chaperonage even more than young children needed a background of authority. It seems likely that Robert (second) had, after his wife's death, installed some suitable kinswoman to lend her presence and supervision to his household, but if there was such a person, she faded into the background with the coming of young Sally Bland to be Whitby's new mistress. I daresay we are told indirectly, at least as far as Samuel is concerned, when he is mentioned in the record of his marriage as "of Whitby, Chesterfield County, Va." Evidently Whitby continued to be his home after his father's death.

The Bassett-French Manuscript Biographies mention separately of each of the sons of Robert Goode (second) that he received a good education, and Samuel's main occupation for some years must have been the acquiring of that good education. He was still very young when he followed Robert and Thomas into the continental army, during the Revolution; serving as a lieutenant in the Chesterfield Troop of Horse, and later as a Colonel of (Virginia) Militia.

The war over, he studied law, and practised it, and was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates 1778-85—that is, from the time he was twenty-two until he was twenty-nine. It seems very young for a delegate when you think of the terrific responsibilities of organizing a government and setting it in motion, in a country whose conceptions of government had no precedent to offer. But I am sure he did a good job, though I have a feeling he did not let these responsibilities burden him too much, particularly during the last year, when his mind was on other things.

On October 5, 1786, he married Mary Armistead Burwell (d. March 20, 1829), daughter of Colonel Lewis Burwell of Stoneland, in Mecklenburg County.

Anybody who wants to read about Burwells and Spotswoods—Mary Armistead Burwell's mother was a Spotswood—need not depend on me for their material. They belong to the history of Virginia, and can be looked up in any good library. But perhaps it is worth noting that here again we go back to Scotland. Mr. R. A. Brock tells us⁵ that Governor Spotswood "... was descended from

⁵ *Virginia and Virginians*: Eminent Virginians, pg. 46.

the ancient family of Spottiswoode, a local surname assumed by the proprietors of the lands and barony of Spottiswoode in the parish of Gordon and County of Berwick, at the earliest period when surnames became hereditary in Scotland;" and he goes on to say, "The Burwell family is of very ancient date upon the borders of Scotland and England. It was settled at Berwick-upon-Tweed as early as the year 1250."

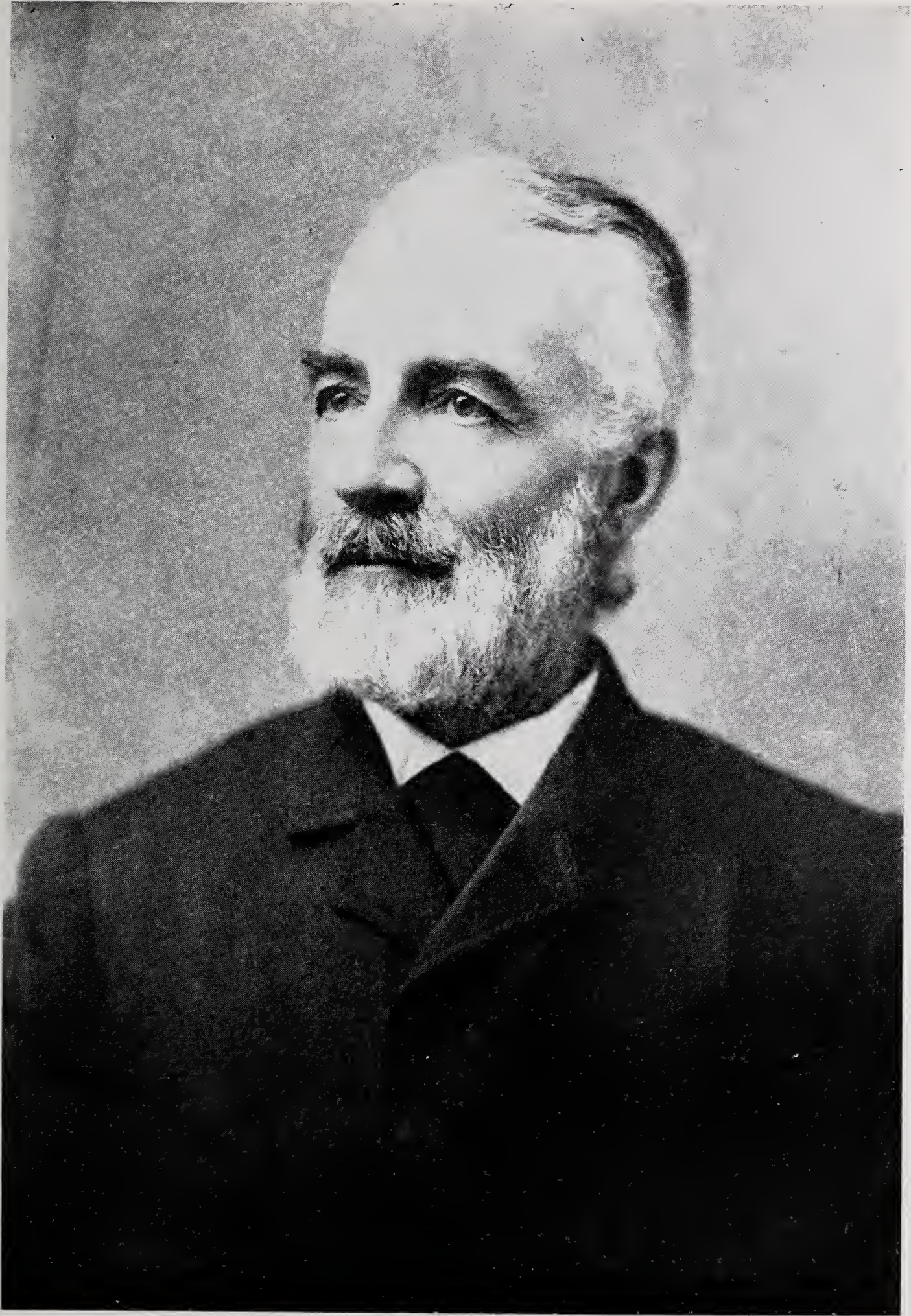
An article by Everard Kidder Meade called "The Children of Major Lewis Burwell of Gloucester County in the Ancient Colony of Virginia,"⁶ not only gives in compact form all the essential information to be had, but the source material will keep any Burwell busy for a long time, if he wants to go into it.

Mrs. Samuel Goode's Burwell descent, as given below, was furnished me by her great-grand-daughter, Mary Armistead Brame Nelson (Mrs. Robert C. Nelson), and proved to be remarkably accurate when checked with the article mentioned; though Mr. Meade goes into more detail, and I do like so much his comment on the Burwells: "Few of Virginia's earliest colonial families are as interesting as the Burwells. Few, perhaps, have so influenced the Colony's thought and standard of value; few made less effort to do either."

The first Virginia ancestor was Major Lewis Burwell, who settled about 1640 on Carter's Creek in Gloucester County. In 1646 he married Lucy Higginson, daughter of "the valiant Capt. Robert Higginson, one of the first commanders who subdued the country of Virginia from the power of the heathen." That same year he was a member of the delegation sent to invite Charles II to come to Virginia as its king. He died in 1658, age 33. Only one child is recorded:

The Honorable Lewis Burwell of Queen's Creek, York County; afterwards of "Fairfield." He married (1) Abigail Smith (1632-72), niece and heir of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, President of the Council and acting Governor in 1688-90 and cousin to poor young Nathaniel who dreamed of taking refuge on a great island in the river, but took refuge in another world instead; (2) Martha Lear, daughter of Colonel John Lear of Nansemond County and widow of William Cole, Secretary of State for Virginia; who died in 1704 in her 36th year. This Lewis Burwell was a Major of Gloucester Militia, and

⁶ *Proceedings of the Clarke County Historical Association*, Vol. IV (1944).



COLONEL THOMAS F. GOODE
of the Third Virginia Cavalry

June 28, 1825—January 6, 1905



From picture taken by Judge Sterling Hutcheson

INVERMAY

1955



From picture taken by Judge Sterling Hutcheson

LITTLE WHITBY

1955

it was he who built "Fairfield . . . the first of many justly famous Burwell homes in Virginia." In case any of you children of the family—not you, my Edward, it is the last thing you would think of doing—should some day want to explore your Burwell ancestry still further, it will simplify things for me to mention right here that Mr. Meade tells us that "Major Lewis Burwell was survived by three sons: Major Nathaniel Burwell, the eldest, continued the 'Fairfield'—known in later years as 'Carter's Creek'—line; James Burwell was the progenitor of the 'King's Creek' Burwells; and Lewis Burwell II of all the 'Kingsmill' Burwells," which is our branch of the family.⁷

The broken tombs of the early "Fairfield" Burwells were restored and removed from the old plantation cemetery there to the churchyard of Abingdon Church, Gloucester County, in 1911, Fairfield having long since passed out of the hands of the family. And if any of you children should think it would be nice to go to see those other beautiful old Burwell homes, Kingsmill and Stoneland, it will save you trouble for me to tell you right now that you never will. Both burned to the ground long ago.

Lewis Burwell (third) 1698/9-1744, "only surviving son and eldest surviving child of Major Lewis and Martha Lear Burwell, progenitor of the great 'Kingsmill' branch of the Burwell family, and builder of 'Kingsmill' in York County, the second of the famous colonial homes of this family,"⁸ married a Miss Armistead.

One of the oldest traditions of the Kingsmill Burwells is that the wife of Lewis Burwell (third) was a Miss Armistead of "Hesse," Gloucester County, descended from William D'Armstadt, who settled in Virginia in 1650. D'Armstadt had become Armistead by the time Martha Burwell (b. 1685) married Colonel Henry Armistead of Hesse, who was living as late as 1740. Mr. Lipscomb thinks that very probably the third Lewis Burwell's wife was Frances Armistead, younger sister of Mary Armistead of Hesse, described by William Byrd as "a pretty woman," who was married to Lewis' half-brother, James.⁹

⁷ The wife of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, whose estate was inherited by his niece, the first Mrs. Lewis Burwell, was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Kingsmill, a name corruptly perpetuated in Kingsmill Wharf, York County, Virginia. They left no descendants. Stannard: *Some Early Virginians*.

⁸ Meade.

⁹ "This lady, Mary, the daughter of Robert Armistead, a descendant of William D'Armstadt of Hesse who settled in Virginia in 1650 . . ." R. A. Brock: *Virginia and Virginians*, Vol. I, pg. 105.

To you, my changeling child, the statement that Lewis third served with credit as a Burgess from Jamestown in the General Assembly of 1736-40 and as a Burgess from James City County in the Assembly of 1742-47 would be just words, and very uncalled-for, boring words at that. But what an exhilarating companion you would have found him in 1718, when according to an outraged kinsman he was being "A scandalous person and a shame to his relatives." Maybe there was something to him after all!

He died very unexpectedly. He had been named a member of the Committee of Propositions and Grievances in the General Assembly at Williamsburg on September 4, 1744, and three days later the House requested of the Governor that action be taken for the election of a new Burgess "to serve in this present Assembly in place of Lewis Burwell, Gent., deceased."

The children of Major Lewis and——Armistead Burwell were: Lewis Burwell of Kingsmill, and *Armistead* Burwell of Stoneland.

Armistead Burwell of Stoneland, Mecklenburg County, Virginia, (1718-1754) married Christian Blair, daughter of John Blair, President of the Council and acting Governor of Virginia in 1757-58-68, and his wife, Mary Monro.

Colonel John Lewis Burwell of Stoneland (1745-1800) was the son of Armistead and Christian Blair Burwell. He commanded a regiment during the Revolution, and for fourteen years was a member of the Virginia legislature. On March 24, 1768, he married Anne, daughter of John and Mary Dandridge Spotswood, and grand-daughter of Governor Spotswood. His second wife was Elizabeth Harrison.

The children of Colonial Lewis and Anne Spotswood Burwell were:

Mary Armistead m. Colonel Samuel Goode of Whitby, October 5, 1786

Armistead m. Lucy Crawley of Granville Co. N. C., November 14, 1791

Anne Spotswood b. 1770; m. John Stark Ravenscroft, first bishop of North Carolina, August 13, 1792

Elizabeth Blair b. 1774; m. Edward L. Tabb January 31, 1791

Lewis b. 1779; m. Sallie Green of Amelia County

Panthea m. Colonel Richard Boyd of Mecklenburg County, November 19, 1799

Matilda m. Alexander Boyd of Mecklenburg County, October 10, 1803

Samuel Goode was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates 1778-85, and elected to the Sixth Congress (1799-1801).¹⁰ At that time he was living in Mecklenburg County, but apparently the early years of his married life were spent on the plantation in Chesterfield left him by his father, and the occasion of their moving to Mecklenburg was the destruction by fire of his residence on Falling Creek. A grand-daughter of Samuel's daughter Sallie wrote me some years ago: "I remember distinctly my grandmother telling us that she had carried in her mind all her girlhood the memory of her crossing a very beautiful stream. She came from Whitby on the James when she was eighteen months old and said she never returned until she went on her bridal trip and crossed this identical stream which she had kept all these years in her mind. She told us this story to show us that early impressions are kept in mind through life." Another daughter of Samuel Goode's passed on to her daughter the information that when the fire occurred, Colonel Goode was absent, and the men all away from the house, working in the fields, so that there were only women on hand to deal with it, and very little was saved.

Sallie was probably right in thinking, whether from memory or hearsay, that Whitby was the place from which she started her journey to Mecklenburg at the age of eighteen months. With his own home completely destroyed, no doubt Samuel and his family were taken in at Whitby and stayed there for some time while he made his arrangements for the move to Mecklenburg. Mary Nelson remarks in her letter that the land he occupied in Mecklenburg evidently came to him through the Burwells, as I would see from the Burwell record, but I did not look it up. The main thing is, they went.

Goodbye, dear Whitby—goodbye! We are leaving you now. Robert will stay with you for awhile, but we are gone.

Samuel's brother Robert (third) was more prominent than any contemporary member of the family in the social and political life of his section; a man of wealth and influence, "a genial, hospitable gentleman who entertained largely at his seat Whitby the *elite* of Richmond and all Tidewater Virginia."¹¹ He had a son, Francis Goode of "Post Oak," Powhatan County, who died in 1815; but it was a grandson, Francis Lyle Jr., son of James and Sally Bland Goode Lyle, who eventually inherited Whitby, and lived and died

¹⁰ Biographical Directory of the American Congress 1774-1927.

¹¹ *Virginia Cousins*.

on the old plantation. It went to his daughter, Helen Lyle, and was sold to a Mr. Williams, of Richmond, and in 1878 it was torn down. Oh, Mr. Williams, how could you!

The first census, in 1782, shows Samuel as established in Mecklenburg, head of a family of seven, with thirty-four slaves. He is generally referred to as Samuel Goode of Invermay, but his first residence in Mecklenburg was a house about two miles from the Invermay home, east of Flat Creek, which he called "Little Whitby." It is a charming name for a house descended, so to speak, from Whitby, and it is a wonder other members of the family have not used it. Later, Samuel extended his holdings to include the Invermay property, which became his home; but Little Whitby remained in the family as the home of his son, Samuel, and is still known in the vicinity as the Goode Place. Later, it was the home for a time of Sheriff W. H. Jones, to whom the younger Samuel sold it; but as far as I know it is now (1955) standing empty; a very old house, lonely and isolated, but with a lot to think about. I never saw it, but Judge Hutcheson tells me that the basement foundations and chimneys of the western portion (a story and a half) are of stone masonry, and the eastern portion (two stories) also has a stone foundation, but a brick chimney; the weatherboarding is beaded, and the nails appear to be shop-made. "Compared to other residences of this section during Colonel Goode's period the building is quite handsome," he remarks. After the break-up of the old plantation, "Whitby" is used as descriptive of the lands conveyed in the county. The Mecklenburg Land Books list Samuel as owning 2300 acres in 1780.

He is generally referred to as Colonel Samuel Goode of Invermay, but we do not know just when, or under what circumstances, he made the move to Invermay, formerly the home of the Harris family, one of whom married a daughter of his. Many members of the family are buried at Invermay, as well as members of the Harris family.

In a letter to his neighbor, Mr. Mark Alexander, Samuel wrote in 1801:

Washington—February 4th 1801

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure to inform you that the Senate has decided on the treaty. It is ratified, and 2 articles being expunged and its duration limited to 8 years—now if I can this day week be able to say that Jeffer-

son is chosen president I shall finish my short and insignificant political career with infinite pleasure, leave my country at peace without and content within and return to my home to leave it no more.

In haste I remain

Yours

Sam^l Goode

Happily done with politics, as he said, he carried out the program of his choice—returned to his home to leave it no more. There he died on November 14, 1822: “An able and useful man,” says his obituary notice in the *Richmond Enquirer* for December 3, 1822, “who fulfilled every station to which he was called honorably to himself and beneficially to others . . . to his country and neighborhood the weight and influence of his character will not easily be supplied.”

That I like. The weight and influence, not of his words, not of his deeds, not of his wealth, but of his character.

The children of Colonel Samuel and Mary Armistead Burwell Goode were:

Thomas b. October 31, 1787; d. April 2, 1858

Lucy “the beauty of the family.” M. Colonel Charles Baskerville of “Lombardy Grove.”

Martha m. James W. Bouldin February 17, 1625; d. young, as did her son, Samuel Goode Bouldin

Sallie “the brilliant member of the family.” M. Richard Baptist February 28, 1818. Married by the Reverend John S. Ravenscroft at her father’s home, in the presence of her family and of John Baptist and his wife.

Mary Armistead (Polly) b. February 17, 1795; m. Dr. Thomas W. Jones. “Aunt Polly Jones was looked up to by all—she seems to have been very fine.”

Alice Elizabeth “much loved by them all.” M. James Belches Harris of Invermay

Samuel Hopkins b. 1805, d. 1855. Buried at Invermay.

Francis d. young

Lewis Robert d. young

Dr. Thomas Goode (1787-1858) was named for his uncle Thomas. We know that all this time Samuel’s brother Robert (third) was cutting a wide swath down at Whitby. Has anybody wondered what became of the other brother, Thomas? No? I thought not; but now I’m going to tell you. After he finished his career as a young soldier of the Revolution, he settled down as a merchant in Manchester, just across the James from Richmond,

very likely on what had once been Goode land. In 1783 he was Sheriff of Chesterfield County¹² and it was years later that Samuel named his eldest son for him. He died at his residence in Manchester in 1813.

Thomas, like his sister Sallie, may have retained faint memories of Whitby, but most of his childhood was spent at Little Whitby and at Invermay. In a sense, they were all the same—that is, on each life followed the familiar plantation pattern, and each had its river. Our ancestral menfolks, in those early days, were more often planters than anything else, which was inevitable in that period of abundant land and little industrialism. If one of them wanted some other outlet for his energies, perhaps he took up surveying, very useful on a plantation; but mostly they showed a preference for law. This may have been partly because law could be studied under able teachers without too much inconvenience, or simply “read” in the office of some older man established in the profession. But Samuel Goode’s boy Thomas was of sterner stuff. He decided on medicine, and the fact that his studies would take him a long way from home for a long time did not deter him, nor his father, who must have been at considerable expense during the years in which Thomas was absorbing medical knowledge and experience at the Jefferson School of Medicine in Philadelphia, where he graduated in 1811; followed by a year of post-graduate work in Edinburgh, Scotland.

By the time he was twenty-five he was home again, courting Nancy Boyd. (Ann Swepson Boyd, daughter of William and Frances Bullock Boyd.) They were married December 15, 1812.

Soon after his marriage, Dr. Goode, young as he was, was one of the trustees to whom was conveyed the fifty acres given by Alexander Boyd the second for the establishing of a town to be known as Boyd Town, according to the provisions of the General Assembly the preceding year. If we could have attended a meeting of those trustees, we would have found several familiar faces among them. Abraham Keen was there, he who was so good to the orphaned children of his brother William; and Armistead Burwell of Stoneland, Dr. Goode’s uncle.

Everything must have seemed so promising to the young physician, taking up his responsibilities as a citizen, helping to found a new town, ready to practise his profession, ready to start his home. But he and Nancy were not to spend even one anniversary of their

¹² Bassett-French Manuscript Biographies.

marriage together. On December 10, 1813, she died at the birth of her daughter, Ann Swepson Spottswood Goode, who died unmarried at Hot Springs, Virginia, in 1839, and is buried there beside her father.

Probably Thomas took his baby and his grief to his mother at Invermay, and found what comfort he could in his practice, but even with Invermay to fill the need for a home, it was inevitable that he would marry again, and he was soon courting Mary Ann Knox, a neighbor girl as neighbors go in the country. They were married on January 17, 1816.

Mary Ann's maternal grandfather was James Murray, a native of Scotland, of the lineage of William Murray, Lord Mansfield, the celebrated jurist.¹³ He was a merchant, and a prosperous one (as soon as the American trade was thrown open to Scotland by the latter's union with England in 1707, Virginia's chief market became Glasgow); he was a vestryman of Bristol Parish from August 25, 1746, until his death in 1764; and he is twice mentioned in the Vestry Book as Sheriff—in 1753, and again in 1758. He named his home, near Petersburg, "Athol Braes," (commonly known as "Athol") for the ancestral home in Scotland. His son William, who inherited this place, was very imposing in appearance, and was commonly known as "The Duke of Athol."

James Murray must have been a man of remarkable business ability, judging by the tremendous amount of land disposed of in his will; land on Flat Creek, in Amelia County, which he had purchased from his brother-in-law Thomas Eldridge and his wife (Martha Bolling); 7,400 acres of land in and about Lunenburg Court House; a tract of land on Staunton River and Whipping Creek and extending to the branches of Seneca Creek in Bedford, of which 8,000 acres had been at that time surveyed; a tract of land called the Vineyard on Seneca Creek and Pleasant Branch in Bedford County, about 3,200 acres surveyed but not yet patented. He wishes that such of his slaves as are to go to his sons should be divided among them by his friends Archibald Cary and Benjamin Watkins—names we have heard before. The will is very long—seven legal-size pages, typed; but you do not have to read it all to see that James had something to leave.

In 1741-2 James Murray married Anne Bolling, and their children were:

¹³ Slaughter: *Vestry Book of Bristol Parish*. See also Robertson: *Pocahontas and her Descendants*.

James b. July 10, 1743

John b. September 13, 1744; m. Susannah ———

Anne b. October 30, 1746

Margaret b. February 8, 1748-9; m. Thomas Gordon

Mary b. February 22, 1754; m. (1) Alexander Gordon; (2) William Davies

Thomas b. January 13, 1757; died unmarried

The fifth child of James and Anne Bolling Murray was a daughter, Mary (1754-1823). She married (1) Alexander Gordon, a merchant of Petersburg and a native of Kirkcudbright, Scotland;¹⁴ (2) Colonel William Davies. Mary had one child, a daughter, by her marriage to Alexander Gordon.

“Peggy” Gordon, mentioned in the will of Thomas Murray in 1783 as his “niece Anne Margaret daughter of Alexander Gordon deceased,” was the only child of Alexander and Mary Murray Gordon, and she grew up in the home of her step-father, Colonel Davies. Maybe she felt sorry for herself sometimes, when things did not go to suit her, because she was a step-child—children dramatize themselves like that, and it is not likely she realized what a privileged person she was to have such a background. Colonel Davies was a son of the Reverend Samuel Davies, “The Apostle of Presbyterianism in Virginia.” He was a graduate of Princeton University, of which his father had been President when he died at the age of thirty-seven; and he read law under his guardian, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and he himself “enjoyed the friendship of Washington and other patriots of note.”

Peggy had a little half-sister, Mary Ann Davies, and evidently the most affectionate relationship existed between them, for she named her first child for Mary Ann. There was another little girl in the Davies household, beside these two—Ann, called Nancy. She was the daughter of Mary Davies’ sister Margaret, who had married Thomas Gordon, possibly a brother of Alexander’s, certainly a relative. Nancy was their only child, and apparently her mother died when she was born, for she was raised by her aunt Mary. What a household! Three little girls, with two mothers and three fathers between them. Nancy was married in 1795 to Henry Embry Coleman of “Woodlawn,” Halifax County, and had ten children. All of them had nice substantial plain names like Thomas and John and

¹⁴ There was a Samuel Gordon who died in Petersburg in 1771, a son of David Gordon Esq. of Craig, in the Stewardy of Kirkcudbright, Scotland. *William and Mary Quarterly*, VI, pg. 22.

Jane and Sarah, except one. She named her fifth child Algernon Ethelbert. I wonder what got into Nancy! I believe I will put down the names of these children, though their kinship to us is remote, for they go back to James and Anne Bolling Murray and to Southside Virginia, and they must have a lot of descendants scattered every-whichway, some of whom might some day come across this and be gladdened by it.

The children of Nancy Gordon and Henry Coleman of Halifax County were:

Maria m. Reverend John Clark of Halifax Co.
 Thomas Gordon m. Anne Clark
 John m. (1) ———Clark; (2) ———Love
 Henry E. m. ——— Turner
 (Dr) Algernon Ethelbert m. (1) Eliza Simons; (2) Fanny Ragsdale
 Sarah Embry m. David Chalmers
 Ann M. m. ——— Baskerville
 Jane m. Charles Hamilton
 Margaret m. Richard Logan
 Charles m. (1) ——— Eaton; (2) Alice Sydnor.

The other little girl got married, too—Peggy's little half-sister, Mary Ann Davies. She married Fortescue Whittle, who had come flying from Ireland to America in a peck of trouble connected in a general way with Robert Emmet; and had six sons:

William Conway Captain U. S. Navy and Commodore Confederate Navy married Eliza Kennon
 James Murray member of Virginia Constitutional Convention, 1850-51 m. (1) Mary Coles; (2) Cornelia Skipworth
 John S. Surgeon U. S. Navy m. ———Atkinson, daughter of Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina
 Stephen Decatur m. Nancy Randolph
 Francis McNeese, Bishop of Virginia m. Emily Fairfax
 Powhatan Bolling

Good for Mary Ann! I wish I had thought of naming a little boy Powhatan Bolling—but not you; one of the little brothers you didn't have. I bet Algernon Ethelbert, poor child, would have given all his marbles to swap with him.

Peggy married (1) William Knox of Philadelphia, and apparently Philadelphia was her home for at least the early years of her marriage, for Mary Ann was born there; but it was in Petersburg that Peggy's husband died in 1809, and Virginia was her home from that time on. She later married Colonel Grief Green (a

Colonel in the War of 1812) of "Park Forest," Mecklenburg County, and there she went with her six children to see what would happen next. Colonel Green must either have had a big heart or too little imagination to realize what he was letting himself in for. We can only hope that his own and only son Henry, when he came along, did not seem to him just one more source of commotion.

Probably Peggy met Colonel Green while visiting her uncle John's family in Mecklenburg, where he owned a large estate near Chase City, then called Christiansville. (No doubt some of that Lunenburg land mentioned in the will of his father.) The Episcopal Church, still in use there, was built by this family. Samuel Goode was security when Peggy's ~~niece~~^{cousin}, Anne Bolling Murray, married Jesse Brown in 1786 (the year of his own marriage). John must have died by then, for the note accompanying the application for a license was written by Susannah Murray. Another ~~niece~~^{cousin}, Elizabeth Murray, had been married in 1783 to Edward Randolph Yates; and Susannah Murray, the sister of these two, was married to Theodorick Bland Ruffin in 1788.¹⁵

The Green cemetery is at "Park Forest," (afterwards the home of Congressman Mark Alexander) and Colonel Green is buried there. Most likely Peggy, too, and perhaps some of her children, but on that I have no information.

The children of Peggy Gordon and William Knox were:

Mary Ann m. Dr. Thomas Goode of Hot Springs, Va.

Sophia m. John Buford of Mecklenburg Co.

Alexander G.

William D.

John C.

Eliza Whittle

There was also Henry, only child of Peggy and Colonel Green.

I cannot make a very full report on these children. Eliza Whittle, the youngest, died in 1828, in her nineteenth year. Her sisters, Mary Ann and Sophia, had by that time married, and are not even mentioned in the notice of her death in the *Richmond Enquirer*, so it seems fair to infer that her brothers were still members of the Park Forest household in view of the following reference to them: "A devoted mother has been deprived of a daughter, whom she adored, and affectionate brothers of a sister of whom they were justly proud." William D. Knox is mentioned in an offi-

¹⁵ Mecklenburg County Marriage Records.

cial document dated March 18, 1822—of which more anon; and Alexander G. Knox is one of those signing certain resolutions concerning the Boydton Female Academy on June 24, 1828, and in 1833 was a candidate for congress against Mr. Dromgoole and W. O. Goode, who was elected; but they and Sophia Buford either left Mecklenburg, or died, or in some way lost touch with the family, for I never heard any reference to them that I can recall. Mary Ann, in a letter to her sister-in-law, Polly, in 1857, asked Polly to give her J. Buford's address if she knew it. Sophia must have died before then, otherwise her sister would certainly have known her whereabouts.

Of John C. Knox I can give you a brief but illuminating glimpse. You understand that these people I am telling you about were just people. They had their high moments, their out-standing, even heroic qualities; but they had their faults and absurdities, too, as witness Mr. John C. Knox. "My uncle, Mr. John Knox," Father would say with a twinkle in his eye. Never "My uncle John," but "My uncle, Mr. John Knox." He remembered him from childhood, and his recollection of him, boiled down, was that Mr. Knox, like Mr. Micawber, "maintained deportment"—and that he did very little else. Cousin Mary Nelson adds her mite in a letter in which she remarks: "I remember in my very early girlhood meeting a very entertaining old gentleman by the name of Knox—a sort of 'beloved vagabond' who visited around at his own pleasure and was welcomed everywhere. I have heard that he was uncle to your grandfather, Colonel Thomas F. Goode. I used to hear people laugh and say of someone who disliked all business that he was 'keeping John Knox company.' "

As for "old uncle Henry Green!" Old uncle Henry Green was a character, and in time something of a problem. He lived long enough for my father's impressions of him to be those of a mature man, so he could appreciate the fact that in spite of the old man's many eccentricities, he had a fine mind. Uncle Henry, he told me once, could take one side of a complicated legal problem, draw up a paper sustaining his position which the ablest lawyers in the county could not refute, then take the other side and demolish everything he had built up. But in the end, Uncle Henry fell on evil days. My impression is that he took to drink, so it is not surprising to hear that in time he was hard up, and always "borrowing" small sums from friends and kin. But he was never a beggar in spirit.

Father used to love to tell of one occasion when Uncle Henry came to his law office and requested the loan of ten dollars. Father, young, exasperated, and no doubt with plenty of uses for ten dollars himself, said without graciousness—and when Father wanted to speak without graciousness, believe me, he succeeded—“I will not lend you one cent, sir! I will *give* you five dollars, and we will cut out this farce of calling it a loan!”

Uncle Henry accepted the five dollars, but without subservience. Quite the contrary. Tucking it into his pocket, he said sternly,

“Eddie, I take this in the spirit in which you give it, and I render you no thanks.”

As a rule, Goode men were more out-spoken than tactful, more subduing than subdued, and few took liberties with them. Dr. Goode was no exception. In his early thirties we find him with a profession mastered, a sorrow out-lived, a family established. But settled? No.

On the eighteenth of March, 1822, the grand jury, sitting in the still new village of Boyd Town, presented James Y. Jones for having on February 26th challenged Dr. Goode to fight a duel, and presented Thomas Walker for having borne the challenge. They also presented Dr. Thomas Goode for having made an assault on the body of James Y. Jones with a stick at the Court House that same day, March 18th, on information of Peter Davis and Miles B. Turner witnesses sworn and sent in to the grand jury by the Court. They presented James Y. Jones for making an assault on the body of Dr. Thomas Goode on the 1st day of March, at the Court House. They presented Dr. Thomas Goode's brother-in-law, William D. Knox, for making an assault on the body of James Y. Jones with a stick at the same time. They presented William D. Knox for presenting a Pistol at William Townes with an Intention of Shooting—witness, William Townes, who had no doubt tried to interfere and met the usual fate of innocent by-standers who decide to take a hand. All this going on at once! And guess who was foreman of the grand jury? Sophia Knox's husband, John Buford. My, my!

But Dr. Goode soon had other things to think of. It was only a few weeks later that his father entered on the long illness which was to end with his death in November, and both as a son and a physician Dr. Goode must have been pre-occupied with his illness during the remainder of the year.

Probably the desire to be near his father had contributed to Dr.

Goode's decision to make his home in Mecklenburg, and with his father gone, there was nothing to prevent his leaving if he wanted to; and apparently he did want to, for in 1825 he moved to Botetourt County. But as it turned out, this was not to be his goal, but merely a stage in his journey.

In 1832, he bought the Hot Springs, in Bath County. About that time there was a dreadful epidemic of cholera along the coast, and not knowing what caused it or how to fight it, the natural impulse of those who could do so, was to go in the other direction. The springs of Virginia, the White Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Warm, the Hot and the rest, were over-flowing. Now at last Dr. Goode had something which would absorb every ounce of energy he could put into it.

There was plenty to do to what Fay Ingalls describes as "the primitive plant he took over." In the petition to the original patent to the location there was a stipulation that, if granted, the grantees would erect a hotel for the accommodation of visitors; and this hotel, "The Homestead," appears to have remained "substantially unchanged for around seventy-five years. During this time the development of the Valley was almost entirely confined to the Warm Springs and the records of the Hot Springs are few and far between, mostly by travellers, who seem to be chiefly impressed by the crudity of the accommodations and the meagreness of the fare."¹⁶

But in no time at all Dr. Goode was, to quote Perceval Reniers,¹⁷ making the bricks and mortar fly. "A sitting room was added to the already ancient hotel, and the dining room was enlarged, and the new brick cottages that began appearing about the grounds attested to the character of Dr. Goode, who was a living exemplar of his name, with a dash of hauteur (unintentional) added for stiffening."

Dr. Goode also had to wrestle with the problem of a plentiful supply of water for general use, the mineral water of the springs not being suitable for all purposes. Ultimately, Mr. Ingalls tells us, the present Homestead had to spend half a million dollars in solving this problem, but Dr. Goode had his own solution, and apparently it worked. "There is a large spring," says Mr. Ingalls, "called the 'Old Diary Spring,' up the road which crosses the seventeenth fair-

¹⁶ Fay Ingalls: *The Valley Road*. Published by World Publishing Co., 2231 West 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio, in 1949.

¹⁷ Perceval Reniers: *The Springs of Virginia*, pg. 100. Published by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

way of the Homestead course, a little over a mile from the Homestead, and Goode brought the water down from this in wooden pipes. These were made by boring holes about three inches in diameter longitudinally through oak logs. One end of the logs was tapered and the other enlarged, so that one log would be driven into a tight joint with the next. Just a few years ago men working on a trail uncovered one of these pipes and sent for me to look at it. One thinks of wood as impermanent, but this log, about twelve inches in diameter and I suppose thirty feet long, appeared to be about as sound as a newly felled tree. There was a little decay at the joint but the main body of the log was good sound timber."

Dr. Goode's new and improved Homestead was not built in a day, any more than Rome was; but in 1834 a guest writes:¹⁸ "The present proprietor is Dr. Goode, an intelligent physician, who is using great exertion, and investing much money, to render the establishment pleasant to travellers . . . The table is very good, and the accommodations quite comfortable at present, but the nests of brick cabins rising here and there, promise additional comfort for the coming year."

The same writer, returning two summers later, reports that the place has been crowded the whole season, and that unless the proprietor uses every effort and invests no small sum in additional accommodations, he would be unable to receive one-half the visitors to be expected the following summer. He remarks that "time is consumed here, as it should be where invalids do congregate, in tranquil amusements . . . and all these comforts can be enjoyed in peace and quiet, on account of the good regulations and cleanliness of the establishment."

Peace and quiet. Good food. Comfortable quarters. Healing Springs. Dr. Goode, you offered the world a good deal, for ten dollars a week.

In 1837, he was prescribing the "Spout Bath," which Mr. Ingalls tells us is still in its essentials the foundation of the Spa treatment at the Homestead; and "in 1846 he was able to announce the opening of a 'Modern Hotel.' " Its location, deep in a sparsely settled region, made it essential that food and lodging should be provided for patients and their families, but from the first Dr. Goode "stressed the Hot Springs as a Spa." Primarily, the Hot was for the sick. Any gaiety achieved was incidental.

¹⁸ *Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs, The Roads Leading Thereto, and the Doings Thereat*, by Peregrine Prolix of Philadelphia.

"Unfortunately," reports Mr. Reniers,¹⁹ "the Hot was always suffering at the hands of people who compared it with Springs where the guests skipped about like pixies and enjoyed rude health. That was hardly fair. Dr. Goode did not pretend to furnish anything but good food, good quarters, his own rather superior manner, and salvation for the physical wrecks. He saw his several springs for what they were, out-pourings of God's mercy at a nicely-calculated temperature for the relief of rheumatic and other congestions, and he set no snares for the frivolous. What he wanted was sufferers, and to that end he plastered the country with testimonials, frank revelations from patients who had come to him in a shocking state and gone away laughing . . ."

I wish every child of the family could have a copy of that delicious book of Mr. Renier's about the Virginia Springs, from which I am quoting. Some of you do, thanks to me; but not enough of you. Anyway, let us all thank him for giving us a glimpse of our ancestor, not as writer's dummy, but as a very much alive man; and Mr. Ingalls (who speaks of him as "a remarkable man") also makes him seem warm and real. They are both very fair, too, about some of the medical claims which seem to us absurd in the light of present-day knowledge. The best doctors, then, simply did not have the information which today is accepted as commonplace by all. Mr. Ingalls calls attention to this, writing: "It is easy to forget how great a change has come in the science of medicine since 1846. Within the decade before and after that date a number of books were published on the subject of mineral springs and on those of Virginia in particular. While much in these seems as ridiculous as some of Goode's testimonials, there is quite a bit of common sense, such as the premise that the excessive use of alcohol and dissipation were incompatible with the regime at the Spa and might engender serious consequences. Some of these writers went so far as to say that, aside from the question of the value of such springs for their chemical content, bathing or exercising in a warm bath was beneficial, which is much the same attitude physicians take today."

However proud Dr. Goode was of his improvements and his "happy cripples throwing away their crutches," there was somebody else who did not admire them at all. Naturally, there was considerable rivalry between the various springs, and a Dr. Burke, who bought himself some springs at the same time Dr. Goode bought

¹⁹ Reniers: *The Springs of Virginia*.

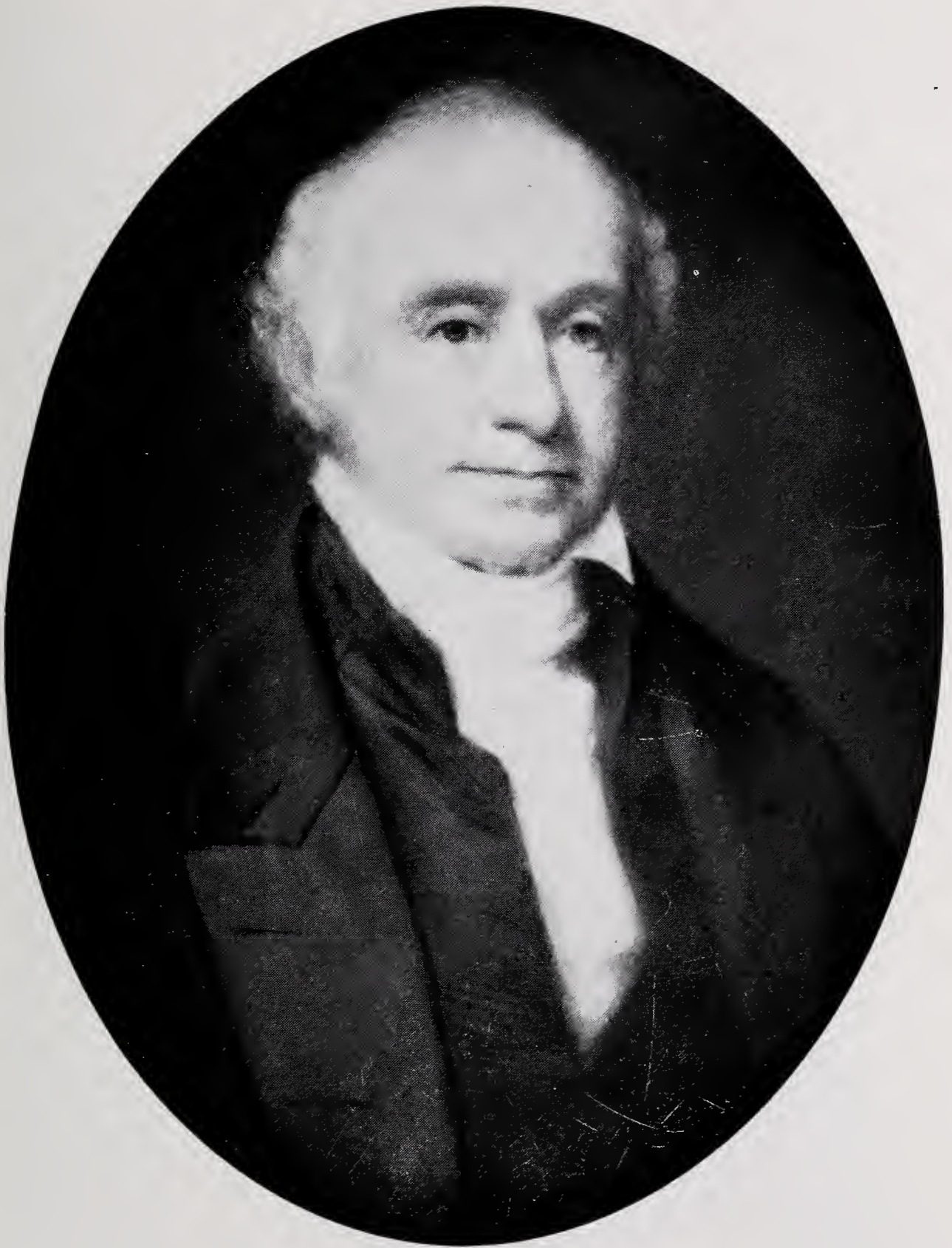
the Hot, and apparently had not been successful with them since we find him in 1846 as resident physician at the White Sulphur, had some very snide remarks to make about Dr. Goode; passing on even in print criticisms and rumors which could not be substantiated. The newspapers were enlivened with an exchange of open letters between these two, often appearing side by side in the same paper.

I have been reading some of these letters, and it seems to me that Dr. Burke had stirred up more of a hornet's nest than he had anticipated, and that he was extremely quick to back down when called to account for some of the scurrilous reports he had quoted in his "Mineral Springs of Virginia." He finally comes out handsomely (though with one last little feeble sting in the tail of his remarks): "I never did believe the accusation you refer to, nor a thousand others equally as absurd, and not-with-standing the rough language you use in your letter, I feel called upon by a sense of justice to you, as well as myself, to express here my *total disbelief* of anything more than the excitability of temperament, to which the best of men are subject . . ."

The feud was over. In the second edition of the *Mineral Springs*, a Dr. Burke who has seen the light writes, you might almost say, worshipfully, "As regards the fare at the Hot Springs, I feel that I should not be doing justice were I not to declare that it is excellent. No man, at his private table, can have finer bread; the pastry is also very fine; the milk is rich; the tea and coffee very good; the table is neat; the knives and forks are clean;" and not being able to think of any other fleshly attractions to catalogue, at the moment, goes on to say: "The visitors being for the most part invalids, there is but little gaiety; yet there be but few who complain of *ennui*."

Why should they complain of *ennui*? They had Dr. Goode, didn't they?

Dr. Burke's mistakes are all taken care of long ago, and are no concern of ours; but at the time, the charges and countercharges must have kept Dr. Goode's "excitable temperament" at the boil, and no doubt Mary Ann prayed daily to be forgiven for the sin of wishing that William Burke had never been born. "Buck Taylor" either! How inexplicable that two presumably good women should have nothing better to do than bring such into the world. Buck Taylor—a pen name—had written in dudgeon: "The Hot. There is no great effort on the part of the managers of this est. to please, particularly on the arrival of visitors. Dr. Goode is too high-toned



DR. THOMAS GOODE
of Hot Springs, Va.
1787-1858



THOMAS F. GOODE
1849

for the Proprietor of a watering place, and his superintendants seem to have caught some of his spirit . . . ”²⁰

It would be too much to expect of Buck Taylor that he should have been a lady, or even behaved like a lady; but if he had, he might have told a different tale. Mr. Reniers can testify to that, for it is he who sent me the following quotation, fearing I might otherwise miss it: (we thank you, Mr. Reniers.) “Tis a beautiful place,” writes a lady,²¹ “abounding in comfort, blessed with a hospitable landlord, and a generous host. Dr. Goode, the present owner (living in a neat cottage, surrounded by numberless beautiful and sprightly children) you will find an intelligent and polished gentleman. He has taken great pains to render these springs pleasant, and really has good, obliging servants.”

This cottage, which was still standing in 1891, was in the oak grove where the eighteenth green of the Homestead golf course is now. The better name for it, at that time, would have been the chestnut grove, for it was not until 1901 that the blight which destroyed our chestnuts was introduced into the country, and in Dr. Goode's lifetime there were more chestnuts than oaks in the grove which shaded his home. The cottage was beautifully situated. No less a person than J. P. Morgan called its site the most desirable building location on the place. Mr. Ingalls told me that his father had intended building his own home there, before the golf course was even contemplated, but what sensitive person likes to be put in the position of grabbing the best for himself? So the idea was abandoned after Mr. Morgan had taken the bloom off it by implying just that, not being so sensitive himself. The cellar was never filled in, and the eighteenth green covers a considerable portion of it. The main building of the Hot, as Dr. Goode knew it, was destroyed by fire in 1901—the same year the blight headed toward the chestnut trees—and such cabins, bath-houses, etc., as escaped the fire, were afterwards taken down to make way for the new developments. The only thing left which was there in his day is the little open band-stand near the tennis courts.

The cottage was far enough from the hotel to make it a pleasant walk from one to the other, and the bright-eyed children must often have played about the bandstand in the spring and fall, when there were no guests; and the older girls, in their simple, modest

²⁰ *The Tarboro Press*, September 14, 1844.

²¹ *A Trip to the Virginia Springs*, a pamphlet, by A Lady.

dresses and their little flat-heeled slippers must have sat there and chattered of their mutual interests—of the season just over—the season about to begin—of young Tom, Dick and Harry who had been and gone, and would they, or would they not, be coming back? And sometimes they would talk earnestly about Life, thrilled over their immature ideas, their budding discoveries. Youth. Perhaps now and then on a moonlit night little Virginia and little Eliza play there again, watched over by young Ann; for these three did not leave the cottage in the chestnut grove for new homes, as the others did; they were to know no other home, and sleep at the foot of the familiar hills, close by their father. A little boy sleeps there, too—little George Brent, Lucy's step-son, who was no kin to them, but they were fond of him, and he often stayed with Lucy's family, and died there while on a visit.

Lucy's little step-son. Yes, there were weddings at the cottage. Lucy married George William Brent, afterwards Colonel George W. Brent, C. S. A. Martha Ward married her first cousin, Aunt Polly Jones' son, Samuel Goode Jones. They spent part of their honeymoon at Invermay, on their way to Alabama. Little did any of those young sisters, sitting in the bandstand talking about Life, dream that one day Martha's son was to be governor of Alabama; but Martha, if she had known it, would not have been surprised. Every young girl's future son is going to stand very tall among his fellows. Margaret—Peggy Gordon's namesake—married young Mr. Garland, of Lynchburg. Tragedy lay ahead for these two, but fortunately that, also, was hidden from the bright eyes turned eagerly toward the future, and was powerless to dim the sunshine of the bright unknown. Alice married Dr. Crump, of Culpepper County; and Ellen was to marry Mr. Friend, of Charlotte County, but that was after the cottage had been left behind, and all the dreams were dead. "Sophy" and Isabelle never married.

Aunt Isabelle—"Sister Belle"—was the one whose life was the greatest tragedy, humanly speaking, that could come; one with no solution in this world. An illness when she was about nineteen left her deaf, dumb, and almost blind. She lived with her mother, and then with Sister Sophy, and then with widowed Sister Ellen, until she was an old lady. Twice a year Grandfather and Grandmother went up to Charlotte to see them, but naturally they themselves did not do much travelling, and as far as I know they were in Boynton only once after Aunt Isabelle went to Charlotte to live. It was not

many months after Mother's death, and in Mother's honor they came to call on us, her children. There was about both of them a delicacy, a daintiness, which brought to mind little ladies of Dresden china. Aunt Ellen, who was an old woman then, was the prettiest old woman I ever saw. She wore a little widow's bonnet on her white curls, her pink-and-white skin was like apple-blossoms, and everything about her, from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet, was immaculate. Everything about Aunt Isabelle was immaculate, too. She had the same lovely complexion, and her heavy white hair, not curly like Aunt Isabelle's, was carefully arranged; and she made what response she could to our welcome, smiling at us from her dim world. If life could not be what they would have chosen, they made the best of what it was.

Edward, Mabel and you and I drove from Buffalo to Drake's Branch in Charlotte, one Sunday morning—I wonder if you remember?—and looked for Aunt Isabelle's and Aunt Ellen's graves in a cemetery that was so neglected and overgrown with weeds that Mabel would not get out of the car. She asked if I wasn't afraid for you to go through the tall growth with your bare feet; but you and I never were very fearful people, and as we started off you slipped your hand into mine and said confidently, "God wouldn't let a snake bite me while we're here looking for His children, *would* He?"

I like to recall now that you thought of the dead, in all simplicity, as God's children.

Thomas F. — in later years the initial became a component part of his name, and he was rarely spoken of simply as Thomas, probably because there was another Thomas Goode in the county, a grandson of John Chesterfield Goode's, so that for identification they became ineradicably "Thomas F." and "J. Thomas"—was five years old when the family moved to Hot Springs; the first boy in all that bevy of girls. With the father he had, it goes without saying that he received as good an academic education as could be managed under the circumstances, but he never went to college, and that was what caused Judge Alexander to say of him in his later years, "Thomas F. Goode was not a highly educated man, but he grew mightily as he grew older."²² I quote this, not to disparage his early advantages, but as a tribute. "He grew mightily as he grew

²² Judge Walter A. Watson: *Notes on Southside Virginia*. Published by the Virginia State Library as a Bulletin in 1925.

older." When the isolated field schools of Bath County and the Episcopal High School at Alexandria had done what they could for him, he went back to Mecklenburg to read law under Mr. Chambers. And having learned a good deal from Mr. Chambers' daughter Pink as well as from Mr. Chambers, he was presently (in 1848) practising his profession.

It was at this time that he lived for several years with his widowed Aunt Lucy Baskerville down at Lombardy Grove, going backwards and forwards between there and Boydton on horseback; but in 1856 he was elected Commonwealth Attorney, and even before then it had been some time since Lombardy Grove had seen him except on week-ends, though he continued to go back when he could, for he had no real home in Boydton.

About that time, he had a dream. What with school and the law, he had not been living at Hot Springs for a good many years, but in his dream he was on his way back there, and had gotten as far as the Warm. Apparently he had gone by stage-coach, for he had no transportation of his own, and when he got to the Warm and found it so late that all traffic passing between the two places was over for the day, he decided to walk the five miles between them rather than wait until the next morning. By the time he reached the Hot (in his dream) it was well into the night, and his mother, hearing him approach, opened the nursery window and asked who was there. He went to the window to speak to her, and she put her finger to her lips and whispered to him not to make any noise, for his father was very ill.

Thomas F. was so disturbed by this dream that he told some of his friends about it, and that he had decided to go at once to the Hot Springs to see how things were with his folks; but to his friends the dream was merely a dream, and they persuaded him to forego his anxiety and give up the trip.

I am sure his Aunt Lucy was not one of those who helped to persuade him. Extrasensory perception was nothing new to the Goodes, though they did not know it by that name. They were in no sense mystics, but however busy they might be, pursuing energetically and practically their objectives of the moment, they had, from time to time, experiences which went beyond the merely intuitive and coincidental. The remarkable thing is that men who loved to argue about everything under heaven for the sheer pleasure of the mental fencing, accepted these experiences without argu-

ment, and without question. That is probably the reason why Thomas F.'s first dream made so deep an impression. For it was only the first; the second night, the dream was repeated; and the third night. The fourth night found him well on his way to Hot Springs. It was dusk when he approached the Warm, nearing the end of his journey; and from then on the dream repeated itself again, but this time as a reality.

Dr. Goode did not die then. For a year or two longer the old lion would drag his faltering limbs over dwindling areas of his domain, looking with listless eyes on what had been his kingdom; but he would shake his great mane and roar challenge for challenge across the valley, no more.

During this period, the family in the cottage under the chestnut trees kept things going as best they could. Fortunately Samuel, the only son besides Thomas F., was still living at home with his parents, and he became literally his father's right hand man, having power of attorney to sign papers for him, and representing him in everything. "Sam attends to all matters of business for us," wrote Mary Ann to her sister-in-law, "and I believe that there never could have been a son who took more pains to shield a father from every care and perplexity that could be avoided." Alice's husband, Dr. Crump, at that time just establishing a practice at Roanoke, arranged to take his family to the Hot for the summer to meet the need of a resident physician. Sophy and Sam went together, in the spring, to buy supplies and replacements in Richmond for the coming season. They did what they could. But "The Doctor" sent Polly his love, and said to tell her he was no better.

At last, one April day, they laid him beside his daughters, close to the Presbyterian Church built on the lot given to the church by Mary Ann's estate in return for the guardianship of her graves. If they do not keep faith with her, there will be an invisible grave beside the others: the grave of a church's honor.

Thomas Goode, M. D.

Born

October 30 1787

Died April 2 1858

An eminent physician

Ever Strenuous and True

A Wise and Good man

Without fear and without reproach.

The year after his father's death, young Commonwealth Attorney Goode, probably feeling more lonely and unsettled than he had ever felt in his life, decided to run for Congress, to fill the unexpired term of William O. Goode of Wheatland. Running against him was Roger A. Pryor, "the once 'dashing editor of the Washington States.'" On August 6, 1859, a meeting was held at the Court House at which the two candidates addressed the people on the leading political topics of the day. Most of these topics are unimportant now, having long since diminished to the vanishing point. For instance, it was debated whether the federal government should protect slave-owners in their right to slaves as property, in the territories. A correspondent who signed himself "Nawadaha" sent in quite a full account of the meeting to the Clarksville paper,²³ and it was easy to see whose side he was on:

"Col. Goode"—he must have been a Colonel in the state militia, for it was afterwards that he became Colonel Goode, C. S. A.—"stated that . . . being an aristocrat was another charge laid to his door. To this, he only had to say, that to every citizen of the district, he would extend, and had always extended the utmost courtesy, but to meet a man, and pretend to know him when he did not, simply because he was now a candidate, to truckle or cringe to any man for his vote, he would not do it for every vote in the district, (noble trait) Would there were more like him! . . . Col. Goode then concluded by stating that he had rather be defeated, having the vote of the people of Mecklenburg, than without it, to be elected by every other vote in the district."

This was undoubtedly true. He was a man of deep loyalties, and the people of Mecklenburg were his people; but probably it did not gain him any votes in the rest of the district, thus cavalierly cut down to size.

"Roger A. Pryor, Esq.," goes on Nawadaha, turning up his nose, "said he had been charged with being an *imported* candidate . . . but that the constitution recognized him as eligible, and upon this he stood; he had only taken up a temporary abode in Washington, constrained altogether by pecuniary embarrassments, and with the intention, always, of returning to the bosom of the State of his nativity as soon as he had worked out the difficulty." (If I were a truly sweet woman I would not record here that as soon as the Civil War was over, he lit out to New York as fast as he could go.

²³ *The Tobacco Plant*, August 6, 1859.

The pickings in the State of his nativity had gotten mighty slim.) "Wherever he had been driven by the adverse winds of fickle fortune, his heart still throbbed for old Virginia. As the sea-shell taken from the shore still gives back the sound of the murmuring sea, so his heart beat back responsive to the name of Virginia . . . Lord Bacon has said, the best test of a man's competency, was whether he had given hostages to society. As for himself, he had given hostages five times over."

This seems rather an unfair comparison of his qualifications with those of Colonel Goode, who was not married, and any hostages he might have given to society would certainly have been nothing to brag about.

Mr. Pryor was wrought up to such a pitch that he became sick, and this closed the meeting.

Later, Mr. Pryor challenged Colonel Goode to a duel—you might almost say, according to custom. He was a great one for duels. Judge Walter Watson says in his "Notes" that Dr. Pryor said the disposition of his son, Roger A. Pryor, to engage in duels, had given him great trouble. He had fought at least three duels, the outcome of which I do not know, before he challenged Colonel Goode. Duelling was, of course, against the law, but apparently a candidate to make the laws was not obliged to respect them if he did not feel like it.

One of the topics discussed at the August meeting had been the advisability of holding a party convention. Colonel Goode thought the people were not in favor of a convention, and that the interests of the party did not demand one . . . "the jugglery and trickery of political *cliques* can never oust him. He coveted no higher glory than to fall fighting those contemptible *cliques*." He did not get any higher glory, either, for when the Democratic Party met in convention at Farmville the next month, who do you think they nominated? It was not Colonel Goode, I assure you. But he got his wish about one thing—defeated or not, the vote he got in his home county, though he was not the party nominee, was practically unanimous.

Just as well he was not elected. If he had been, the Civil War would have started sooner than it did.

Colonel Goode might be a bachelor, but it was not from choice. He had wanted Pink Chambers to marry him, while he was still reading law in her father's office; and when Pink's little sister Rosa

was sixteen, he wanted her to marry him. So far as I have heard, he never showed a serious interest in any other woman, during the ten years between these proposals, but more than one girlish heart must have beat faster in his presence, more than one pair of bright eyes looked after him wistfully as he went his friendly—alas, only friendly—way. He was a big man, over six feet tall, and broad-shouldered, with black hair and blue eyes. You have only to look at his picture to know how much in love with him a girl could be. But those Chambers girls could pick and choose, and Pink had other ideas; and so, believe it or not, did little Rosa. She told him—in the nicest way, I am sure of that—that she didn't want him either. Perhaps it was a matter of pride with her, she being second choice, though I do think she ought to have considered that she was only six years old when he was courting Pink. Just before that meeting at the Court House in which, with every appearance against him, he defended himself against the charge of being an aristocrat, Lila Goode wrote in her diary:

Wed June 8, 1859 Wewe is at home. Says it is thought in Boynton that Mr. Goode will court Rosa again very soon. And be accepted.

Mon. Jun 20 We went to college and heard a very peculiar sermon from Mr. Archer. Most of the Boynton gentlemen were there. Mr. Goode helped Rosa in her carriage looking quite agitated I thought, I should think by no means indifferent in that quarter from his manner then.

As her grand-daughter, I am fairly smirking at the thought of that demure seventeen-year-old modestly casting down her eyes before the visible agitation of the dignified Commonwealth Attorney, twice her age; and as a fellow-woman, I wish to inform her that she may have fooled Mr. Goode with her demureness, but she doesn't fool me.

Perhaps Mr. Goode courted her again, as the Boynton people thought he would—it seems quite likely; but they were wrong in thinking that she would accept him, that time. It was not until eighteen months later, on November 27, 1860, that they were married, and even then the marriage may have been hastened a little by the terrible dark war-clouds rolling up from the horizon, and the fact that the future had suddenly become very uncertain.

It was only two months later that there was another meeting at the Court House described as "tremendous"—far more important this time than the meeting at which two candidates for congress

presented their views. The speakers and the audience at this meeting were not concerned with putting a man in congress, they were concerned with taking a state out of the Union.

The General Assembly was in session, and a convention had been called to consider the problems blowing up like a chill wind before the storm. Only two of the speakers were candidates to represent Mecklenburg at that convention—Thomas F. Goode, and Sallie Goode Morton's ex-guardian, Tucker Carrington of Sunnyside; but apparently if they had all been candidates, and all voted in the convention, the issue would have been unchanged as far as Mecklenburg was concerned: all the speakers were in favor of snatching Virginia as a brand from the burning, right now.

There were some in Mecklenburg—there must have been many—whose hearts were filled with apprehension, who wanted no rash and unconsidered action, and these saw to it that their delegates were not too unanimous in advance. When the convention assembled, two weeks later, the county was represented by Thomas F. Goode and his more mature and experienced father-in-law. Little Rosa Chambers, the new Mrs. Goode, spent most of the early months of her married life in Richmond or nearby Ashland, occupying herself as best she could while her father and husband made history. There must have been moments when the bride felt that marriage was a pretty dull affair.

The junior delegate from Mecklenburg knew very well where he stood, and so did his fellow delegates, who named him the Bulldog of the Convention. One who knew him well wrote of him later: "Unlike the Virginia heroes of so many of the story books covering that period, he did not advocate peace till dragged into war by his hot-headed comrades; but his penetrating vision saw from the first that peace was impossible and war inevitable, and he advocated it with a strength and ardor born only of honest convictions and a correct diagnosis of the situation."

Perhaps some of the speeches influenced a man here and there to change his opinion; but neither side influenced the other so much as one man in Washington was to influence them both. The arguments and pleading and sleepless nights went on. The issues were heart-breaking, and there was much room for honest difference of opinion. It was Abraham Lincoln who put an end to whatever slim chance there might have been of a peaceful solution, by calling for troops to go against the south. "Virginia was, by Lincoln's procla-

mation, reduced to the alternative of furnishing her quota, or of refusing to do so, and refusal was equivalent to secession."²⁴ They didn't have a chance. The die was cast for them by a man who did not know that Virginia is something more than a proper noun.

On May 21, 1861, Miss Tempe Boisseau, at Dinwiddie Court House, wrote a letter to her friend Miss Rosa Burnett:

Darling Rosa

Your sweet and interesting letter was received Wednesday and would have answered the next day, but I went over to the tavern in the morning to see the Mecklenburg Cavalry as it passed, and in the evening we had company, and at night we went to a party at Butterworth's. There was a large crowd there. We enjoyed ourselves very much indeed, danced until 3 o'clock and the next night all went to Captain Griffin's. I did not go there. Oh Rosa why were you not up here to see the *Cavalry* as it passed last Thursday. We had such a nice time. It was received by the Grays and Mr. Epes welcomed them with a few beautiful remarks. There were several speeches delivered, of which the most beautiful one was made by the *Captain* whose name was *Thomas Goode*. They were supplied with bouquets by the ladies. *Mollie Harris* sent her bouquet to the Captain and I sent mine to the first lieutenant. His name was *Mr. Small*—beautiful name indeed. The Captain came up and got an introduction to all the ladies. I wish you could have seen him. He was the handsomest gentleman I ever saw . . . There are a great many ladies at the tavern today, trying to get a flag for the Cavalry of Dinwiddie."

The men who passed through Dinwiddie Court House that day with their elected officers (The Boydton Cavalry, later Company A, 3rd Virginia Cavalry) were:

Thomas F. Goode Captain
William F. Small 1st Lieutenant
W. T. Boyd 2nd Lieutenant
J. L. Moss 3rd Lieutenant
R. F. Sturdivant 4th Lieutenant
George D. White 1st Sergeant
W. T. Atkins 2nd Sergeant

PRIVATES:

Alexander, Charles
Alexander, M. T.
Arrington, Armistead

Bacon, D.
Bacon, J.

Baptist, E. L.
Barksdale, A. S.
Barron, T. D.
Baskerville, A. S.
Baskerville, D. E. J.
Bowers, T.

²⁴ Landon Bell.

- Boyd, F. W.
Boyd, J. B.
Boyd, R. B.
Bracey, A. H.
Bracey, W. O.
Brame, J. B.
Bryson, R.
Bugg, R. A.
Burton, H.
- Carter, W. N.
Clack, R. H.
Cleaton, T. J.
Cliborne, J. H.
Cliborne, W. G.
Coleman, B. W.
Corprew, O. H. P.
Couch, S. P.
Crowder, Dr. J. J.
- Dabney, Homes
Daly, P. L.
Dunkley, C. D.
- Fennell, W. W.
Ferguson, A. H.
Ferguson, P. T.
Finch, T. G.
- Gary, A. T.
Gregory, Eli
Gregory, Oscar
Gregory, Roger
Gregory, Dr. (W. H.?)
Griffith, A.
Griggs, W. R.
- Harris, Charles
Harris, W. O.
Hardy, T. J.
Harwell, R. D.
Hatcher, Thomas H.
Hendrick, R. Murray
Hinton, Dr. Preston L.
Hinton, W. E.
Holmes, John P.
Homes, George H.
- Hughes, John D.
Hutcheson, John V.
Hutcheson, W. D.
- Jackson, C.
Jackson, J.
Jeter, John R.
Jones, G. T.
Jones, Thomas L.
Lewis, Tom
Lockett, M.
- Mackesy, J. W.
Marable, W.
Mason, R. H.
Moore, Robert
Moore, S. T.
Moss, C. E.
Moss, J. L.
Moss, W. R.
Moss, T. D.
- Northington, James
Northington, Dr. W. H.
- Overby, R. C.
- Patillo, W. A.
Pettus, W. H.
Pulley, E. A.
Puryear, J. J.
Puryear, J. P.
Puryear, Reuben A.
- Richardson, W. H.
Riggin, E. T.
Robertson, W. E.
Robertson, W. M.
Robison, Henry
Rolfe, J. J.
Rolfe, W. E.
Royster, W. H.
- Simmons, R. H.
Smith, John J.
Smith, William B.
Smith, Dr. W. M.

Tarry, W. C.	Wilson, Leroy M.
Thomas, H.	Williamson, B. P.
Thomson, F. W.	Williamson, B. R.
Thornton, N. M.	Wimbish, C. C.
Toone, J. T.	Wyles, W. Hepburn
Toone, R. L.	
Toone, Stokes	Yancey, W. C.
Tucker, John M.	Young, John P.
Walker, T. A.	Young, Laurence
Walker, T. W.	Young, Wimbish
Weaver, James J.	

Now you know their names, you will be able to see them more clearly as they jog down the road in the spring sunshine, on their way to the peninsula to fight for that right of self-determination so esteemed at this late day by the Government of the United States.

I wonder what became of the bouquets.

Afterwards, there were added to the company rolls:

Alexander, R. P.	Jones, Dr. W. H.
Atkins, Z.	
	Leigh, Dr. John R. (Surgeon)
Bowen, J. W.	
Boyd, A. S.	Moss, S.
Boyd, T. H.	
Boyd, W. Townes	
Buford, ———	Pettus, T. F.
Burnley, Charles	Pope, C. A.
Butler, J. W.	Plummer, E.
	Puryear, R. H. (Rufus?)
Davis, John	
	Reynolds, A.
Farrar, John	
	Stobley, Professor
Goode, Samuel B.	Sydnor, William
Gregory, George	
	Tanner, M. W.
Harris, James	Tarry, George
Hendrick, H. C.	

During the first year of the war, Captain Goode commanded his company unattached, he and his home-town men carrying out specific assignments with unfaltering devotion. The words which described their courage changed. First it was "spirited, gallant, in-

trepid;" presently it was "efficient;" the company "accomplished its object," it "captured the enemy's flag and with-drew, bringing in their wounded in a very orderly manner;" and it was praised at last by Stuart himself, for its "magnificent service—*its patient endurance.*" If you want to have a good time, boys, jine the cavalry.

It was during the peninsula period that Captain Goode received an urgent message from home that Rosa was critically ill with typhoid fever, and not expected to recover. He went to his superior officer for leave to return at once to Mecklenburg, but he did not get it. His superior officer—whose name I know, but why bring that up?—was drunk, no doubt feeling frustrated and misunderstood and glad of this heaven-sent chance to take it out on somebody. He was tired, he said, of having men come to him with trumped-up excuses for getting out of doing their duty and going off frolicking while others shouldered their responsibilities. He was tired of it, he had had enough of it, he would have no more of it; and that was that.

Fortunately, he was very, very drunk. It was hardly worth while to knock him down.

Captain Goode merely saluted briefly, got on his horse, and set out for home. He stayed there long enough to satisfy himself that Rosa would live, then rode back to the peninsula and reported for duty. That was the end of it.

The months passed, and Major Goode was ordered to clear the enemy under General Butler out of Hampton, and burn the town. Sherman should have been the one to do that, he wouldn't have minded; but it was a hard thing to burn the loved homes of people who were your friends. Major Goode did it, but don't think he didn't carry the scar to his grave.

After that, Colonel Goode, of the Third Virginia Cavalry, was with Stuart, covering the withdrawal of the Confederates from Yorktown to Richmond, and was mentioned with the highest praise in many of Stuart's reports. I don't suppose he knew that when he and his men had fought their way to Seven Pines they were fighting on Whitby land. I don't suppose he cared—not at the moment, anyway.

All this time, his strength had been draining from him with an illness nothing seemed to check. I never knew the nature of his trouble, for by the time I came along it had long since ceased to be discussed, his frailness taken for granted. But frail he was, and com-

bat service in an out-numbered army contributed nothing toward conserving his strength. However bright his mental vigor and his courage burned, his body rebelled more and more at the demands made upon it. Toward the last, his health was so poor that much of the time it took two or three men to get him on his horse; but his command never went into battle that he did not lead them.

After the Battle of Seven Pines, Stuart recommended Colonel Goode for promotion to Brigadier-General, but the complete breakdown of his health made it necessary for him to leave the army before the recommendation could be acted upon. He handed in his resignation on November 18, 1862.²⁵ I doubt if any other day in his long life ever compared with that one in bitterness.

At the moment of leave-taking, he had nothing but his undying loyalty to give the men who had fought beside him; but they, or their dependents, were to live to know how much that meant. Nearly fifty years after that dark day, the youngest daughter of his son Edward Chambers, then an infant, was to receive the following letter from one of the men who rode with the Mecklenburg Cavalry:

Boydton, Va,
July 29th 1908

Miss Virginia M. Goode,
Dear Miss Virginia,

At the unanimous request of the Monument Committee you have been selected to unveil our superb stature, on the 7th proximo.

From many you have been selected as the fitting person to perform this interesting duty. You have been given the honor as the granddaughter of Col. Thomas F. Goode, who was among the first to unfurl the Confederate flag and meet the enemy in battle; and when defeat and want came upon our soldiers, or their widows, he opened his purse and gave them bread.

This notice is given at the request of the entire Committee, asking you to accept the same.

With great regards,
Yours truly
Charles Alexander

But that lay in the future, and we do not approach the future by leaps and bounds, we trudge toward it day after monotonous day, night after halting night, seeing but little of the road ahead. There was not much money in Colonel Goode's purse to buy

²⁵ Manuscript Confederate Records in the Archives Division of the Virginia State Library. Vol. 8, pg. 220.

bread for his own family, that day he laid aside his uniform and turned toward home. His furthest goal, that first day, must have been to accomplish somehow or other the difficult journey, ill and broken as he was; to get home. I am glad he had married before the storm of war broke over him, and that in Rosa and their child, he had a home to go to.

When he was stronger, he tried to resume the practice of law, and to render what service he could as a member of the legislature for the session of 1863-64; but by the middle of the session he was obliged to resign from that, too. Nobody could say he didn't try; nobody could measure the resolute effort he made, the haunting discouragement as month followed month with his recovery still incomplete, until at long last he knew that he would never be a well man again.

Beside his own problems, he was obliged to carry the additional burden, at that time, of responsibility for the Hot Springs family. He and his brother Samuel were joint executors of his father's will, and the conditions of the period had made it almost equally difficult to keep the Springs open, or to find a purchaser for them. With both sons in the army, matters were still further complicated, and when the opportunity to sell the property did come, Mary Ann and her children had very little choice. Hot Springs was sold, and the family moved to Mecklenburg. They did not bring any fortune with them. They had sold Hot Springs for Confederate money. It was not the measure of their folly, it was the measure of their necessity and their devotion.

I once read somewhere that all humanity is divided into two classes, the leaners and the leaned-on. I think that is more clever than true, for there is a large class who carry their own weight, even if they can do no more; but be that as it may, Mary Ann was no leaner. She was presently established at Rotherwood plantation (originally a part of Inglewood) which had been the home for a time of James Williamson and his wife Agnes, daughter of John Chesterfield Goode. The house was taken down after the Government acquired the land in connection with the Bugg's Island Dam. Sophy and Isabelle were with her, and she also had under her roof her widowed daughter, Margaret, (whose husband had been killed in battle), ill with tuberculosis; and her widowed daughter Alice with all five Crump children; and every Saturday her son Thomas F. drove down with his increasing family to spend the day. He was

no leaner, either—far from it—but the visits gave an opportunity for her to consult him about her affairs, and were intended as a mark of affection and respect. “I suppose Father thought it was the thing to do,” remarked Thomas F.’s daughter Marion thoughtfully, years afterwards, “but for her it must have been just one more thing to contend with.”

Aunt Sophy, young then, kept the house, and Thomas F.’s daughter remembered that the dinners were so good, the corn-pudding especially; and that the china was, to her, the most beautiful china she had ever seen—white, with blue ladies on it.

Appomattox was drawing nearer and nearer; and late in March, 1865, a small number of Confederates made at Bentonville, North Carolina, their last desperate effort to halt the northward crawl of the Union army—a futile gesture, but it had to be made. Having killed a few more despairing men, and wrecked forever the homes to which they would not return, the army crawled proudly on.

It came to the Roanoke, where a pontoon bridge was assembled, and over this the blue-clad men poured north.

All day long the steady tramp, tramp of their feet as they crossed the bridge could be heard in Margaret’s sick room. She was dying, and perhaps it seemed to her that they were endlessly advancing over her young husband’s broken body. Some of them straggled from the main body of troops on expeditions of their own. They swarmed over Rotherwood, to pick up whatever took their fancy. They pulled the mattress out from under the dying woman and tore it apart, in search of money and jewelry.

It was while this was going on that the Chambers family, in Boydton, were burying their silver under the rose-bushes in the yard, and steeling their hearts for the sound of those marching feet. The ex-brothers came, they were silently endured for a night, they departed; and humbly following in their dust as they vanished down the Petersburg road, Mary Ann and her children carried Margaret’s body to Invermay for burial. The cottage in the chestnut grove was very far away.

It was only a few weeks later that Colonel Goode, returning from “the village,” said to the stunned group on the porch, “Lee has surrendered.” He did not know until later that his nephew, twenty-year-old Major Thomas Goode Jones, had carried one of Lee’s flags of truce.

I want to tell you about that. You have a little Confederate flag



COL. SAMUEL GOODE, M. C.,
OF VIRGINIA.

From Miniature by Peale.

[No. 96.]

COLONEL SAMUEL GOODE
of Invermay
Mecklenburg County, Va.
From a miniature by Peale (1800)
Reproduced from *Virginia Cousins*.



MARIA ANN KNOX GOODE

fluttering from your automobile, without exactly knowing why, and it would be a good idea for you to think sometimes what it stands for. Our cousin, Judge Walter B. Jones of Montgomery, Alabama, presiding Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial Circuit, has given me permission to tell you in words from an article he published some years ago, I believe in the *American Bar Association Journal*.

"Late on the night of April the eighth, 1865, the last Confederate war council was held. It was seen by the generals present, among them Lee, Longstreet, and Gordon, that unless on the morrow the Confederate troops could break through the heavy lines of Federal troops surrounding them, surrender would be inevitable. Major General John B. Gordon was selected to command the troops which would attempt to cut through the Federal lines at dawn on April 9. It had been agreed, in the council of war the night before, that in the event General Gordon was unable to cut through the Federal lines, flags of truce were to be sent out asking for a cessation of hostilities until Generals Lee and Grant could agree upon the final terms of surrender.

"About half-past five, on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, Gordon, who had formed his command half a mile from the court house, advanced his line. One of Lee's veterans, a gallant young Alabamian, who rode at the side of General Gordon in the hectic Confederate charge on that memorable April morning, tells us that Gordon's troops were a proud array, 'although the men were so worn, jaded and famished, that they could hardly carry their muskets. Divisions had dwindled to the number of full regiments, and regiments and companies were represented by a few files of men; but the colors of nearly all the organizations remained.

"The sharp skirmish fire soon grew into a furious and heavy volume of musketry. The ever-faithful Carter joined in with deep-toned guns. The cavalry at our right pressed forward at a gallop, and wild and fierce shouts resounded throughout the heavens. As the sun drove away the Sunday morning mist, it looked down upon a scene that will forevermore thrill southern hearts. In a steady line, sustained on the left by artillery which flamed forth at every step, with cavalry charging fiercely on the right, the Confederate line of battle, scarlet almost from the array of battle flags floating over it, went forth to death, driving before it masses of blue cavalry and infantry. Spring was just budding forth, and the morning sun glistening from budding leaf and tree shed a halo over the red battle flags with the starry cross, as if Nature would smile on the Nation that was dying there.'

"As soon as General Gordon saw the impossibility of cutting through the thousands of Federal troops across his front, in accordance with the agreement reached at the war council held the night before, he sent out from his lines a flag of truce to the Federal army in front of him. Due

to the great difficulty of reaching Lieute. Gen. U. S. Grant, who was located in a distant portion of the army, several flags of truce were sent out from the Confederate lines. . . . While General Sheridan's dismounted cavalry were falling back in a feigned retreat from the fire of the Confederates, the infantry of the Fifth U. S. Corps advanced and opened fire. It was at this time that Major Jones rode rapidly out from the Confederate lines, between the skirmishers of both armies, toward the Union lines some two hundred yards away. Because of the heavy smoke lying over the battlefield that morning, neither Confederate nor Union troops appeared to see the bearer of the flag of truce and both sides continued their fire as he rode swiftly through the morning mist."

That rider, clinging with his legs to the saddle while his body hung down cowboy fashion for what little protection that gave him, was just the age you were when you were surrounded by the enemy at Bastogne. Think of him sometimes when you look at your little flag fluttering down the road ahead of you.

But long before all this turmoil of grief and change, it had been written: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and night and day shall not cease," and no exception had been made in case of war and disaster. Already, at Rotherwood, it was seedtime, and Mary Ann could not stop to weep.

I knew Margaret's little girl, as a woman—she was named William Phillips for her father, for Margaret knew there would never be a son—and we called her Willie. She was only two years old when her mother died, and still too young to retain many memories of Rotherwood when she left it with Sophy and Isabelle on the death of Mary Ann. Even her grandmother's funeral did not make much impression on her, for all she could tell me about it was that she remembered the long drive to Invermay on a very hot day, though it was only May; that she and her aunts stopped in Boydton and had dinner with her uncle Tom's family before they all went on together; and that during the services at the grave she kept as much as possible in the background and meditatively chewed sassafras leaves she broke from a bush beside her.

But one of the Crump children, who was a member of the Rotherwood household, could bring back when questioned, faint glimpses of the life that went on there. He said the only way the river was used by the families living on it at that time was for "the store-boat," a sort of peddler boat that came at stated intervals during the year and tied up in the neighborhood, and everybody took

down whatever produce they had (never having any money) and traded it for things on the boat.

Mary Ann, he said, was a soldierly woman, rather stern, but marvellously capable. This was merely a childish impression, for I never saw a less soldierly-looking woman than the Mary Ann of her portrait; and what he recalls as sternness was probably a conditioned reflex on which she acted automatically, to the effect that life was difficult enough without adding spoilt children to its problems. She ran the farm, and when the harvest was in, apportioned her part of the crop, then the overseer's, and then each Negro tenant's; and Cousin Willie Crump remembered that she "held court" in her chamber whenever occasion rose. She had a colored house-boy named Alec, whom the children called "Deputy-sheriff," who summoned offenders and leaned nonchalantly against the mantelpiece while "Judge, jury, and high-sheriff" Mary Ann sat in her upholstered barrel-chair "that was very pretty," and passed upon the case. Cousin Willie said, "Grandmother was a marvellous woman, but I seem to recall that she didn't care much for Crumps!"

In 1875, Colonel Goode was obliged to give up the practice of law. He had responsibilities which included Isabelle and Sophy and Margaret's orphan child; his health was permanently impaired; he was fifty years old. The road ahead could hardly have looked darker. Who would have thought that this man would die a millionaire? Heartfelt must have been the spoken and unspoken prayers that God would open some way before him, find some answer for him. Perhaps some of those who prayed, casting around in their human vision for possible answers, felt that their prayers were doomed to fall to the ground; but prayer, if it falls to the ground at all, falls not as a dead leaf, but as a seed. A way was opened, an answer was found.

It was in that darkest hour before dawn that he—shall we say by accident?—became interested in Buffalo Springs. There was nothing new about Buffalo Springs, there was nothing new about its changing hands, but there was going to be something new, this time, about the results. I do not know who owned it before 1839, but in the *Richmond Enquirer* for May 28th of that year there was a long advertisement by its newest owners, John S. Field and Alexander S. Jones, announcing that they had purchased the Springs and would be prepared for Visitors by the first of June. The advertisement mentions new cabins which have been added, airy and

commodius, and that a spacious dining room has been fitted up of sufficient size to accommodate three hundred people and that a very select band of music has been procured for this season. It goes on to discuss in impressive but rather general terms the medicinal qualities of the water, "peculiarly adapted to the relief of diseases dependent on derangement of the functions of the Liver, Stomach, and Skin," as well as a great many other frightful ailments, well-known and obscure. Apparently Buffalo Springs had this much in common with Dr. Goode's Hot Springs, that they would cure just about anything. Once a day, the advertisement could assure would-be visitors, a mail-coach ran from Clarksville, eight miles away, for their accommodation.

By 1846 we learn (this time from the *Daily Whig*) that Dr. Silas Harris is now the proprietor of Buffalo Springs, currently open for the reception of company. His improvements are sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of three hundred and fifty or four hundred persons, and all his arrangements are upon a corresponding scale. His music is as good as any in the state. His claims for the curative properties of the water are extravagant—I suppose if they had not been, nobody would have thought it worth drinking—but there is a tendency to get away from the general to the specific, and Dr. Harris makes special mention of its value in chronic diseases of the kidney and bladder—claims which were more and more emphasized and substantiated as time went on. There had been improvements, too, in the arduous process of getting to the Springs. A Mr. David Shelton was operating a stage from Ridgway, on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad, to Clarksville, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and *vice versa* on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and once arrived at Clarksville, a trusty man, Ben Brown, had provided himself with a good carriage and safe horses for the special purpose of carrying passengers to the Springs at any hour. All these attractions served their purpose, for three years later Lucy instructs Dear Mat to tell Jack that there is a large crowd at Buffalo Springs.

During the Civil War, the Springs—under whose ownership I do not know—was occupied by refugees from those sections which had been over-run by the enemy, or where fighting was anticipated. It was never intended for a winter resort, and there must have been considerable discomfort in the frame buildings with their open fire-places, the very airiness which was so desirable in

summer, making itself unpleasantly manifest in cold weather; but who are refugees, to pick and choose? They survived; and by 1869 loved old Buffalo was a summer resort again. There were not so many guests, and not so gay, as formerly; but a start had been made. Someone in Boynton writes for *The Tobacco Plant* a brief account of a visit there in early August of that year:

“. . . a small number of visitors, but a very pleasant company . . . the fare is good . . . It is truly a mineral water of great virtue, and the best test of virtue, is the faith of those who have been frequenting it for years. . . For relaxation and recreation we know of no watering place superior to it. It is on the free and easy plan in all its arrangements.—Everybody does as everybody pleases, eats as he pleases, sleeps as he pleases, rolls ten pins as he pleases, dances or coquettes as he pleases. In fine, we know of but one restraint, namely, those who are disposed to indulge in alcoholic liquors are confined to a very fiery article of new whiskey. We have no doubt but that the proprietor thinks his guests should confine themselves to the water as sole beverage.”

This last would suggest that the proprietor, who is not named, is no longer Dr. Harris. His discussion of the place, both as a resort and for its healing qualities, was on a higher level of intelligence and professional dignity than to have suggested such witticisms at his expense. If a bar was in operation during his regime, it was not even mentioned in his summary of attractions—something taken for granted, but of no special importance; though his predecessors, Mr. Fields and Mr. Jones, had told the world that they had, besides a table supplied with all varieties of provisions common to the season, served up in a style that would suit the most fastidious, a bar with first-rate liquors, selected especially by one of the partners.

There was no bar at Buffalo Springs in Colonel Goode's time. He would not have allowed it for one minute; and all other considerations aside, actually there was less disposition to drink at Buffalo than might have been felt elsewhere. “The first effect produced on strangers by drinking the water,” Dr. Harris had written, with fifteen years of observation to back him up, “is a slight giddiness of the head, which soon passes off, and is followed by an increase of appetite, a healthful glow on the surface, exhilaration of spirit, and a pleasing consciousness of new life and vigor.” Buffalo was one place where you could be perfectly happy, or at any rate happy enough, without a drink. Indeed, Dr. George A. Foote, President of the Medical Society of North Carolina, said of Spring

No. I, "Its most remarkable action is in destroying or preventing the desire or thirst for intoxicants and narcotics."

I have heard, I cannot say where or when, that Colonel Goode first became personally interested in Buffalo Springs through representing the Shelton family in some litigation involving the Springs which arose between that family and someone from Philadelphia named Paxson; and the money situation being what it was, received as his fee some sort of interest in the property affected, eventually buying out other interests. Certainly there were both Sheltons and Paxsons in the vicinity of the Springs at that time, and the Sheltons had been there for years. There is a pine grove in the neighborhood sprinkled with sunken, nameless graves where the Shelton slaves had been buried—"the old Shelton grave-yard," it was called; and the two-story house at the top of the hill near Spring No. 2, not very large but of beautiful proportions, was still known in my time as "the Shelton House." Dr. James Shelton, "old Dr. Shelton" to my generation, wrote of having over forty years experience with the water.

When Colonel Goode died, the Buffalo property included a large acreage of cultivated land, pasture and woodland; but in his will he specified that a certain reference is intended to apply "only to the two original tracts purchased by me, the one from T. Paxson, the other from George Averett, and to 'the Pool Well' together with the right of ingress and egress to and from the same."

Whatever the circumstances which led up to it, Colonel Goode was now the proprietor of Buffalo Springs. This was more like. This was something for which he had unwittingly trained for years—Dr. Goode's son knew the problems, and he knew the answers. There was nothing the matter with his fine mind, it was his handicapped body which had stood between him and every goal, and now that was taken care of, too. An office was fitted up for him in one of the rooms at Buffalo, and another in a quiet room at the back of his home in Boynton, away from the general household traffic. Both had couches on which he could rest when fatigue began to warn, and in both there was a schedule which adapted itself to him, not he to it; and soon there was a secretary to take off his shoulders the mechanics of the growing business.

Judging by the frequency with which it changed hands, nobody had ever made any money out of running Buffalo as a resort, and Colonel Goode didn't either. He didn't even try to. He had

other ideas, and then the Lord, who never answers prayers with a grudging hand, threw in an extra spring for good measure. Colonel Goode was kind and polite to an old colored woman who lived in the neighborhood, as he was kind and polite to all; and one day she told him of a lost spring where the old-timey folks went to drink the water for their aches and pains. It was the best spring of them all, she said, but it had become choked and over-grown, and after awhile it had disappeared entirely, seeping underground to the nearby creek.

She thought she could show him approximately where it had been, and she did. It was the famous No. 2 Spring, the water from which was afterwards shipped all over this country, and to Europe. "Well!" you—or someone—may say, "no wonder he got rich! It was handed to him!" No, it wasn't handed to him, except in the sense that it was handed to a man courteous enough to listen to an old slave-woman, about the humblest creature to cross his path; intelligent enough to take an interest in her story; and enterprising enough to take some of his hands and go with her to the place she indicated, and direct their digging until the lost spring was found. It had been there all the time. Its healing properties were well known, and so valued as to be remembered years later by an ignorant old woman; but whoever owned the land from which it flowed had cared so little about it that weeds and erosion had been allowed to choke it out of existence unnoticed. It had been handed to that one, too—and he had let it drop.

The cleared spring welled from the bottom of a solid rock basin four or five feet across at the surface, and about as deep. I used to know how many gallons a minute flowed into the basin, but I've forgotten. It seems to me that it was sixty. There was an overflow pipe to carry the excess into the creek, but the demand for it once established, there was seldom any excess. I have often seen it pumped dry while the packers waited for a fresh supply. Nevertheless, with orders piled up, the water ran free on Sundays for any resident of the county who wanted it to come and get it, and many did.

Up until then, there had been little effort, if any, to market the water. Such of it as was not drunk by the guests in summer, or carried away in jugs and demi-johns by whoever wanted to come for it, had washed down the drain to the creek. For one thing, the water from No. 1 Spring, though it had a distinct value of its own,

had a tendency to deteriorate, chemically, with long storage, and while it continued to be recommended by doctors, and used quite extensively, it was shipped out fresh from the spring, as ordered. No. 2, on the other hand, remained stable indefinitely, and its analysis was impressive, particularly its lithia content.

There were four springs, in all, comprising the Buffalo group, but Nos. 3 and 4, at some distance from the others, were commercially negligible. No. 3, I remember, was so saturated with iron that everything in contact with its water was rust-colored, and anyone drinking it ended up with a memorable headache. I doubt if most of the guests at the hotel even knew that it existed, or No. 4 either, but they made delightful objectives for walks with our beaux.

Buffalo was blest, under Colonel Goode. Everything he did prospered, and I have always felt that if he could have lived on and on, it would still be there, just like it used to be. Conditions changed, but he would have known how to meet the changes, and adjust to them; and he would have known, too, where to stand firm, and *not* adjust to them.

He believed in his springs, and he believed in advertising. By the time we, his grandchildren, came along, one of our great privileges, in that pre-library day, was our access to the dozens of papers and magazines of every description sent to him as an advertiser. In the writing room at Buffalo, there was a big rack for holding newspapers, and the papers on it, changed after every mail, came from all over the country. The water was advertised extensively in the medical journals, which were out of our line, but Grandmother was awfully good about gathering up a big batch of other magazines and sending or bringing them to us every week or so. I expect she was glad to have something to do with them, they accumulated so fast. Buffalo, as a summer resort, was part of his advertising. He never tried to make a profit on the hotel, he thought it good business for people to gather there and see for themselves what the water did for them, and go away as living testimonials.

His printed advertising consisted largely of testimonials, but I do not recall any letters from the sick who had been helped or cured, unless they happened to be doctors. It was purely medical testimony, given by physicians of the highest professional standing, and based on their experience with the water as physicians. I have one of the pamphlets which used to go out in every case of water,

and it is remarkable to note the standing of the men who endorsed Buffalo Lithia Water specifically and in detail: Dr. Robert Barthelow, A.M., LL.D., Professor of *Materia Medica* and General Therapeutics at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia; Dr. William A. Hammond, Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, University of the City of New York; Dr. G. Halsted Boylan, A.M., M.D., Paris, member of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and before that Professor of Surgery at the Baltimore Medical College; Dr. George Ben Johnston, Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia; William C. Wile, Danbury, Conn., A.M., M.D., LL.D., Vice President of the American Medical Association; Dr. William Drummond, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada; Dr. J. Allison Hodges, Richmond, Va., President University College of Medicine and Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, etc.; James L. Cabell, A.D., A.M., LL.D., Professor of Physiology and Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia and President of the National Board of Health; Dr. Alexander B. Mott, New York, Professor of Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital; Samuel O. L. Potter, A.M., M.D., M.R.C.P., London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, San Francisco.

These names I have taken practically at random from among many others in the pamphlet I have; and there was quite an impressive name which does not appear in this particular pamphlet, but did appear later in much newspaper and magazine advertising—an Italian physician whose name I have forgotten, but he was personal physician to the Pope of the moment.

When a man grows rich above his neighbors, no matter how, he is not always admired for it, much less loved for it. "Human nature," we say thoughtlessly. This generality certainly did not apply where Colonel Goode was concerned. The business which made him wealthy brought opportunities and made employment for many, in a time and section when they were sorely needed. It called for a year-round office staff, and a resident manager who could and did handle routine matters on his own; a year-round pack-house

staff, and a farm group which cared for the Buffalo herd, the sheep, and the farm horses, and tended the two-acre garden which furnished vegetables for the hotel; it gave seasonal employment to the best hotel manager procurable, with his staff—with cooks, waiters, porters, chambermaids and laundresses drawn as far as possible from local sources.

Colonel Goode's employees knew what Buffalo meant to them, they knew his success was their gain, too. And there was still another way in which his prosperity was shared by his community: the unfortunate and the destitute—and there were many in those hard years after "the Surrender"—turned to him in their need, partly because he was able to help them, but mostly because he was their friend, and they knew it. They were his friends, too. After his death Dr. John B. Winn—our dear "Brother John"—wrote a tribute to his memory in which reference was made to his generous gifts to the Confederate veterans of Mecklenburg and to various phases of his church's activities, particularly the Orphanage: "But having been his pastor for four years, I learned that by far the larger part of his giving was never made known to the world . . . There was not a poor man, a widow, an unfortunate colored person, in all Mecklenburg County, who did not feel that Colonel Goode was his or her personal friend. These people went to him daily with their troubles . . . When I first knew Colonel Goode, he was something more than seventy years of age, but was still in full possession of all his powers, magnificent in appearance and princely in his bearing. He would have graced any court in Europe, while the simplest child and humblest man felt perfectly at ease in his presence. . . . He was the humblest Christian I ever knew. . . . No one who was present can ever forget the deep and unaffected grief manifested by the people of his county on the day of his interment. Although the roads were very rough, and the day bleak and cold, men and women both white and colored came from every direction, some of them from a distance of twenty-five miles through the country, and as they passed by, and looked at him for the last time, every eye was filled with tears."

I don't have to tell you, my dear, that Buffalo is gone. You knew that a long time ago. The springs are there, I suppose, though the backed-up waters of that big dam on the Roanoke River would have covered them if the original plans had gone through. I understand that a determined effort was made to save them, by people

who still use and value the water, and the last I heard it looked as if some steps might be taken for their preservation. But everything else is gone.

I told you about it, after I went there with Mabel on one of our trips together, seven or eight summers ago, and looked at the place where Buffalo had been. Mabel and Gena and I loved it very dearly, as young girls. We thought that all the future lay golden before us, but I doubt if we were ever as happy anywhere else as we used to be at Buffalo, and given our choice between a summer there, and a summer in heaven, we would not have hesitated. Heaven might be all very well in its way, but Buffalo! Buffalo *was* heaven.

I left Mabel down near the pavilion over No. 1 Spring, where the walks were still fairly open, and went up the grassy hill alone, looking for some trace of Sycamore Row—Patterson Heights—Bachelors Row. There was nothing at all to show they had ever been there. I looked back down the hill to where the office building had been—the big dining room and kitchen building—the Goode building, where the family and the family guests roomed—the bandstand, and the tenpin alley. Nothing. Nothing at all. I had thought I might perhaps find a piece of broken china which I would recognize as Buffalo china, or even pick up a little rock to take away, that had been part of the foundation of some loved building, but there was nothing.

I tried to think some appropriate thought, to feel some appropriate emotion, but I thought nothing, and felt nothing. My heart was the emptiest place of all.

It is from Mary Ann Knox that we trace our descent from Pocahontas—"Bright-stream-between-two-hills." Not that you ever cared anything about being descended from her, but many fine people do, and whether you care or not, it is a fact.

Not long ago I was amazed to come to the statement by a reputable author in a book (non-fiction) published by a highly respected firm, that someone mentioned in the narrative was descended from Pocahontas through her daughter Rebeka. Every fifth-grade child ought to know, and many of them do know, that when Pocahontas died in England as she was waiting for the ship that was to bring her back to Virginia, she left an only child, an infant son; and what is more, the only child of that infant son, Thomas Rolfe, while a girl, was named Jane.

It is this casual assumption that anybody of Virginia origin is descended from Pocahontas, even if their only evidence is an imaginary Rebeka, which is largely responsible for the flippant attitude which is so common. I was guilty of it myself once, and stood rebuked without a spoken word, and have not been guilty of that particularly exhibition of bad taste again. It was while you were a boy that someone brought a stranger to our house one day, on some small errand; a pleasant woman, about my own age, and it soon came out that we were both Virginians.

"Cousins, of course," I said laughing, and added brightly, "I bet you're descended from Pocahontas!" Ha-ha, I implied.

"As a matter of fact, I am," she said quietly. But something in the way she said it made me remember suddenly that Pocahontas was a princess, and "a Virginia lady borne;" and how she had laid down her young head to die in a distant land. "All must die," she had said uncomplainingly. "It is enough that my childe lives." Her child, whose child I was.

What was so funny about that?

"Me, too," I said humbly.

On which we stood smiling at each other, as pleased as Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone to have arrived at the same spot at the same time, with so many odds against it; and she did not start pulling grandfathers out of a hat to prove her claim, she merely removed a ring from her finger and handed it to me. It was a plain gold ring, small and worn, and very old; and instead of a jewel, it wore proudly on a raised oval the engraved coat-of-arms of the Bolling family—Jane Rolfe married a Bolling—quartered; and in one of the quarterings, a tiny gold tomahawk. The very incongruity of the combination made it infinitely touching to see it there. I felt like crying, without knowing why—maybe because I saw it, but Pocahontas never did, and never knew how proud of her, her children are.

We need not go into her story here—it is too well known, at least to those who really care, and too well substantiated, to require a detailed account from me. Anyone who wants to find out more about her can find plenty of material in a first-class library (but check for sources, beware of the transient theories which have been advanced, and refuted, and gone their way); and maybe some of you will go to Jamestown, where she was young and happy a long time ago, and see there "the valiant little figure of the Princess

Pocahontas" in bronze. Child that she was, she did more than save John Smith—she saved Virginia for England. "During the time of two or three yeares she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine and utter confusion," John Smith wrote of her, in a letter to Queen Anne written in 1616. And so she was—by keeping alive with food and secret warnings the feeble colony, all but extinct; and by the eight years of peace following her marriage to an Englishman, which enabled the colony to establish itself so firmly that neither the hostile Spaniards to the south, nor the Indians themselves, could destroy it. She was a brave child, but a child, at the time she was doing so much for the English whose only friend she was. I think one of the most touching incidents related of her tells how, after she had warned John Smith of a plot to destroy him and his party while they camped in the forest, he tried to give her beads and trinkets "such as she loved," and she cried because she could not take them, explaining to him that for them to be found in her possession would be at the cost of her life.

Because the story of the little Indian girl who came to be an honored guest at the Court of St. James, has so much drama, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that the two men who were closest to her, her father and her husband, were people, too. If anyone should ask, on a quiz program, "Who was Powhatan?" I imagine the most he could wring from an audience, in answer, would be that he was Pocahontas' father; and John Rolfe would be identified, if identified at all, as the man who married Pocahontas. But there was more to them than that.

Powhatan, or Wahunsonacook, "the mighty Werowance who ruled over Attanoughkomouck of Virginia," was a great man in his time and place, "the noblest and most powerful of the native kings of North America, who by his superior wisdom and talents had established his authority over all the tribes from James River to the Potomac, from Kicquotan at Hampton to the Falls of James River, with the exception of the Chickahominy."²⁶ He might sometimes appear naïve in the eyes of the English, but his was not the simplicity of a child, or of a low mentality, merely that of a man confronted with the unfamiliar, the—to him—inexplicable. There is something appealing in the pleasure he took in some of the presents sent him by his fellow-ruler, the King of England—though he would not go to Jamestown to get them. "I too am a king," he said,

²⁶ Meade: *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*.

“and this is my land. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort; neither will I bite at such bait.” But when they were delivered to him at Weromocomoco—you notice they *were* delivered to him, at his own capital—he was delighted with them: a tin pitcher and basin, a real bed, complete with mattress, a crown which he would not kneel to receive, so that it was finally placed on his unbending head by an Englishman mounted on a stool; and of all things, a greyhound! And there is nothing more absurd in his admiration of some worthless blue beads represented to him as treasures, than there is in the covetous awe of the English over some strands of pearls worn by Opechancanough: all beads alike, and worthless alike, when the starving time came. For the English colonists were worse than naïve—they all but starved to death in a land of plenty, which Powhatan would never have done. He was a man of the highest intelligence—he had to be. Opechancanough, Chief of the Pamunkey tribe, “was a great chief, but higher than he moved Powhatan, Chief of chiefs,” wrote Newport. He was “Emperor over thirty Kings,” and the territory they ruled, with transportation what it was then, was a lot of ground to cover, and to police. Keeping peace among his Algonquins, fighting the Sioux and the Iroquois, reading the minds and fore-stalling the actions of any among his chiefs capable of treachery to further secret personal ambitions—it was no job for a weakling, nor for a fool.

I do not doubt that Opechancanough, with his pearls and his oily tongue, was one of those to be watched. Even then Opechancanough must have been biding his time, as he was forced to bide it until Powhatan and the lame brother who succeeded him were dead, before he was able to give his hatred free rein in the massacre that was meant to wipe out the Colony. Writing of that period just before the massacre, R. A. Brock says in *Virginia and Virginians* (pg. 293): “The only cause for anxiety was the fear of Indian hostilities . . . The friends of the colonists were gone, Pocahontas had died in a foreign land, and Powhatan had also passed away—loved and honored by all who knew him. His brother, the cunning, treacherous, and revengeful Opechancanough, had succeeded him.” Foote tells us that he (Opechancanough) “even pretended a desire to become a Christian. He beguiled the pious head of the college, Mr. Thorpe, to take much pains instructing him, in hopes of numerous converts, till the fatal day Friday, March 22, 1622. That good man, with multitudes of others, was horribly massacred.”²⁷ I have

²⁷ Foote: *Sketches of Virginia*, (Philadelphia, 1850), pg. 15.

always favored the tradition that Opechancanough was not Powhatan's blood brother, but an adopted brother of some mysterious origin far to the south—farther than Florida, farther than the warm blue waters beyond Florida.

Powhatan was not a young man when the English first came sailing up one of his great rivers. "I am very old," he said to one of them a few years later, "and I have seen the death of all my people twice." But he was still an impressive figure, or as Captain John Smith put it, "of parsonage, a tall, well-proportioned man with a sower look." Later, on better acquaintance, Smith changed that "sower look" to Powhatan's "grave maiestical countenance," and reports that he seemed almost as a god; and yet another observer describes him as "a goodly old man, not yet schrincking, though well beaten with many cold and stormy winters."

I wish you could have seen him—me, too—in the great bonnet of eagles' feathers he wore on special occasions, standing splendid and apart, surrounded by his magnificent body-guard. Smith writes, of a body of Susquehannas he encountered, that they were such great and well-proportioned men that they seemed like giants; yet they were pigmies, he said, compared to Powhatan's personal guard of "forty or fifty of the tallest men his country doe affourde."

The bonnet of eagles' feathers must have been one of the treasures kept in his treasure house. I wish I had known about this treasure house while you were a little boy, I could have told you about it, and made an ancestor-worshipper of you. Not all ancestors are thrilling, but that one! What a grandpa!

The treasure-house was watched over by four guards, one at each corner; one representing a giant, one gotten up to look like a bear, one like a wolf, and one like a leopard. That leopard costume is interesting. There were no leopards in Virginia. It hints of memories in a dark alien mind of spotted cats in a jungle, long ago and far away. But the English never had seen a jaguar, nor an ocelot—to them, it was a leopard.

The treasure-house, which was sixty feet long, had room for a great many more treasures than we can itemize, or even imagine; but the great feather war-bonnet must have been kept in it, and the deer-skin mantle embroidered with small shells, and the coon-skin mantle for winter, with tails hanging down like tassels all over it; and the tin bowl and pitcher the King of England had sent him, the crown and the red velvet robes. Probably the finest bows and the most beautifully made arrows were there, and ornaments of

shell and copper. "The Queen of the Appomattucks" wore copper ornaments, so Powhatan must have had them, too; and in the museum at Jamestown there is a pair of ear-rings of white twin-shells, very delicate and perfect, that belonged to Pocahontas. There would be fine clay pipes for ceremonious occasions; and probably there would be—I hate to say this, and I hate to think about it—some of the very finest scalps.

Nowhere was Powhatan's natural dignity and sense of propriety better shown than in the circumstances of his daughter's wedding. Pocahontas was, Ralph Hamor tells us, "Powhatan's delight and darling," and when she was coaxed by a ruse onto an English boat and held by Sir Thomas Dale, Marshall of Virginia, as hostage for some Englishmen who had been captured by Powhatan and were being held prisoners, along with swords, guns, etc. which the Marshal wanted back, her father would no doubt have wiped Jamestown off the map if he had not ascertained that she was being well and respectfully treated and was content. As far as that goes, she could have escaped if she had wanted to, she was not rigidly confined, and was as much at home in the woods, night or day, as a wild deer. She was in communication with her people, too, for when she and John Rolfe fell in love with each other, he at once communicated the situation to the Governor, then at Bermuda Hundred, "and Pocahontas herself acquainted her brethren therewith."

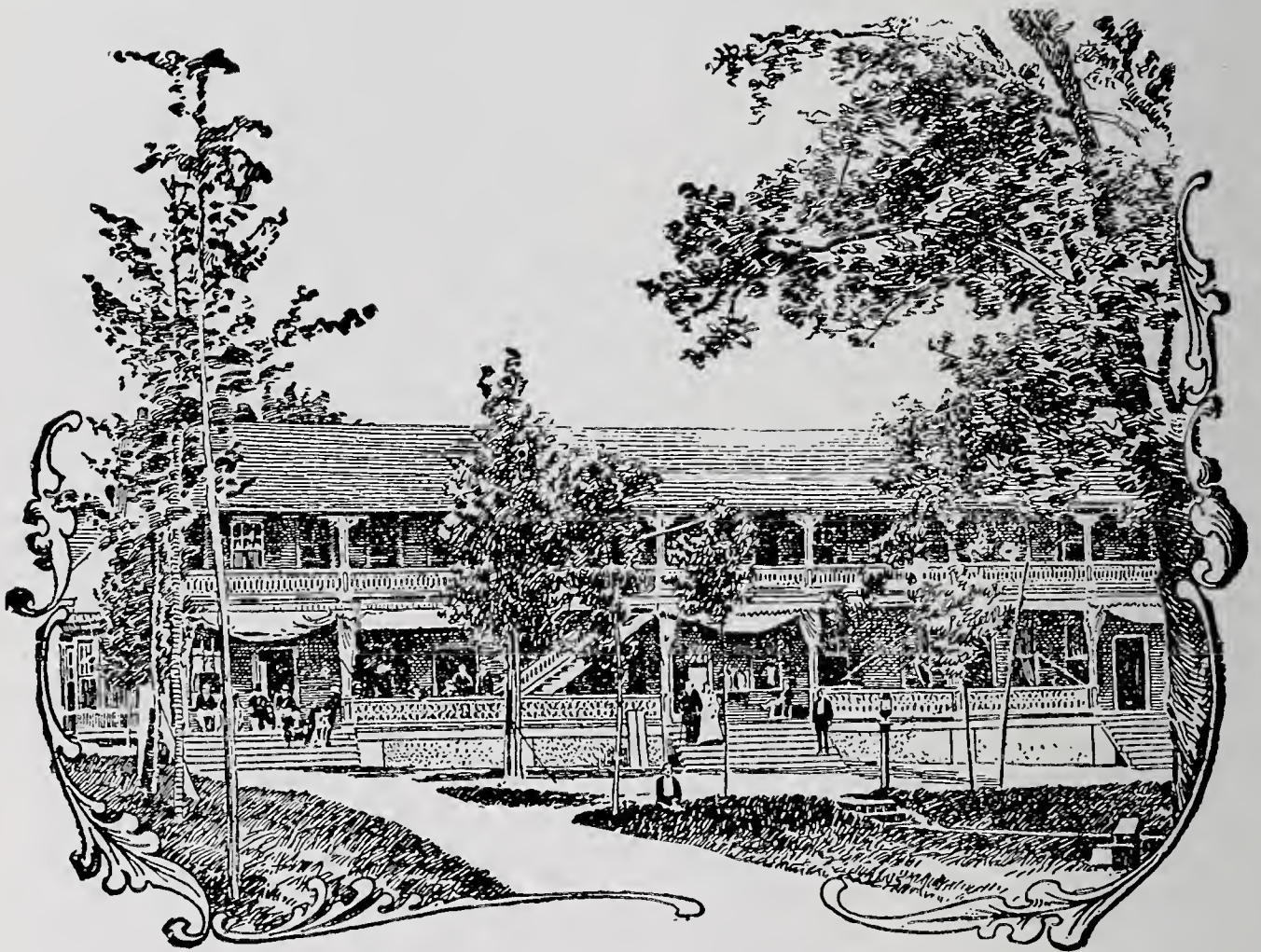
The prisoners were at last turned over to Sir Thomas, but very reluctantly on the part of Powhatan "for the love he bare to our men his prisoners, of whom though with us they were unapt for any employment, he made great use; and those swords and pieces of ours which (although of no use to him) it delighted him to view and look upon," writes Ralph Hamor. It may well be, too, that the shrewd old chief thought it might be a good thing for his daughter to get a close look at these aliens in their own surroundings, and find out what was really in their hearts and in their minds.

But not all the swords and pieces of ours came back, and when Sir Thomas finally went up the York River for further discussion, he took Pocahontas on the ship with him. She thought it best not to go ashore to see her father, not knowing what his attitude might be to the news of her engagement to an Englishman, and being afraid he might detain her; but as it happened, Powhatan was pleased, and two of her brothers visited her on the ship, which they certainly would not have done, in that place, against his will. His "de-



From a water color by Virginia Goode Starr

SPRING NO. 1, BUFFALO SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



Main Building, Buffalo Springs
Mecklenburg County, Va.

light and darling" understood, and while her eyes may have filled with tears as she looked across the water at her old home at Weremocomico, "the chieftest residence" of Powhatan, there was doubtless peace in her heart, knowing that there was peace in his. They loved each other, those two, and they understood each other.

Ten April days later, the Great Werowance sent his old uncle, Opachisco, and two of his sons, to Jamestown, to bear his formal consent and to be present at the wedding. Opachisco, representing her father, gave the bride away, and her two brothers stood beside her. Perhaps these were her full brothers, as distinguished from numerous half-brothers who were the children of other mothers. Powhatan had his full quota of wives. Of one of her brothers, Nantauquas, Smith wrote: "He was the manliest, comeliest boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage." There is an old tradition that the mother of Pocahontas was of Scandinavian descent, and while we do not know that it is true, we know that it is possible, for it had not been too long before then that Lief Ericson and his Norsemen had voyaged to these shores, had made considerable exploration, and had established some settlements.

The Indian princess did not go to her husband empty-handed. Directly across the river from Jamestown, Captain Smith had built for the colonists a "New Fort" during the desperate winter of 1609. The wretched survivors of the colony not only lacked food, they were surrounded by actual and potential enemies; and Captain Smith, full of forebodings, selected a strongly defensive position on a high bluff facing Jamestown and about a mile inland from the river, to which they could retire if necessary; and strengthened it by throwing up earthworks, the remains of which may still be seen. All that tract of land was known as Smith's Fort when, on the occasion of his marriage five years later, it came into the possession of John Rolfe "By guifte by the Indian King."

Whatever became of John Rolfe? Who knows?

Well, *I* know; and you'd be surprised.

To begin with, where did he come from? He didn't just appear suddenly on the page of history at the psychological moment, out of the nowhere into the here, like Baby Dear. He had a father named John, and a mother named Dorothy, and a brother named Henry who in the long run turned out to be extremely useful, and they all lived at Heacham Hall, Norfolk, England. There had been, besides, a twin brother, a little fellow who never grew up to be

famous like his brother John, and nobody remembers him; but his mother did. Pocahontas stayed at Heacham Hall when she went to England with her husband, and "was welcomed by his astonished relatives." It had been in the Rolfe family for a long time, and is still standing. John's mother may have been living there still when he took his Indian bride there, though she had been early widowed, and he had a step-father, Robert Redmayne. She must certainly have known Pocahontas and the little Virginia grandson, for she lived until years after Pocahontas and John himself were gone. John's father, who died when John was a boy of nine, seems to have been a remarkable young man, whose short but forceful life made a deep impress on his contemporaries. While only thirty-two when he died, he achieved an epitaph which kings might envy: "While still alive he wished all his neighbors and relatives to be better off because of him, making them stronger with his strength."

"The Rolfe family has been in Norfolk, England, since Saxon times, 'Rolf' in *Doomsday Book* owning twenty-eight caracutes of land at Horsea near Yarmouth. He was one of the many small owners of Danish or Norwegian extraction left undisturbed by William the Conqueror."²⁸ Marguerite Quarles gives the following table of the immediate ancestors of John Rolfe of Virginia:

Robert Rolfe (Mentioned in the *Herald's Visitation*, 1534)

—
Eustace—1516-93

m. 1560 to Joanna Jenner

—
John—1562-94

m. 1582 Dorothy (Dorothea) Mason—1565-1645

(She married again—Robert Redmayne, d. 1625)

—
John

Who came to Virginia

—
Eustace Edward Henry

John was born in 1585, just in time to grow up listening to the tales of men who had sailed with Drake and Grenville and manned the ships that gathered to meet Spain's great armada; strange stories of a lost colony; stirring news of undaunted English men and women making ready for new ventures. No wonder that with the

²⁸ Quoted by Marguerite Stuart Quarles in *Pocahontas*, published by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

development of maturity he and the young girl who thought whatever he told her to think, because she was in love with him, felt that they were living in no ordinary times, and must measure up to them in no ordinary way. When he was twenty-four, they were married, and set grandly out for the new world in the *Sea Adventure*—one of the nine ships being sent out from England with five hundred colonists by the newly-organized Virginia Company. They were to reach Virginia ultimately, but not in the *Sea Adventure*. The story of the voyage might be compressed into the names of the three ships it took to get them there—the *Sea Adventure*, that fine flagship sailing out from the English harbor with her sister ships in line behind her; and the two little ships made with their own hands that finally dropped anchor in the James: the *Patience*, and the *Deliverance*.

It was June when John Rolfe and his bride left England, and by the time they approached the out-lying islands to the south of their goal, it was the hurricane season, so it is not surprising that in the course of her slow progress the *Sea Adventure* encountered a terrific storm. Separated from the other ships, with her gear gone, blown here and there at random, the battered passengers must have given thanks to heaven to end up wedged on a reef, however unglamorous, rather than be at the bottom of the ocean. They were only half a mile from the beach of a tropical island—an island which turned out to be over-run with wild hogs, badly needed for food; and a dog which someone brought along turned out to be the hero of the expedition, the connecting link between supply and demand.

“A thousand hogges that dog did kill
Their hunger to sustain,”

wrote one of the party later, in a ballad describing their adventures.

It is a good thing they had the dog with them, “For their store was spent and all things scant,” and there were around a hundred and fifty people to be fed; but with his hogges, supplemented by some “Foule and tortoysses” and whatever else the island afforded, they managed well enough.

Fortunately for them, but very unfortunately for the rest of the expedition, the flag-ship had carried all the ablest and most responsible leaders: Thomas Gates, going out as Governor of Virginia; Sir George Somers, Admiral of the little fleet; Christopher Newport, vice-Admiral, “and others of rancke and quality.” One of

their chief anxieties now, was to learn the fate of the other ships, and if possible rejoin them; and having built suitable shelters, and established some sort of community routine, they set about building two little ships from the materials at hand, supplemented with what they could salvage from the *Sea Adventure*.

You can imagine how busy John Rolfe was now, and he had his personal anxieties besides. Two children were born there on the island, one of whom was his little daughter, named Bermuda for the island. Whether they were really in Bermuda or not, I do not know, but they thought they were.

Ten months later they had the *Patience* and the *Deliverance* ready, and once more they set out for Virginia. But little Bermuda remained behind. She had not found the world to her liking.

No group of people on earth ever had a greater shock than awaited them when they reached Jamestown. You can picture them sailing slowly up the river, bursting with pride, with triumph, with happy expectation of praise and admiration for a job well done—and then they saw their welcomers: some sixty famished remnants of the seven hundred people who at one time and another had made their way to Virginia, and those few half mad as the result of pestilence and famine.

When the survivors of the *Sea Adventure* had done what they could for the relief of these poor souls, and there had been time to take stock of the situation, they held a council—Governor Gates, Admiral Somers, Christopher Newport, and the rest; and faced realities.

Such buildings as there were on the island, were in ruins, they had no provisions but what the newcomers had brought with them, the Indians were hostile—(poor little Pocahontas could have done but little for them if she had been there, and she was vanished northward to winter at Weromocomico)—so they could not even seek game except at the risk of their lives; and a new harvest—if they had had any grain left to plant a crop, and certainly they did not, for they had been eating snakes and adders to keep alive—would be months ahead. They divided their numbers between the *Patience* and the *Deliverance* and two pinnaces left behind by the ships which had put them ashore and gone back to England, and set out to try to reach Newfoundland, where they hoped English fishing boats might pick them up in the course of time.

They must have been past speech, and almost past feeling, as

they slipped gently down the river, with its current, and came to its wide mouth. And then those who had plummeted from the heights to the depths like a bird slain in the air, rose from the depths to the heights on eagles' wings, for there, off Point Comfort, lay the De La Warr, the Blessing, and the Hercules.

Back to Jamestown they went, with fresh colonists, bountiful supplies, a new hope; and this time, England in Virginia was there to stay. There was trouble ahead, big trouble; but this time, they were there to stay.

Once more there was plenty to occupy the head and the hands of John Rolfe, and his heart, too. The English girl who had made the long and arduous journey with him up to now, could go with him no further. It is a strange thing that his young English wife was to die in Virginia, and his young Virginia wife was to die in England, as if there were some sort of pattern in it, ill-defined and obscure.

He was hardly twenty-six, very young to be a widower, when Powhatan's daughter, then eighteen, was brought to Jamestown as a prisoner, and taken up the river to dwell for awhile in Parson Whittaker's home on Procter's Creek. For many reasons, he did not want to fall in love with her, but he did fall in love with her, and their brief life together seems to have been very happy. Soon after landing in Virginia, Rolfe had gone with Sir Thomas Dale, in 1611, to what is now Chesterfield County, and taken up land across the James from the Bermuda Hundred area, and there he and his American bride dwelled together "civilly and lovingly."

He named this place Varina, after the best Spanish tobacco, Varinas, for he was much interested in tobacco culture. As early as 1612 he was planting it in his garden, experimenting with the native tobacco and seeds brought from Trinidad, finally producing a product which competed successfully with the tobacco being shipped to England from the West Indies. He is credited with perfecting a curing process which would prevent injury from the dampness of the sea voyage and the English climate. The tablet to his memory in the church at Jamestown was placed there by the Tobacco Association of the United States, honoring him as "The Pioneer Of A Great Industry Which Has Profoundly Affected The Economic, Social and Business History of Our Country." Besides this special interest, and his interests generally, he was appointed that year of his marriage, Secretary of the Colony, to succeed Mr. Hamor. A man of energy and ability.

The only son of "the Rolfes," as some historian alludes to them, was born at Varina and named for Sir Thomas Dale; and while he was still a baby, was taken to England with his godfather, Sir Thomas, and his young parents. There Pocahontas—"The Lady Rebecka"—was presented at the Court of St. James by Lady De LaWarr, and entertained by the Lord Bishop of London "with festivall state and pompe, beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other Ladies," reports one of the guests on that occasion, a Mr. Samuel Purchas, a clergyman.

Through all of this publicity and attention she moved without awkwardness or embarrassment, not only "accustoming herself to civilitie," in the words of Mr. Purchas, meaning, I take it, the ceremonial manners of the Court, but "carried herself as the Daughter of a King, and was accordingly respected."

John Rolfe must have been very proud of his princess; but he was something more than a prince consort, here in his native land. As Secretary of the Colony, he had plenty of Colony business to attend to, and busied himself besides writing his "True Relation of the Current State of Virginia," part of which was printed within the year. Three manuscript copies have survived inscribed by Rolfe to the Earle of Pembroke, King James I, and to Sir Robert Rich, the Pembroke copy being entirely in Rolfe's own hand. This "Relation" was very encouraging to those interested in the Virginia Colony, and so helpful to it in a definite and practical way.

The Lady Rebecka, patiently as she had borne for her husband's sake all the strain and confusion of such a journey, must sometimes have been secretly weary for Virginia, where she could enjoy her baby and be herself again, free of the pressing crowd and artificialities of life at Court. She had been a little ailing toward the last of her visit, and must have been happy to relax when they arrived at Gravesend to take ship for home; the happier in that she had borne herself well, and made her husband happy in doing so. But while they waited there for a favorable wind, she became suddenly ill, and died; and in the Parish Register of St. George's Church at Gravesend someone wrote: "1616, Mar. 21. Rebecca Rolfe . . . A Virginia lady borne, was buried in ye chauncelle."

John Rolfe, aged twenty-nine, twice a widower, started out for Virginia with little Thomas, but the poor baby, no doubt fretting for his mother and upset by travel, was sick during the trip between Gravesend and Plymouth; and when Sir Lewis Stukeley,

vice-Admiral of Devon, came aboard at Plymouth and "most earnestly entreated to have the keping" of the child until his uncle, Henry Rolfe, could take over, the distracted young father yielded, and went on alone.

For the few remaining years of his life Rolfe continued to be an active and useful member of the Colony, holding the office of Recorder General as well as Secretary in 1617, and being a member of the King's Council from 1619 until his death. Some years after his return to his empty home at Varina, he married Joan, the daughter of his "deerely beloved friend and father in lawe Lievetenant William Pyers, gent.," to whose charge he committed, in a will made March 10, 1621, the interests of his two small children, Thomas, then about six years old, (still in England), and Elizabeth, an infant, "upon whose love and favor in this behalfe I doe with great confidence depend."

He left to William Pyers, or Pierce, his suit of armor, including his sword. It does no good to wonder what became of them. We will never know.

The circumstances of his death are not clear. It is believed that he was killed in the massacre of 1622, and most historians accept that without question, though one careful writer puts it, "he was never seen again after the massacre." Probably Opechancanough had always hated him. A copy of his will, which was probated in London May 21, 1630, tells us nothing about the date of his death; but in January, 1625, less than three years after the massacre, his little daughter Elizabeth is listed in the Muster of that year as living with her mother and step-father, Captain Roger Smith.²⁹

Temperance Yeardley, the wife of Governor Yeardley, was one of the witnesses to Rolfe's will, and another witness was Richard Bucke, "a verie good preacher," sent out by the Virginia Company on the ill-fated *Sea Adventure*. He had been with Rolfe on their island interlude, he had baptized little Bermuda and helped bury her, and no doubt her mother; and it was under him that Pocahontas became a Christian, though she had received much instruction also from Mr. Whittaker. Probably Parson Bucke had married him to Joan Pyers, for Mr. Whittaker was drowned by then; and now he was witnessing his will. Eleven years covered it all.

²⁹ Hotten, quoted by Jane Carson in "The Will of John Rolfe," *Virginia Magazine* for January, 1950.

John Rolfe, writing to Sir Edwin Sandys after his return to Virginia in 1616, explained the circumstances which had caused him to leave little Thomas in England, and mentioned that he found the Indians, grieved over the death of Pocahontas, "very lovinge," and her child "much desyred, when it is of better strength to endure so hard a passage." But whatever plans he may have had to bring his son to Virginia, came to an end with his death. The little boy whose mother was an Indian probably never saw an Indian, as far as he could remember, until he came to Virginia in 1635, when he was twenty, and took over the Smith's Fort land specifically willed him by his father, who had had the foresight to have the title to the land given him by Powhatan confirmed under English law; and this tract was enlarged by still further gifts from his mother's people. In 1641 "he asked Governor William Berkeley's permission to visit his 'Aunt Cleopatra and his kinsman Opechancanough, who had given him a tract near Smith's Fort . . . in the vicinity of the lands received from his father's estate.'"³⁰

It would be interesting to know whether Thomas and his kinsman Opechancanough ever met, in view of the fact that it was Opechancanough who had organized the massacre of 1622, and at the very time Thomas wanted to visit him, was already preparing the way for the next massacre, three years ahead. That Opechancanough was bad medicine.

Pocahontas had a younger sister whose tribal name I do not know, but certainly it was not Cleopatra. The English thought that one up.

I hope that the angels kept Pocahontas busy in one of the more remote sections of heaven, after the massacre of 1644, so that she never once looked down and noticed Lieutenant Thomas Rolfe, in command of Fort James, busily getting ready to kill Indians, if he had to, in the war of retaliation which inevitably followed that massacre. It was a kind and thoughtful thing on the part of somebody to put him in a purely defensive position so that he would not have to lock horns with his mother's people unless they attacked him first. Perhaps he requested it.

"The oldest house now standing in Virginia" was built by a Mr. Thomas Warren in 1652, on land bought from Thomas Rolfe, and is a public shrine, "still commonly known as Smith's Planta-

³⁰ Footnote to "The Will of John Rolfe," by Jane Carson, in *Virginia Historical Magazine* for January 1950. Pg. 62.

tion.”³¹ In a deposition “Sworne in Open Court for the County of Surrey March 5 1677 . . . Richard Tayas aged about forty-nine years Sworne saith: . . . ‘that Mr. Rolfe was then living and lived for several yeares afterwards and was Commonly at ye said Warren’s house in ye sd Plantacion before and after and whilst the said house was building and yt . . . further your deponent was present at a room of ye sd Warren’s house on ye sd Plantacion with Mr. Warren Mr. Thos: Rolfe aforesaid and Mr. Mason and several others some certaine time before the said Warren built ye said brick house where he saw ye said Mr. Rolfe wright a Bill of sale with his owne hands therein he did make over and sell from him and his heires and Assigns for ever ye sd plantation called Smith’s Forts and further ye sd Warren payd ye sd Rolfe parte of ye Consideration which he gave for ye sd lands in Corne . . . ’ ”

Any of you progeny who want to go to Jamestown (and do go) have only to cross the river by ferry and go down the road a piece to find yourself at the lovely little brick house which Pocahontas’s boy Thomas visited before and after and whilst it was building, on the land selected by John Smith for the last stand of the colonists, if the worse should come to the worst. Think of him standing there weighing its advantages and disadvantages. I’ve been there, so you can think of me, too.

Here is the line of descent which verifies Pocahontas as your dear grandmother:

Thomas Rolfe, 1615 —, only child of John Rolfe and Pocahontas; married Jane Poythress.

Jane Rolfe, 1655/56-1676, only child of Thomas Rolfe and Jane Poythress Rolfe; married in 1675 Colonel Robert Bolling (1646-1709), who came to Virginia as a boy of fourteen: the son of John and Mary Bolling of Tower Street, London, who belonged to the Yorkshire Bollings of “Bolling Hall,” at Bradford, England (now a public museum). He lived at “Kippax,” was a vestryman of old Blanford Church, and was twice married: (1) to Jane Rolfe, who died at the age of twenty, leaving an infant son, *John*; (2) to Anne Stith, in 1681.

Major John Bolling, 1575-1729, only child of Colonel Robert and Jane Rolfe Bolling. He lived at “Cobb’s,” on the north bank of the Appomattox River several miles below Petersburg, where he is buried. Cobb’s Hall, or Cobb’s, is believed to have been built by

³¹ Anne Page Johns: *The Rolfe Property*, published as a pamphlet by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

Ambrose Cobb, who patented land on the Appomattox in 1639. Later, Cobbs came into the possession of John Bolling. He married Mary Kennon, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Worsham Kennon of Conjuror's Neck. Their children were: John, m. (1) ———, (2) Elizabeth Blair; Jane, m. Colonel Richard Randolph of Curle's Neck; Mary, m. Colonel John Fleming; ———Bolling, m. Dr. William Gay; Martha, m. Mr. Thomas Eldridge; *Anne*, m. Mr. James Murray.

Anne Bolling, daughter of Major John and Mary Kennon Bolling, married James Murray 1741-2.

Mary Murray, fifth daughter of James and Anne Bolling Murray, married (1) Alexander Gordon, and had a daughter, *Anne Margaret* (Peggy), (2) Colonel William Davies.

Anne Margaret (Peggy) Gordon, only child of Alexander and Mary Murray Gordon, married (1) William Knox and had a daughter, *Mary Ann*, and other children: (2) Colonel Grief Green.

Mary Ann Knox, oldest daughter of William and Peggy Gordon Knox, married Dr. Thomas Goode of Hot Springs, Virginia. —

whom you and I know so intimately, all things considered. You can turn back to his story, and take it from there.

LETTER TO POCAHONTAS.

Much living goes to understanding life.
 There was your picture in the history-book: Pocahontas
 Saves John Smith. What did I know, at twelve,
 of alien feet upon familiar ground?
 Of hooded fear deep in familiar eyes?
 And yet I learned at twelve, from you who knew it early,
 That beating out a man's brains with a club
 Solves nothing. So with floating hair,
 And adolescent arms raised woodenly,
 We saved John Smith, and turned the page.

That much I learned, that much I understood;
 But then those expeditions in the dark,
 Carrying food and kindness to the starving—
 Those were beyond me. I have carried food—
 Merely to feed my own, but it was food, and it was heavy.
 Ten pounds of sugar, carried half a mile, grows burdensome.
 Ten pounds, or fifteen pounds, or twenty pounds
 Of venison or corn, did not grow lighter with the hours.

I've thought of you on silver nights
When some small errand drew me from my door:
Clothes on the line, or a gate to latch, or coals to damp.
On either side, lit windows told of friendly folks in call,
And friendly dogs patrolled, wagging companionable tails;
But let a twig snap, let a bush stir,
My heart went leaping like an ambushed deer,
Straight-headed for the moon. Then I would think of you
In the dark forest, so valiant and lone, so tired, so young.

That was beyond me, but we have drawn together sometimes
In the deep woods, to the sound of running water.
Always I loved these things, and always these,
In memory of you, have made me welcome, saying:
Now you are home. But home is not a place. We left our homes
Beside the James and the Roanoke, not to return.
We bore our sons, and saw in them the answer
To every question. On some future day
They would solve every riddle, bind all wounds.

I make no doubt
You said to Thomas what I said to Edward,
In happy, feminine disrespect for the Great Werowance:
"That," I would say, in answer to some autocratic yell,
"Is your Grandpa Powhatan." I make no doubt it was.

And there we parted. There, young Pocahontas,
Your mortal put on immortality, so that today
If we should meet, in strange reversal you would say Mother,
I would say Child. But the diverging paths
Have not diverged so far that you are gone:

This is to say, my son is home from war,
And only today I thought of you, seeing upon his breast—
Your fair-haired grandchild's breast—
A bronze arrow.*

* A bronze arrow is worn instead of a combat star by those who took part in an initial invasion.

THE FOURTEENTH GRAVE

MAUDE BUTTERWORTH

wife of

B. DOUGLAS GOODE

Born

October 25, 1888

Died

Aug. 12, 1914

"She hath kept the faith."

"She asked drink of him, and
He gave her living water."

MAUDE AND DOUGLAS were married on June 25, 1914, and six weeks from her wedding day she was laid to rest near his mother. A gentle, retiring girl—truly loving, truly good. Wordsworth, thinking of Lucy, spoke for her young husband years before:

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When she had ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me."

THE FIFTEENTH GRAVE

MARY ANN CHAMBERS

Born April 24th, 1837

Died Nov. 30th, 1916

THE MOST remarkable thing about the life of Miss Molly Chambers is that there was nothing remarkable about it. She lived and died in the house to which she came as a young child, and in the seventy-nine years between the date of her birth and the date of her death there was not a day in her life so set apart from all other days as to be chronicled and remembered,—unless perhaps secretly, by herself alone.

As a child she was very delicate, so she could not go to school regularly, or share the school friendships and activities of the others. As a young girl she was tall and thin, plain and awkward, surrounded by pretty and popular sisters who married early and were taken up with their new homes and their babies. It must have done something to her, but nothing that was ever put into words, or showed itself in any wistful way. The heights and depths of those long years, the sparse triumphs and jealously guarded despairs, were secret things. Nobody knew about them but Mary Ann and God.

“The dear little thing is so amiable that she never gets mad, and consequently the whole household finds fault with her,” wrote Betty, sending her an affectionate message in a letter from Mississippi when she was a child.

That must have been about the time that Aunt Polly, the cook, died, and tender-hearted little Mary Ann, unnerved by the crying of the other children, undertook to comfort them with the sound and practical sympathy which was characteristic of her all her life.

“Nemmine chilluns,” she said resolutely, wiping her eyes, “think what good shoes her hide will make us.”

When she was about twelve, her mother mentions in a letter to Mat that “Pink and Molly and Dr. Laird are gone to Rockbridge

Alum Springs . . . I hope it will benefit dear little Moll, who seemed not to improve since you saw her."

Some years later, she had a maid of her own—I believe all, or most of the Chambers girls did, it was a sort of apprenticeship for the position of personal maid. These little servants, about the same age as their mistresses, would await the girls in the upstairs bedrooms and help them with their preparations for the night; and if Molly's particular assistant had displeased her in any way, as punishment she was deprived of the privilege of taking off Molly's shoes and brushing Molly's hair, which always reduced her to tears and marred the general sociality of the occasion.

The years passed quietly, young Molly picking up what education her strength allowed, and her girlhood shadowed by the long illness and death of her mother. She was a grown woman, though a young one, when we find her mentioned in Lila Goode's diary:

"Jan. 10 1857 . . . Molly came home with her (Sarah Buford), she never had seen the sweet little baby before, seems to be very fond of her. She loved our precious Jenny dearly and is obliged to love her child.

Wed. Jan. 14 Molly and I spent the day mostly in sewing. Molly made me a crepe piping for my Alpaca dress, which I finished except the fall. I notice this because it was a kind, obliging thing, and I like to remember such from my friends . . .

Saturday, Jan. 17 Mollie, Sarah and I spent a pleasant day together. Mollie is self sacrificing. She is intelligent too. More so than I knew her to be before. She and I were talking of Longfellow's last poem, 'Hiawatha.' She thinks it beautiful. I confess to not liking it, though so many do. We disagree about Indian poetry, but have a common love for Scot. She is to lend me Ramsey's Gentle Shepherd."

An old maid in the family can be a very useful thing, particularly an old maid who is amiable, obliging and self-sacrificing, as we have written testimony that Molly was. I don't know what would have become of Agnes Tucker's children if Aunt Betsey hadn't been there to take over, and I don't know what would have become of Aunt Jenny if Aunt Molly hadn't been there to keep the old house going as a home for her and her son and her grandsons, who spent much of their childhood there. Juliet's son Harvey used to come too, every Easter toward the end of his life, bringing his young second wife, Mary; and once Juliet's son, Edward Chambers, brought his wife Nan down from Baltimore for a visit to the old place; and Juliet's two daughters, Lucy and Lily (Eliza Lee)

Sperry, who had married brothers, came regularly. Lily was married in the parlor, between the two old mirrors, as her mother had been.

Lucy and Lily were thoughtful of Aunt Mollie and Aunt Jenny, and tried to repay their hospitality in such ways as they could. When the two old sisters reached the age where the grasshopper became a burden, Lucy and Lily used to shop for suitable presents for "the aunts" to give us at Christmas, and send them with a big supply of candies and pretty trifles for Aunt Molly's Sunday-School class, in plenty of time.

Aunt Molly had a Christmas tree in the parlor, one year, for her Sunday-School class, a group of little girls. There was home-made ice-cream, and the cookies and candies from Baltimore, and a present for each one. I helped her with the party, and I remember the smiling old face, full of an enthusiasm about which I was skeptical, as the stiff old joints led the children in a sort of Maypole dance around the candle-lit tree and we all sang "Jesus loves me." The reflection made a lovely picture in the old mirrors.

After the Methodist Church was built, so near the Chambers home, Aunt Molly used to keep the silver communion service at her house when it was not in use; and the day before Communion Sunday, year in and year out, it was polished under her supervision, and the Communion Bread was baked in her kitchen; and when there were flowers in the church, you might be sure that whoever put them there, they came from Aunt Molly's garden.

She liked pretty clothes, and was quite dashing in her way. Aunt Jenny, as was suitable for a widow (even if she had been a widow for fifty years), always wore dull black dresses and those little widows' bonnets that were the most becoming and the most coquettish things on earth; but Aunt Molly's black velvet capes glittered with jet trimming, her black dresses broke out into lavender vests or had yokes and collars of black lace over cream-colored satin, and there would be ostrich tips, or little bunches of purple pansies, on her hats. In summer she generally wore, for everyday, white shirt-waists with plain black skirts, which put her in a different category from Aunt Jenny, who was just as much a widow in summer as in winter.

Aunt Molly was not particularly sentimental about children, but she liked most children, as she liked most adults, because she found them likable, and she was their friend. I remember sitting beside her on a green slope, once, while she taught me to braid into a

wreath the white clover blossoms all about us; and she made me feel, not how stupid I was to learn so slowly, but what a smart child I was to learn so fast. I remember well the feeling of confidence and security I had, as warm and lovely as the spring day.

A cheerful, kind-hearted woman, always ready to lend a helping hand; and needless to say, often imposed on, but if she was disappointed when someone took advantage of her good heart, she said little about it.

Not that she was spineless. I have heard my father say angrily, more than once, "Miss Molly Chambers is a very simple woman!" and little as I knew about psychology, I knew that meant she had ventured to differ with him about something. She was far too amiable to enjoy disagreeing with people, and when she did it was because to her, at least, a principle was involved. Once, when Father left the room with his eyes emitting sparks because she had refused to condone the misdeeds of a client of his (inferentially condemning his defense of the indefensible), she had said quietly to me, "This home has stood in the community for what is upright for a long time, and I am not going to be the one to change the pattern."

It was her position as the old maid of the family, without the close personal ties and competing interests the others had, which made her vulnerable. But don't think they didn't love her. They did, and showed it in many ways. I remember that on one occasion she happened to remark that in entertaining a large group she was handicapped because she had never had the wedding silver the others had, and the next Christmas the different members of the family conspired happily to give her all the pieces she needed to augment her supply; and father was the one who gave her the money to buy a phaeton (with a fringe on top) to go with the fat old white horse which plowed her garden and hauled wood and ice for her. And once, when she had to go away for several weeks, while she was under-going some trying dental treatment, Mother went with her and stayed the whole time, though it could not have been easy to arrange and was in no sense a pleasure trip.

And then, at long last, it was all over. She would have been eighty on her next birthday, and as I said in the beginning, there was no day among the other days to be especially chronicled and remembered.

What is the answer to a life like that?

Perhaps Aunt Jenny had it when she was told that during the

night Aunt Molly had passed away. They were almost afraid to tell her, the two had been so closely associated for so long, and Aunt Jenny was so old and frail; but of course she had to be told, and the ones who told her got a surprise. She did not cry, or look stunned, or break down in any way; she only said smilingly:

“This is Molly’s great day, and I rejoice with her.”

THE SIXTEENTH GRAVE

KATE TUCKER GOODE

Nov. 22, 1863—Nov. 19, 1917

Daughter of

COL. THOMAS FRANCIS GOODE

and

ROSA CHAMBERS GOODE

She was wonderfully gifted mentally and spiritually.

Her life from her earliest youth was wholly consecrated to the service of the Divine Master.

Though she now dwells with those in white, in worlds which are eternal, she speaks His praises through the influence of the life she lived and the many beautiful poems which she gave to the world.

“O my sleeper ‘neath the sod!
Asleep to sin and sorrow, but
awake to joy, to God!”

IT IS INTERESTING to speculate what would have happened to Katie Goode if she had been born into a family which could not support her, for one thing is certain, she never could have supported herself.

This is no reflection on her intelligence or her physique. Physically, she was normal—or rather, exceptional. I do not recall that she was ever ill, or even indisposed. Intellectually—well, there have been, of course, more intellectual women, but none whose paths crossed mine. She was absorbed in, and completely satisfied with, a life of the mind and of the spirit, which obscured and minimized

the practicalities of everyday living. Meals were to be eaten—when you got around to it; not planned or prepared, just eaten. Clocks existed to be ignored. Callers were calamitous interruptions even when it was not apparent just what it was they interrupted: a subtle, but effective form of punishment for whatever sins you had absently committed, and like any other punishment, to be avoided if possible.

Elizabeth and Robert Browning were more real to her, and far more interesting, than the next-door neighbors; and the ups and downs of Homer and Ulysses were of vital consequence. Her young brothers Chambers would inquire affably of her from time to time, “Well Kate, what’s the news in Rome today?”—or in Jamestown, or among the planets, wherever her mind was dwelling at the moment.

Edward, you and Chambers would have enjoyed each other, if you had been contemporaries. Once I found, scribbled in a boyish hand in an old school-book of his, “‘O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?’ No reason whatever.” Your idea, exactly.

The family as a whole were amiably tolerant of Katie’s interests, without sharing them beyond a certain point; and she was amiably tolerant of her family’s many interests and activities, without sharing them at all. Father was very fond of her, though two people with less in common could hardly be imagined. Her very disinterest was a sort of bond between them. Always courteous, she did not really care enough about his opinions to register opposition to them, so the relationship between them was delightfully harmonious.

During the period when she was writing a series of articles on the twenty stars of the first magnitude, he would escort her patiently, night after night, to some chosen spot where the view of the heavens was unobstructed; and he even assisted her, one night, to climb the perpendicular ladder in our attic and from there through the trap door onto the roof. The physical effort on her part was unprecedented, and the spiritual restraint on his was equally so, for having once succeeded in getting her on the roof, he almost never got her to come down again. But she was very appreciative, thanking him nicely, and he was left with the heartening glow of those who have done their good deed for the day.

Yes, they were friends. I remember an expression she would use sometimes, when he had been unusually difficult. “Ed’s all right,” she would say mildly. “I understand Ed.”

Not long after she was laid to rest in the churchyard, I walked down there late one afternoon, and my eyes filled with tears as I saw the one small, out-of-season blossom on the bare mound, and recognized it as from our garden.

Not that Katie had always been so tolerant. When she was a very small child, she had one day astonished a group of men on the porch at Buffalo whose conversation she did not approve, by appearing in their midst to say with up-raised finger, "Oh sinners, where will you be in that dreadful day?"

In Katie's time, the "escape literature" we are so familiar with today had not come into existence; but I think the big bookcase in her bedroom, filled with books of her own choosing—history, biography, the Brownings, Shakespeare, Emerson—offered her the same sort of escape, not from reality, but from a too-exigent world. Her big room was a pleasant refuge in its way. A modern decorator would be put to it to find any excuse for it, still, it was cozy in winter with its wall-to-wall carpet and open fire; peaceful in summer, with its many windows opening on the tops of the trees. The main objection to it was that there was never any place to sit until you had cleared an armful of books from whatever chair took your fancy.

It was inevitable that anyone to whom words were such a living reality, should write, as well as read, and she published a good many poems in the course of the years. Perhaps now they would be described as "dated," as Longfellow and Tennyson are dated—which still leaves them in good company.

The year of the Jamestown Exposition, *Lippincott's Magazine* featured her "Princess of Virginia," dealing with the story of Pocahontas; and in 1914 this was included, with a number of her collected poems and a new sonnet sequence, in one volume: *The First Fruits*.¹

I do not think that Christmas ever meant a great deal to her, though she took much pains every year decorating an enormous Christmas tree—floor to ceiling—for the children of the family. The only presents on the flowered carpet beneath it consisted of a half-pound of Lowney's Assorted Chocolates for each child, but she spent lavishly on the ornaments and tinsel. There were some little wax angels with spun-glass wings which we looked for from

¹ *The First Fruits*, by Kate Tucker Goode. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Christmas to Christmas, and golden stars and bright long-tailed birds which we recognized with pleasure after having forgotten them for a whole year.

This really beautiful tree, set up in the big parlor, was her contribution to the season; and a lovely back-ground it made for the family group gathered near it, relaxed and replete after one of Grandmother's out-of-this-world Christmas dinners; the adults talking quietly, the children, feeling at last the effects of their riotous pre-dawn start of the day, subdued but happy to one side, near their friends the wax angels. Now and then one or another of them would reach out and touch gently some favored ornament, as if for remembrance. And all the time, in the background, the big Swiss music-box played softly.

Katie rarely bothered with individual Christmas gifts, though I remember one year she gave Mabel and Gena and me—that was after Marguerite was married—our choice of a "really good" Bible or a bottle of Hudnut's Violet Sec perfume. One, full of self-conscious virtue, took the Bible. Two took the perfume.

For Katie, the religious holiday of the year was Easter, clumsy as is the word "holiday" in this connection, for she was wholly pre-occupied with the tremendous significance of the season. She understood more clearly than the rest of us, and gave more thought to it, that without Easter, we were lost: that for the wise and the simple, the privileged and the destitute, there is no other answer. In the fifty-two sonnets of *The First Fruits* sequence ("For now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept") she takes up in detail one aspect after another of the resurrection story, noting in each the answer to some anguished question of our own hearts: the memory past death—the mutual recognition—the tenderness for those left behind—the body which, however transfigured, was still a body ("Handle me and see, that I am not a spirit"); even the mystic qualities, unfamiliar, unexplained, yet not beyond our human conception: the closed door which was no barrier; the space annihilated which made the road to Emmaus and the shores of Galilee as one.

This sequence was a prolonged undertaking, and I think the period in which she worked over it was one of the happiest times of her life. She never learned to type, but bought herself a typewriter and installed herself a typist. Me. Three hours every morning, five days a week, I sat before that type-writer, often doing

nothing but meditate, while she reclined on the bed, propped against pillows, in her long-sleeved, high-necked "Mother Hubbard" of gray flannel; and the sonnets took shape, or the older poems were revised.

My duties were vague, and covered a wide field. I know I spent one whole morning, with intervals for exposition, marching around a chair revolving an orange in my hands as I went, trying to make perfectly clear to our addled minds the double motion of the earth in its orbit. Once I wrote letters to a batch of Presbyterian preachers scattered over the state, requesting some information she wanted—Presbyterian preachers, she explained, because men so highly educated would have the information, and men so dedicated would be too conscientious to ignore the letters. The wording she left to me, with a sort of P. S. to the effect that there was to be nothing frivolous or flippant. She knew her typist. Her Presbyterian preachers, too—most of them answered.

Occasionally, when she wanted to withdraw some of her own money from the bank for some nefarious purpose which she felt her banker brother, Thomas F. Jr., would disapprove (such as slipping it to her pastor for a little vacation trip, or paying the hospital expenses of a friend who had fallen by the way) I would be sent home early to watch until Thomas F. passed on his way to dinner, when I would speed to the bank and cash a check in his absence. It never entered her head that he could look at her balance sheet at any time and see exactly what she had drawn out, and when; but this was not as naïve as it sounds, for many intelligent women of that period had no knowledge whatever of business procedure. Katie missed a great deal of pleasure because she never knew how much she had in her account or what she could or could not afford, and dared not displease the bank by over-drawing; but perhaps it was just as well; for without some restraining influence, she would inevitably have been the prey of every plausible appeal that presented itself.

We plugged away at her manuscript, completely at our leisure; and while she was unobtrusively proud and pleased when *The First Fruits* finally appeared in book form, I believe that for her those months of gradual achievement were happier still. For me, there were complications. The loss of her typist was going to be a blow to her, whenever it came, and I had plans of my own. I think she had misgivings from time to time, but felt that if she ignored them, perhaps they would go away; and she would say stoutly to me, whis-

ting in the dark,—happily, too, as if it were the best possible news —“Little Rose, you have not yet seen the man you are going to marry.” I thought I had. At any rate, I hoped I had.

When I had typed the last page of *The First Fruits* for the last time, Katie told me to go downstairs and get the ink-stand from the little desk in an alcove in the parlor; and when I had done it, she told me to fill it with ink. There was a pretty, delicate pen lying across the rack which was part of the ink-stand, it had a mother-of-pearl handle and a gold point; and with an absorbed, inward look she dipped it in the ink and signed her name, and I took it downstairs again. She made no explanation, and I made no comment. The ink-stand had been given her many years before, by the only man she ever loved.

For Katie had her love affair—the love affair of a nun. Whatever her religious affiliations, she was by temperament a nun, and marriage was not for her. I do not know whether she herself realized it at the time, or ever, but there is no doubt that this was the real reason why her young lover, after courting her with the restraint and respect of their era for six or seven years, could never get her to the point of agreeing to a definite engagement, much less to set a wedding day. He was of suitable age and background, able to give her a suitable home, and they loved each other. There was nothing to prevent their marriage except that fundamentally it was not what she wanted. He must have recognized at last the hopelessness of the situation, and he put a drastic end to it. Suddenly, without any previous announcement, he married another woman. He and Katie never saw each other again.

He died, a childless widower, a few years before Katie did. We saw the announcement of his death in a paper which had just come in on an afternoon train, and realized it could not yet have been called to her attention. It seemed a cruel thing for her to hear it in a group, with no warning, so we decided that Mabel should go down and tell her quietly in her own room. Unaccustomed to such a mission, Mabel was ill at ease, trying to find an opening which would not be too abrupt; and after several troubled pauses, Katie said to her in a composed way, “Little Mabel, you have come to tell me that Hubert is dead, but I have known it for two days. Night before last, he came and stood at the foot of my bed and smiled at me, and I have known it since then.”

The time when she saw him standing at the foot of her bed

coincided with the hour of his death, which at that time none of us knew.

I do not recall that Katie asked Mabel not to repeat what she had told her. Probably she realized that it was not necessary. We felt instinctively that it was not a matter for general discussion, and this is the first time I have ever mentioned it.

Perhaps the most constructive thing Katie ever did, and the thing which called for the most self-sacrifice and perseverance, was the effort she made to take a mother's place in the training of six motherless children.

It all started one night when birds in their little nest did not agree, when some tired children, worn out with a loss beyond their comprehension and changes too great for them to assimilate, began to take it out on each other after bedtime one night—at first in whispers, which were, however, marked *crescendo*. In the dark, the door opened softly, and out of the sudden silence which followed a calm voice announced that tomorrow a secret society, with a secret name, would be organized, and that all would-be members could start qualifying by immediate slumber.

Thus was born the K. O. C., its name and object known only to its members; and every Wednesday when its membership was in residence—every Wednesday, not for weeks or months, but for years—the K. O. C. met in formal session in Katie's room. Every member was an officer. There was a Madam President, a Madam Vice-President, a Madam Secretary, and a Madam Treasurer, offices which rotated among the girls; and the two boys were Sergeants-at-Arms, responsible for keeping order, lining up chairs, and opening and shutting doors as required by the program. The meetings ended with refreshments: oranges and dried Smyrna figs in winter, ginger-snaps and unlimited lemonade in summer. Grandmother made the lemonade.

The K. O. C. turned out to be a sort of miniature United Nations, in which the weight of public opinion was to hold aggression in check. When its officers had been elected, after motions made and seconded with a correctness which Roberts himself could hardly have improved on, we were told the story of the camel who begged to share his master's tent in a sandstorm, only to have it pointed out to him that the tent was not large enough for both of them; on which he begged so piteously just to be allowed to stick his head inside, that it was granted. And then, the camel once given this

leverage, the accuracy of the tent-owner's original position, that the tent was not big enough for both of them, was demonstrated in a very practical way—only this time the one on the outside was not allowed so much as a finger or a toe under the tent.

The moral of this story was that if the owner of the tent had kept out the camel in the first place, he would have saved himself a lot of trouble. "Keep Out the Camel," was the name and the motto of our secret organization. Any member being bullied or oppressed or made uncomfortable by the snide remarks of a fellow-member had only to say with quiet dignity, "K. O. C.," and instantly all the other members were in his corner. The aggressor, his spirit broken, would subside, and that would be that.

But starting out as a police measure, the K. O. C. was soon ranging far and wide in its goals and its effects. A rule appeared on the books that every member enjoying the pleasant conversation of a family group gathered around the table at meal-times, should make his contribution to the same. There were to be no deadheads. Each was required to make one pleasant remark in the course of every meal. The subject, and the elaborate or sketchy treatment, was left to the individual; there was only one requirement: the remark had to be pleasant. And if any bashful member faltered in his duty, not only was Katie in his audience, but all his shining and virtuous fellow-members who had done their bit, were looking at him with conspicuous attention.

From detailed instruction in table-manners—instructions which involved a small table set for one, at which each member of the K. O. C. practised in turn whatever phase of silverware, china and napkin was being discussed at the moment—we advanced to courtesy in its higher and more abstract forms: the courtesy of the spirit, without which the courtesy of the outward form is dead. It was not enough that we mumble Goodmorning or Goodevening in passing an acquaintance on the street (we had never heard the word afternoon, we had morning before dinner, evening after dinner, and night after supper); we were required to look directly at our approaching target, to say Goodmorning clearly and distinctly, adding the target's name when we knew it; and if circumstances allowed, we had moreover to add to this a brief but kind inquiry or observation. We were not merely told to do this, we were stationed at reasonable distances apart, from which we approached each other saying heartily, "*Goodmorning, Mrs. Brown!* I hope

your cold is better!”—and anyone who sounded as if he did not really care whether Mrs. Brown’s cold was better or not, had to do it over again, and again, until he cared tremendously. He was not going to have any peace until he did.

We were taught that critical remarks about the absent were not only uncharitable, they were bad manners, often making the hearer uncomfortable; and any K. O. C.-er who fell from grace in this respect had to redeem himself immediately by making some kinder comment on his victim. Never will I forget the effect on the adults when Marguerite announced at the supper-table one night, inspired by the delicious batter-bread being handed around by Sis Marthy the maid, that a contemporary of hers had made batter-bread with rotten eggs as a joke on her family and nobody knew the difference; adding hurriedly, as she saw Katie’s expression, “but she sho has got pretty legs.”

It is not necessary to go into further detail. The niceties of conduct were drilled into us, and we were required to live up to certain definite standards. The things Mother would have taught us little by little, day by day, as occasion rose, Katie tried to compress as best she could into a couple of hours once a week. It was not easy for her, nor for us. We were often bored by the endless repetition, and felt that we had manners enough to last us to Kingdom Come, and beyond, and Katie must have wearied at times of the effort involved; and the same holds true of the Sunday afternoon Bible classes she held for us with great regularity. A few years ago I was told that a minister had said of me that I certainly knew my Bible, and my thoughts went a long way back to those Sunday afternoons in Katie’s room.

Katie did the best she could for us—she sure did.

In the fall of 1917, Gena and I went down to Richmond for a week, to do some shopping, but we had been there only a few days when a telegram came for us to return at once, that Grandmother was critically ill with pneumonia. There were trained nurses in charge by the time we got back, but Katie had been constantly with her mother, and was worn and quiet when I went up to her room to speak to her. I did not have much talk with her, there was a great deal to be done, and I stayed only long enough to tell her that I had come for the keys—that Gena and I were taking over the house-keeping, and she was not to give it another thought. It was either later that day, or the next morning, that she said to me—the last

thing she was ever to say to me: "You girls keep up your strength. Order some chocolate and oranges and things, whatever you like, to keep in your room, and charge them to me. You are our wheel horses now."

By the second day, she had developed pneumonia herself, and was very ill. We had four trained nurses in the house, with doctors coming and going at all hours, and absent members of the family were telegraphed for. It not only seemed a nightmare, it was one.

Very late one afternoon, almost dark, Aunt Marion asked me to walk with her in a lane nearby, for a little exercise and fresh air. We walked slowly up and down, while she discussed possible plans for Katie after her convalescence, when she would be alone; for no hope whatever was held out for Grandmother.

I did not know what to say, or what to suggest. I was planning to be married in the spring, but nothing had been said at that time to the family, and it did not seem the time to bring it up. I thought that if Katie would come to me in my new home and let it be her home, too, I could at least make the offer; but I knew she would never be happy, it would require a readjustment of which I did not think her capable. Aunt Marion, groping toward some solution, was characteristically full of impractical plans which were discarded as fast as she brought them up. The thing was, that nothing we could think of was going to be the right thing. I will never forget that walk in the darkening lane, with the stars coming out one by one, until at last we went in, having solved nothing.

Someone told us that while we walked, the doctor had called Katie's brothers together to tell them that nobody need make any plans for Katie.

THE SEVENTEENTH GRAVE

VIRGINIA CHAMBERS LAIRD

Born May 4th, 1832
Died December 6 1919

VIRGINIA CHAMBERS LAIRD spent the first five years of her married life away from Boydton. With the exception of these five years she, like her sister Molly, lived and died in the house to which she had come as a child, and outwardly their lives paralleled each other.

Actually, they did not live in the same world. In that family of extroverts, Miss Jinny Laird was an introvert. She walked about in her own entertaining mind, and enjoyed the life there, and the companionship of the angels, while Molly wrestled with problems of food, fuel, and service, and with the constant company cordially invited by Jinny. Not that Jinny particularly wanted them, but she was a great one for being agreeable, and was much beloved. Molly once said that she could spend the whole morning in the kitchen making special delicacies for someone who was sick, and when the tray was ready to go out, Jinny would add a note and a geranium bloom and back would come a letter to dear Mrs. Laird, overflowing with gratitude, and P. S. thank Miss Molly for her nice tray.

People are what they are, and often, looking back, one sees that what they are became apparent very early. Lucy's letters to Dear Mat, when she wrote of Henrietta and Betty, ran riot on the subject of clothes and suitors. Not so much mention of clothes with Pink, who is in mourning for her sisters, but still a lively interest in beaux; but when Jinny comes into the picture, all the talk is of her studies and her education.

Apparently she shared with Henrietta and Betty a certain amount of instruction under Miss Jones, who did not play a notable part in their lives, and yet made some impression even on the irre-

pressible Betty—who, writing from Mississippi with the frankness and a touch of the brutality of youth, nevertheless glimpsed her for a moment as a person. “Give my love to Miss Jones,” writes Betty, “and ask why she has not deigned to answer my very complimentary letter. I hope she has no notion of travelling in this direction—Poor old lady what has she in this world to live for or to love—is she not to be pitied? She is and I sincerely feel for her although I am mean enough sometimes to laugh.”

I am glad to report that Miss Jones brightened as she took her flight, and did not go unmourned.

In August of the year that Jinny was fifteen, Lucy reports that she is already packed to go to Warrenton to school—“ours has completely fallen through . . .”

From then on, the saga of Jinny’s education moves rapidly, though its duration is brief. In two months she is back from Warrenton, nobody seems to think it worth while to mention why: fat as a pig, says Lucy, so it is not because of illness. “She is not willing to return there, but I think she will have to do it.”

Another month, and “Jinny is here yet as shy as ever she will not go into company unless I force her I do not think she will go off to school again, but she *studies all the time* and works but little.”

A few weeks later, casually and without comment, “Jinny [still fifteen] is done school.”

As a child, Jinny seems to have been a rather negligible member of the household, she is seldom mentioned in Lucy’s catch-all letters, which mentioned everything and everybody. The others enthusiastically shared a thousand interests, trivial or important; but Jinny played them close to her chest. Apparently she never wrote to Uncle Sterling or Aunt Mat as the others did, or even exchanged messages with them, which is noticeable in view of the fact that later on she was the great correspondent of the family, keeping in touch with all its scattered members, and scribbling notes to those living within a block of her. This was easier than to navigate the block. Rosa used to say that if Jinny was in the same room with you, she had rather go into the next room and write you a note than to start a conversation.

From the time she graduated with honors (we presume) from her self-directed studies, she lived quietly and I am sure contentedly in her father’s home, until her marriage. Poor Lucy, distressed over Brother Sterling’s death and increasingly ill, seems to have taken

little interest in Jinny's beaux—a marked contrast to the days of Henrie and Betty; but she had beaux, including Betty's husband, Duncan. ("She grows more like Betty every day," Lucy had said of her.) As a young widow, she fell heir to one of Pink's most devoted suitors, and was disposed to look on him with more favor than Pink had ever done, but it fell through, and from then on she was what the Bible calls "a widow indeed."

That time, however, came later. She was popular enough, as a girl, and in her demure way was a flirt if ever there was one. She even put pink coloring on her cheeks when attending a camp meeting down in Brunswick County, and when one of the young ladies likewise seeking grace at the camp meeting said to her, "Jinny, we all know you paint your cheeks, but none of us can catch you doing it," she answered with characteristic candor, "I paint them when I lean over to pray."

This candor persisted throughout her life, and was sometimes devastating, as when she said to an emotional friend begging dramatically to be remembered in her prayers, "Well, I'll think about it. But I've got right smart to pray for now." Sometimes I used to wonder exactly where the line ought to be drawn between candor and discretion, especially in quoting others; but about that, too, she was perfectly open. "Don't tell me anything you don't want me to repeat," she would give you fair warning. "I can't be bothered keeping other people's secrets."

One summer day a well-to-do widower from a neighboring county came courting, and Jinny, who happened to be in the garden and saw him go up on the porch, ducked into the open flower-pit and hid. No amount of seeking and calling produced Miss Jinny, cowering in the pit. What she did not know was, that as her would-be suitor, elevated on the porch, turned to leave, he had a good look at her. By bed-time that night he was engaged to another young lady, motivated no doubt by a burning desire for Jinny to hear the news first thing in the morning.

After awhile Jinny got herself engaged to a Mr. Dromgoole, from Brunswick, and things went so far that her trousseau was assembled and the wedding day set. Among the presents he gave her during their engagement was a beaded watch-pocket, a pretty trinket shaped like a heel-less slipper for hanging on the wall to hold a watch when not in use. When she was over eighty years old, she told me about the watch-pocket one day, and added laughing,

"He had the impudence to tell me that he looked forward to winding his watch and putting it in my watch-pocket every night!"

But this was not to be. On Mr. Dromgoole's last visit to her before their approaching marriage, Jinny broke the engagement.

"Miss Jinny, you didn't!" I cried, scandalized beyond measure (hypocrite that I was). "But why? *Why?*"

"Well, I don't exactly know," she said mildly. "I think it was the mud on his boots. I never saw him except when he was all dressed up, and on that last visit he said he hoped I wouldn't be shocked when I saw the way he looked sometimes on the farm—he said that often he was quite roughly dressed, and had mud on his boots. I didn't think I would like that," remarked Jinny simply.

The hardest part, she said, was having to go back to the Chamber and tell Lucy what she had done. Lucy made the punishment fit the crime. She made Jinny wear to church every Sunday for the rest of the season one of her trousseau bonnets, made in a style worn only by matrons, and not suitable for a young girl. All the ladies would recognize it as a trousseau bonnet, and have their say about it. A modified version of the hair shirt.

On December 20, 1853, Jinny was quietly married in the parlor at home to Pink's brother-in-law, Dr. Alexander Laird, and went to Staunton to live.

I do not at the moment recall what day it was that Ulysses S. Grant registered as a student at West Point, but on the same day and on the same page of the register Cadet Alexander Laird made his appearance. He was certainly not without ability, but there is a history of frustration about his story as we know it, beginning even then; a sort of futility based as far as we can tell on a lack of physical stamina. Whatever he attempted, he was constantly being defeated by illness in some form. At West Point, it was pneumonia.

Dr. Harvey went up and brought him back to Boydton for a prolonged convalescence, followed by a sort of pre-med course under his brother before going to Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

At the time he and his brother were expected back from West Point, some of the Boydton young folks, bursting with the humor which to the young themselves is so very humorous, gave birth to the delicious witticism that "Fresh Lard was coming to town!" Fantastic, but a fact, that he was known from then until his death as Dr. Fresh Laird, and I never realized he had any other name until

I grew old enough to figure it out that "Uncle Fresh Laird" and the Dr. Alexander Laird buried in our family lot, were one and the same.

Juliet, a true child of her mother in her unaffected interest in all about her, reports to Dear Mat in June, 1846, that Dr. Laird is not married yet, "but says to tell you that he is coting Rosaw . . . his brother has come back he is in mourning for his mother."

From this it seems clear that Dr. Harvey Laird and Dr. Alexander Laird were half-brothers, since only the younger had been away and returned wearing mourning for his mother. Strangely enough, this is the only mention of him in all the letters that went back and forth during the next five years. Of course, much of that time he was at the Medical College in Philadelphia, or at his father's home at Rockbridge, but there must have been some contact and some news of him through the brother to whom they were all so attached, and I do not know why he plays so insignificant a part—or rather, no part at all—in their correspondence.

With his medical education behind him, and a practice located, he apparently came down to spend some time with his brother, living in the Chambers home; but even in her last letter to Dear Mat, written less than a month before his marriage to Jinny, Lucy does not mention him at all. Poor thing, she was so depressed and ill by then, I suppose she hardly cared.

She died five months later, and it was her death that indirectly brought about Jinny's move from Staunton to Mississippi. Brother Sterling, you remember, was Lucy's trustee for the property willed her by her father, and the greater part of her heritage, as well as his own, was invested in Mississippi cotton land. It did not turn out so well. Perhaps things would have been better if his health had not failed so soon after going out, but those who stayed behind in Virginia were better off than those who followed the mirage, in the long run. However, Jack was still out there with Mat, who must have been very dependent on him in her widowhood; the land was there; and after Lucy's death some of the considerable acreage came into Jinny's possession as one of her heirs.

Whether Jinny and her husband had been disappointed in Staunton, or whether they simply thought it important that they should go out and take charge of her inheritance, does not appear; but whatever the reason, they stored what they could not take with them and set out with the rest, including their infant son (Edward

Chambers, of course) to the Tucklubie Bottom which had already swallowed up so much money and so much humanity, and given very little in return.

It was during the Mississippi interlude that Jack became engaged, and Jinny swapped him her diamond ring for two slaves; and at some time during that period she bore another son, Thomas Harvey, who, however, "died in infancy." There were three Harveys in the Chambers family, though he had no son of his own. I am sure if we had known Dr. Harvey we would have loved him, too. Everybody did.

In November of 1858 there was another baby, St. John Chambers. He was only six months old when his father developed typhoid fever, and Dr. Harvey Laird, who seems to have had a strong sense of responsibility for the younger man and took over faithfully in every emergency, went to him as soon as he heard, very practically taking Molly with him. Jinny, with her two babies and her sick husband, was going to need help.

It was the show-down. Dr. Harvey realized, what he had probably feared, what perhaps they had all begun to realize and fear, that his brother could no longer cope with the demands of life. Not then, or ever. Jinny's plantation was left in charge of an overseer, and Jinny went home, where her husband died of tuberculosis in less than a year. The little St. John did not live even that long.

Jinny and her oldest child stayed on in the Chambers home with her father and Brother Harvey and her sisters, Pink and Molly and Rosa. Then with her father and Pink and Molly; and finally, when her son had married and gone off to North Carolina to practise medicine, with only Molly, of all that big household. But that was a long way in the future, and before the time came when Jinny did not have even Molly, the son she loved was back, so she was never alone in the big house.

She was an extremely spiritual woman. The Chambers home, after she and Molly were left alone in it, was often spoken of as "the house at Bethany," and she had a sort of personal intimacy with God that was child-like and appealing. If it sounds frivolous to say that she painted her cheeks when she knelt down to say her prayers, the reverse is also true, that even when she was painting her cheeks she was perfectly capable of thinking about God. She did not hesitate to talk to Him about anything at all, at any time or place. Toward the end of her life she was very absent-minded, and she said to me once,

when she couldn't find her keys, "I often lose them, but it doesn't worry me. I just stand still in the middle of the floor and say 'Dear Father, I've lost the keys again. I don't know where they are, but *You* know—please tell me where to look.' And he does."

She died of old age. There was no illness, no change but the gradual failing of the tired little old body, and what that meant she knew as well as anyone. One day the maid was putting fresh sheets on the bed, and the conversation between her and Miss Jinny, looking like a child in the big four-poster bed, turned on death.

"Willie," said Miss Jinny cheerfully, "go into the hall and shut the door and then open it again and come back."

To humor her, Willie did as she was told, though probably, and justifiably, she felt that Miss Jinny was not herself. Miss Jinny had no such idea, she knew exactly what she had in mind.

"There!" she said, when Willie had gone into the hall and returned. "That didn't hurt you, did it, Willie? Well, that's all death is—going through a door, that's all."

Her niece, Lily Sperry, came down from Baltimore and looked after her for the last few weeks. She did not need a nurse, she only needed someone who was kind and loving on whom she could lean as she walked toward the door, and Juliet's daughter was there to lend a steadying hand. Juliet would have liked that.

THE EIGHTEENTH GRAVE

ROSA CHAMBERS

wife of

COL. THOMAS F. GOODE

Feb. 6th 1842

Jan. 20th 1921

“Bind her with my ripened wheat.”

I WAS A GROWN WOMAN the first time I saw my grandmother—and very much surprised she would be to hear it.

It was at Buffalo Springs, the summer she herself was seventy-two years old. It was the first time she had been to Buffalo since the death of my grandfather, and for a number of years before that. For some time before his death, his feebleness required more rest than would have been possible for him there, and a more bracing climate in mid-summer, so they would go to Michigan, to Atlantic City, or even to Canada, for the hot weather; and spent most of the winter in Florida.

I do not think she was ever in Florida again, after the last winter they spent there together, but it was natural for her to shrink from going back to Buffalo without him, so she had continued the habit of going north in summer, with Katie as her companion. But for some reason, perhaps simple nostalgia, she had decided to spend a week of that particular August at Buffalo before leaving for Atlantic City.

World War one had broken out in Europe, and while we ourselves were not yet involved in actual war, we were in it, emotionally, up to the neck. Apparently life went on for us in a normal way, but that was on the surface. Underneath, we suffered. Let no one tell you that we did not. More than once, in recent years, I have come across an attitude of scorn for those not at the front who presume to imagine that they had felt anything, or accomplished

anything, in view of the greater sacrifice of combat soldiers. I can only say, that none of us thought we had. We did what was asked of us where we were, and were sorrowfully aware that it was not much.

That summer, contributions of various kinds were being rushed to the French hospitals, taxed beyond their resources. Old linen of every kind was wanted for bandages, the Red Cross was giving out materials to be made up by volunteers into pajamas for hospital wear—Gena and I made some, and put handkerchiefs and cigarettes in the pockets—and money, of course, was needed for all kinds of supplies. Some of the guests at Buffalo got up a morning “benefit” for these hospitals, with music both vocal and instrumental, recitations, some exhibition dancing, and a few brief speeches.

When breakfast was over the waiters carried the dining room chairs into the ballroom, and arranged them in rows, as was done for church on Sundays, and shortly before eleven o’clock the audience began to assemble. No one who could go would have dreamed of staying away, and some very substantial amounts found their way into the hats that were passed around.

I was there bright and early, sitting to one side with my beau (your daddy) and looking eagerly around, very anxious for as large a crowd as possible. I had nothing but enthusiasm and a little cash to contribute, I could not sing or recite or play any instrument or dance, but my heart could and did ache for the far-away ones we were trying to help.

Just before the program was to begin, I saw Grandmother standing in one of the doors, looking lost and uncertain. I am sure I would have joined her—I certainly hope I would—but before I could do so, the manager of the Springs, in a gesture of courtesy and respect, hurried to escort her to a seat in the front row.

It happened that the whole row was empty, and apparently after she was seated there nobody else liked to go up and take the adjoining chairs as if they, too, were honored guests; so there she sat, all alone, a stranger among strangers. A stranger at the loved resort which she had helped to create, where she had spent long, lonely months before and after the season, making a home for her husband while he laid the foundations for the Buffalo we knew; and in the season, been hostess summer after summer to the members of the family, the ministers of the Gospel, the dear friends, who were a never-ending procession of invited guests.

I looked at her there, in her widow's black, with only empty chairs for company, and saw her for the first time as an individual; a person.

While we were growing up, our attitude toward Grandmother was rather perfunctory. We knew that grandchildren are supposed to love their grandmother, and we supposed that we did, without giving the matter any thought. But the ignorance and self-centeredness of youth was not wholly responsible for our attitude toward her. She had a deep sense of responsibility for us, which made her over-particular about trifles; and she made the psychological mistake common to so many loving hearts, of giving too much and asking too little, until gratitude itself became perfunctory and we took her thoughtfulness and generosity for granted.

Grandmother was a remarkable woman. She believed that love without works, like faith without works, is dead; and lived accordingly. We did not think of her as having any problems, because she silently shouldered her own burdens; it never occurred to us that she was tired, because she never said she was; we took for granted she was well, for she did not mention it if she was not—or that she was discouraged, or frightened, or ready to snatch us bald-headed. Everything was always under control.

I wonder if there is a word for the quality that made her spend herself as if she was inexhaustible, and that made her feel at the same time—or act as if she felt—that appealing to another to spend a little of himself in return was a weakness to be surmounted. She did surmount it, and so she missed the protective tenderness which she must have hoped would be offered her without the asking, and which would have been better for those she loved than so much self-discipline in their behalf.

I knew, as I watched Grandmother in the ball-room that August day, that loneliness was nothing new to her, nor an inner timidity—that she on whom we all leaned, would have been glad to lean on someone too. A new relationship grew up between us, after that, a sort of adult friendship. For the first time I talked to her without constraint, and I listened to her, too. I enjoyed her. She was a very entertaining talker, full of shrewd and amusing observations, and always bringing in unexpected quotations. I remember how she used to say, when one of us registered protest to some plan she had for us as children, “‘The very sapsucker sat on a log and sassed me!’” —and sometimes, when we thought we had gotten away with

something by an evasive answer, she would let us know we hadn't by observing mildly, " 'Sister Simplice told a lie.' " That was one reason we were more than a little constrained with her: she was not easy to fool. Sometimes still, when I step out boldly in the rain, I say to myself in an echo of her voice, "My dear, you are neither sugar nor salt. You will not melt."

Every morning, when I went to begin my work for Katie, I would knock lightly at the "nursery" door, the room opening from Grandmother's bedroom and once occupied, I suppose, by her children, and find her sitting there at a little table, dealing with the morning mail. We would visit together briefly, and then I would have to go. Even then, I realized the wistfulness in her eyes as I would gently withdraw my hand from hers and edge toward the door. We had a sort of ritual. Every morning when I knocked, I would say, "May I come in?" and every morning she would answer fondly, "You can always come in." Afterwards, when she was so ill, the nurse on duty called me in one morning to help her about something. Grandmother had been delirious, or at times in a coma, for days, not recognizing anyone even momentarily, but as I stood by her bed she opened her eyes and looked at me, and tried to smile. "You can always come in," she whispered. She thought I was on my way up to Katie's locked and empty room.

"What did she say?" the nurse asked. But I could not answer.

Little Rosa, as she was invariably called in the letters which went from Virginia to Mississippi, was the youngest of the Chambers daughters, and the baby of the family for nearly four years. She seems to have been a delicate child—there is often mention of her as being sick, and once Lucy, who seems to have had a flair for taking life in her stride for at least three-fourths of the time, remarks briefly that Little Rosa is out of danger—she hopes—and goes on making cherry preserves and writing to Dear Mat. She was the prettiest of the daughters, too, she had beautiful dark eyes, a beautiful straight nose, and pretty pink mouth; and what is called a magnolia complexion.

Such a pretty, delicate little creature must have been considerably spoiled and petted, and it was generous in her to be perfectly delighted, as she is reported to have been, with the little brother who pushed her out of the cradle.

Little Rosa played only a minor part in much of the life which went on in the Chambers household. She was only three when

Henrietta died and Bettie married and went to Mississippi, and can have had only the vaguest recollections of them, and probably retained no very definite memory of Sterling, who died when she was six.

When she was eight her mother died, and the changes she had seen come about were complete. The home, as she had known it, was no more. Probably it was very soon after Lucy's death that she went to stay with her uncle Tom Tucker's family at Mot Rekcute. She was a member of that household for some time, perhaps some years, going to school with the Tucker children; and a letter from her written to one of them, Amelia Tucker (Capehart) much later, suggests that it was a very happy arrangement for her, under the circumstances. "Does the dear old place look as lovely as in the old days?" she wrote. "My heart is full of tender memories when I think of the beautiful home, and the dear Aunt, and Uncle, and the lovely cousins who lived there, and were so sweet to the lonely, motherless child who came to them."

She was devoted to her uncle Tom's wife, Kate, and named her first daughter for the kind aunt who probably meant a great deal more to her than her dim memory of poor Lucy.

When she was older, she spent some time at the Le Febre school in Richmond, mentioned by Alice Pierrepont as "a famous school presided over by Professor Hubert Le Febre, a man of splendid culture and finest moral character."

Probably the happiest time in her life was that spent with the Tuckers at Mot Rekcute. She could not have been very happy as a child. A household in which the mother was slowly dying over a long period of time, and in which there was finally no mother, only a sad father and sad older sisters worn out with long strain, could not have been a very cheerful or reassuring world for a little girl too young to help or understand, but not too young to know that there was something all wrong.

Her girlhood, when she returned home, was little better, if any. Probably it was worse, for she was at an age to realize and feel keenly that there was no real place for her in father's home. Not that her family's welcome was other than warm, or that she was treated other than affectionately, but she went back just about the time that Jack died in Mississippi—that dear Brother Harvey died at the White Sulphur and was brought home to be buried—that Jinny's little boy died there in the house with them. If you remem-

ber, all these deaths took place the same year. With the newly-widowed Pink, the heart-broken Jinny grieving for her child as she nursed her dying husband, there was little place under that roof for gaiety, or for the ordinary cheerfulness of carefree youth.

Little Rosa did not have a carefree youth. Nobody delighted in her pretty dresses, or her beaux; nobody had time to see that she was thrown with the young people from whom she had been separated too long to have any real friends among them; nobody thought very much about her as long as she demanded little and stayed in the background. How could they? You cannot have a party for teen-agers in the house with a dying man, you cannot divide your flowers between a new-made grave and a girl's dark hair, in a house of mourning. It was nobody's fault. It was just the way it was.

I suppose few Virginia girls as pretty as Little Rosa ever had a more subdued girlhood. Even courtship and marriage were shadowed by the deep sorrow in the hearts of the little group gathered in the parlor at her simple home wedding.

Now I am going to tell you something you will never believe, but it is true. She was married at five o'clock in the morning—a November morning, too, cold and dark. That was because for her honeymoon, Mr. Goode was taking her to Richmond, where he was about to take his place as a member of what came to be known as the Secession Convention, and they had to drive thirty miles to catch the Richmond train. I do hope they gave her a good hot breakfast before she started. Anyway, the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb to this extent, that while she wore black, at least it was not crepe. Her wedding dress was of black lace.

Now that Little Rosa was a bride on her honeymoon, you would think that at last she would be the center of attention for a little while and have things her own way; but as Dick Hutto once put it, you never were wronger. The Secession Convention saw to that. It began by setting the day and hour of her wedding, and then it took her bridegroom from her for the greater part of the time—not only his physical presence, but his very thoughts, for the issues being debated at the Convention were tremendous ones, not to be lightly put aside between speeches. The Bulldog of the Convention probably found it not only hard, but impossible, to keep his undivided attention on an eighteen-year-old girl who did not understand half that was involved; a girl who must have decided very shortly that marriage was not all it was cracked up to be.



ROSA CHAMBERS GOODE, 1842-1921

Age Six

Little Rosa made one forlorn gesture of independence which betrays at once her youth, and her wistful anticipation of a home of her own, if she ever got this derved Convention behind her. She had what would have seemed to her a large sum which had been given to her by her father and Pink for spending money, and without consulting anyone, she put the whole amount into table silver. Then, penniless, she was ashamed to tell this stranger, her husband, what she had done, and silently denied herself every small comfort and pleasure until the thing she feared came upon her—an occasion for spending which could not be evaded. Her washerwoman, reasonably and understandably, wanted to be paid; and Little Rosa had to bring the silver out from hiding and confess to Mr. Goode that she was bankrupt, involving no one knows what depths of moral turpitude; for she had been untrustworthy, perhaps criminal, misapplying funds which had been given her for another purpose.

The real tragedy of the silver was, that she would have no use for it for many a day. The Convention was hardly over before Captain Goode was on his way to the peninsula with the Boynton Cavalry, and Rosa was back where she started, in her father's house. Jinny's husband had died in the interval, so there were the three lonely sisters, with an old man and a little boy for company, and the ever-present shadow of the war.

It was the summer after she was married that Little Rosa had typhoid fever—that time when her husband went riding home AWOL to be with her. After she had passed the crisis, and he had gone back to his outfit "to see what the news was gwinter be," Little Rosa once more asserted herself. Typhoid fever patients of that period were restored to a normal diet by very slow degrees, both as regards quality and quantity, and Little Rosa was starving—she was convinced of it. So while the family were at dinner downstairs, with heavenly smells her only nourishment, she instructed the maid attending her to go across the road to the tavern and tell Mrs. Rainey to send her a tray with something of everything she had for dinner that day. Mrs. Rainey, thinking the tray was authorized by Pink, complied, and a dinner to be remembered—almost literally a dinner to end all dinners—was carried up to Little Rosa, who ate every crumb of it, and nothing happened.

After that, as far as I know, she led a blameless life, and never rebelled again.

In the course of time Rosa and her silver started housekeeping in

the house just across the road from the Chambers garden, the same house that Pink and Brother Harvey had bought when they, too, looked forward to a home of their own. But it was never to be the gay, enchanting home Pink and Rosa had pictured in their dreams. I do not know who owned it when Rosa and her family moved into it, but it was probably rented by them, for they did not have the money then to buy a house, or to make the changes they would have wanted to make if it was to be their permanent home. It could, of course, have been made into a very lovely home, for eventually it was. That was the house to which we moved after Mother died, in order that we might be near Grandmother; and afterwards Father added four rooms, two upstairs and two down, with the beautiful tall columns. "Parpar's house," to you.

I do not think Rosa could have been very happy in that house. It was a time of struggle and readjustment, with the outlook not very bright. Her second child, Kate, was born there; and it was from there she would drive down with her husband to spend every Saturday with his mother and sisters at Rotherwood. These trips could not have been much pleasure to her, with her own small children added to the six cousins already there to make an atmosphere far from restful; and she felt some rebellion—I know she did, for she told me so herself—that when she and the children needed so much, her husband assumed what she felt to be more than his share of responsibility for the family down by the river. They were not her own people; and I do not think her resentment was directed so much at him as toward others, whoever they might have been, whom she felt should have shared the burden. Any young wife will know how it was.

There was so little to divide. She told me she cut up blankets one winter to make coats for the children, because there was no money to buy cloth. Later on, when she did not have to count pennies or dimes or even dollars, she got a great deal of pleasure out of shopping. Not for herself—she seldom bought for herself anything but the routine necessities—she just loved to go into a store and look at all the pretty things and buy whatever struck her fancy, coming home from Baltimore or New York or Atlantic City with trunks filled with presents for the stay-at-homes, particularly the children. I always thought this child-like pleasure in buying for the fun of buying was rooted in the years of war and reconstruction when she had to contrive and manage and do without.

At least there was plenty of food at the plantation, and I like to

think that when she came home in the late afternoon with the tired children, she brought with her eggs and butter and bright red tomatoes and pale green ears of unshucked corn—field peas, watermelons, muskmelons, whatever the fields and garden of Rotherwood had to offer. I know she did.

Afterwards, when her husband was so good to her own sisters, helping them in many ways, Rosa must have thought it out that you cannot have things both ways. There are worse things than being married to a responsible man. You might, for instance, be married to an irresponsible man, and what would be the advantage in that?

The family moved, later, to a house on the adjoining lot, but not very near, for there was a big garden between. I remember that house. It was painted a soft yellow, corn-color, perhaps you would call it, with white trim; and it had a cupola with glass windows on top. There was a latticed summer-house on the lawn to the left of the house, covered with cinnamon vines and madeira vines and honey-suckle; and on each side of the front walk there was a wide border with rose bushes and columbines and crocus in their season. There must have been other flowers, but those are the ones I remember. Those and Johnny-jump-ups.

Something—perhaps the fresh, bright color—made that seem a very cheerful house, all sunshine. I like it in retrospect much better than I ever liked the handsome house which stood in its place when it was enlarged and “done over.”

The re-modeled house was a very fine house, for its period, with round towers at the corners, and stained-glass bordering the windows, and scroll-work about the porches and eaves; and inside, little folding blinds at all the windows, beside the outside shutters, and artificial palms in enormous china *jardinieres* in the hall. There was a life-size iron setter forever pointing an imaginary bird on the smooth lawn which came right up to the concrete walk that replaced the old brick walk with its beautiful, intricate pattern. It cost a lot of money, but it was never the same. After all, I suppose that was the idea—for it not to be the same.

Such a big house, with so many big rooms, hard to heat and hard to keep up, had little place in modern designs for living, and in the end it was taken down. But not in Grandmother's day. She lived out her life there, with one son in the home with her, and another next-door; and until the last years of her life, with Jinny and Molly practically in calling distance.

As long as she was physically able, after she was widowed, she

would walk up to visit with her sisters late every afternoon, and sit with them until it began to get dark. I used to see her pass sometimes, on her way to the house where the brass andirons in the living room fireplace were the very ones that had been there when she had whooping-cough at the age of four and would run and hold on to them to brace herself when she felt a coughing-spell coming on; and sometimes I would see her pass on the way back, looking from the neck down very like the Jubilee photographs of Queen Victoria, but from the neck up the same fine, dark eyes, the same straight nose, the same Cupid's-bow mouth, which had made her such a pretty girl. She looked very lonely trudging along in the twilight. She must have been very lonely. But she never said so.

Perhaps if I had known her when she was young I would not think of this last picture of her as emblematic of her life; but I cannot picture her as ever dancing irresponsibly in the sunshine, laughing aloud for the joy of living. Even as a child she knew the insecurity of change and uncertainty, and she was conditioned early to putting the needs and wishes of others before her own, without complaint.

Three years after the winter in which she was so ill—three lonely, darkening years—Little Rosa, the last surviving member of the Chambers family, trudged sturdily, but very wearily now, up to the Big Gate; and it opened wide for her to pass through, and closed behind her.

THE NINETEENTH GRAVE

BENJAMIN DOUGLAS GOODE

Born December 24th, 1889

Died May 18th 1928

"The Lord is my shepherd, I
shall not want."

I REMEMBER two things about the advent of your uncle Douglas into our nursery circle. One is, that there seemed to be a general impression that now we had a Brother, the millenium had arrived, and while we did not know what benefits this superior being was supposed to bring with him to thrill our infant souls, or what was, by inference, lacking in the sisters we already had, we were impressed. The other is, that when we were taken to look at this much-touted Brother for the first time, he was not majestically giving audience in Marguerite's cradle—now, of course, *his* cradle—but was wrapped in a blanket and lying like an over-sized cocoon on the seat of the armchair by Mother's bed, where he was liable to be sat on by anybody at all. To me, the new Brother was a source of considerable worry, aside from worrying about Marguerite, who was now a D. P., and I was glad to hear next day that he was still with us, un-sat-on, and safe in a cradle of his own sent down by Grandmother.

Apparently I did not give him another thought for some years, and might not have done so then if he had not called attention to himself in a very dramatic way. More dramatic than he intended.

The distaff side of the nursery was gregarious. Mabel and I played sociably together, and Marguerite was permitted to share our world within reason; but the chubby, round-faced, solemn little Brother thought his own thoughts and went his own way, preoccupied with important affairs known only to himself. It was entirely in character that he often wandered off, unnoticed, to investigate

his expanding world in whatever way suggested itself. The big yards and garden were fenced in, and dangers fenced out, so it was not necessary to keep too close a watch on us.

But trouble can be found anywhere you go looking for it, and one morning, by exploratory degrees, he arrived at the bee-hive under an apple-tree at the foot of the lawn: a static but impressive object with lots of possibilities. Having possessed himself of a stick which was strong enough for his purpose, and long enough, but not too long, he sat himself down in front of the opening to the hive and gave whatever was inside a vigorous stirring.

Whatever was inside promptly came outside to do some investigating of its own.

Douglas was in very real danger of being stung to death that day, for he simply stayed where he was, bawling to heaven, but making no motion to escape, or even to slap at the bees which were swarming all over him. He must have been in a state of shock, to sit there so still, appalled and betrayed by the friendly world he had never before mistrusted.

It was our cook, Jinny Corprew, who wrapped her apron about her head and dashed in to rescue him. He must have been a sick child afterwards.

Whether Jinny would have been so heroic if it had been Mabel or Marguerite or me sitting on front of the bee-hive, is an open question; but for some reason Douglas was the object of her special devotion, loudly proclaimed in season and out as her own particular chile. Even after he was a grown man and she had been out of our lives for a long time, she turned up from wherever she was living out in the country, come to show her sympathy and concern for him when she heard of the death of his young wife.

Not that Jinny Corprew was in any sense the traditional Southern Mammy. She was a throw-back to the jungle, as primitive as a Grandma Moses painting. Even in appearance she went back a long way in the evolution of man. No touch of wild grace or sylvan charm, just a short, stocky, loud-mouthed woman, with a cast in one eye and a scar running the whole length of one cheek, the result of a free-for-all when she and a rival had gone for each other with knives. Jinny did not tolerate rivals, and had a great deal of trouble with them, not having much to offer in competition.

She was with us for some years, and we children got along fine with her, since her childish mentality put us all on a comfortable

level. I think Father got rid of her eventually because she lived in our back yard, and began to keep undesirable company—dubious characters he could not have slipping about the place at night. Aunt Harriet came to reign in the kitchen in her stead, and Jinny Corprew was becoming a memory when suddenly she broke into the headlines. The old trouble: a rival.

Our minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Winn, were roused from sleep one night by the screams of their cook, and Brother John went outside the house in time to see a short, chunky man disappearing over the back fence. He did not follow him, as it seemed more urgent at the moment to minister to the cook, who had had a bottle of vitriol thrown in her face; but he could give a fairly good description of the intruder, and for a few days the out-raged community was on the lookout for a short, heavy-set colored man wearing a dark suit, with a cap pulled over his eyes.

I suppose all that was necessary, really, was for the police to dig a little into the love-life of the Winns' cook and put two and two together. Jinny Corprew, as out-raged as the community, went to the penitentiary.

She stayed there for two or three years, but before her sentence was out, Father was instrumental in getting a pardon for her. He thought that she had been punished enough for a crime which to her was only doing what came naturally, and that she had had her lesson. Apparently she had, for she gave no more trouble; but I do not think she could be honestly described as penitent. Like any other primitive creature, she hated confinement, but she did not feel that there was any stigma attached to her stay in the penitentiary, particularly in so worthy a cause, and her return was in the nature of a triumph. The Governor, she said (and believed) had axed her pardon.

It must have been later in the same year in which the bees declared war on him, that Douglas beheaded our new Christmas dolls with his new Christmas hatchet. I do not recall that he was punished for it, it seems to me that even we, his victims, realized that he meant no harm. It was just his conception of what hatchets were for, and nobody had told him any different.

He had a normally happy childhood up to the time Mother died, though he was always a solitary. Not anti-social, but quietly busy with his own thoughts, and not dependent on others for companionship.

Except for the time we spent in school (a pleasant, noncompetitive place where Miss Annie's little flock received her individual attention, and nobody failed to make his grades since there were no grades to make) we occupied ourselves mostly at home. Occasionally, with some older person along, we fished for minnows in the little creek back of the house, or went as far as the plantation to pick blackberries or wild strawberries; but right at home there was lots of room for children to play in, and plenty for them to do. We tied "Juney-bugs" by their legs with long pieces of string and flew them as one flies kites; we searched the place for bird's-nests, each nest, unmolested, becoming the property of the one who found it, and nobody else could go near it without permission; we ate green grapes from the row of grape-vines in the garden, and green peaches from the peach-trees by the garden fence; we helped Jinny Corprew, and later on her successor, Aunt Harriet, gather garden peas and dig new potatoes, reserving the very small ones for our doll house-keeping; and when she cooked turnip-greens, we "paused for refreshment" with the pot-liquor that was left, which we dipped directly from the big iron pot, along with corn-meal dumplings that had been cooked with the greens; we watched her milk the cows in the waning afternoon, and helped pick up chips at the woodpile to start the supper fire in the kitchen stove.

Of course there were animals all over the place, and chickens, and Indian Runner ducks, who did not care about nests, and just laid an egg wherever they happened to be. There was a big hen-house with nest-boxes, but a hen sometimes stole a nest, and there was great excitement when we found a lot of unsuspected eggs in some obscure corner. There was a gentle gray mare named Daisy who was sometimes allowed to graze in the front yard. We would pull her close up to the fence by her mane and climb on her bare back, sitting there contentedly, with our legs dangling, while she ate her aimless way through the grass.

Douglas had a pony when he was old enough—a "banker pony," rough-gaited, but with a lot of stamina; one of those from the wild herds that ranged the coastal islands. There were goats which were his, too, at least in theory, as were the goat-wagon and harness; but all of us rode in the wagon, and played with the little kids when they arrived, and tried to milk Nanny as Jinny Corprew milked the cows. One of the gracious gestures of my very first beau was to hold Nanny by the horns while I showed off by milking her,

looking around as I did so in a nonchalant way calculated to impress him.

There were pigeons in the loft over the kitchen, and in the big pigeon-house near the garden gate; and there were cats, too. I do not recall any individual cat, but I remember that one night when Father was having family prayers after supper and we were all kneeling devoutly before our chairs in a semi-circle around the fire, Jinny Corprew's Berta, who had been waiting in the nursery while her mother washed the supper-dishes, burst through the door crying as one who brings news indeed,

"Fore Gawd, de cat done had kittens in de soiled-clothes closet!"

The effect was spectacular. There were no more prayers said that night. On the contrary.

One day we saw a large snake under the edge of the house, where the soil was moist. I imagine it was a chicken-snake, perfectly harmless, but a snake was a snake and the hired man came and killed it with his hoe, and afterwards we found a batch of eggs it had laid. Mother said we could have them, so we divided them equitably between us and beat them up and made mud cakes with them.

You see there was never a dull moment with us under-privileged children, who lacked every diversion and advantage known to children today, and ignorantly imagined we were happy.

All this, of course, was before Mother died. Nothing was ever the same for any of us, after that; but least of all, I think, for Douglas. Like most people who do not scatter their affections, his few genuine attachments were real and deep, and her death probably had a more profound effect on his life than even he realized. It was about that time, too—so the doctors told us much later—that he picked up from a playmate the infection which drained his strength more and more with the years, and finally resulted in his death.

When he was about sixteen, he went to the Danville Military Academy, and afterwards studied law at the University of Virginia and practised it as well as he was able under an increasing handicap, not only of physical weakness, but of deafness. But I think he would like for us to turn aside now from the memories that hurt, and think only of the things that brought him such happiness as he had: the young wife who loved him tenderly . . . the garden he made with his own hands to be his refuge after she left him—I stood in it one summer morning and it looked like heaven in its breathless moment of perfection. When they sang at his funeral "I walked in the garden

alone," I wondered if he had asked for it with a memory in his heart of a time when he did indeed walk in a garden alone, until he felt there the healing presence of a Friend. There was the little home in Clarksville, looking down on the river, where another girl who loved him mothered his children, and mothered him. He did not have much to leave his four little girls, hardly even a memory, they were so small when he went; but he gave them something no money could buy: a good mother.

Who can say what a man who dies young might have accomplished if he had lived? Who can say what a sick man might have done or been if he had been a well man? It is one of the things we must leave to God.

Those whose stories are told in this book have three things in common: they all had a beginning in a Virginia home; they were all connected in some way with Edward and Lucy Chambers, in whose family lot they are buried; and all of them moved inevitably toward an end. Sometimes I think there is a sadness about your book, for that reason; but you must notice the way I have expressed it: toward an end—not toward *the* end. An end of the familiar life in a loved and familiar circle; an end of the hoping and planning and working toward a future not to be; but an end, too, of loneliness and grief, of weariness and pain, of dreams which would have perished with life as with death. An end—and a beginning.

Life was very hard for Douglas our brother. We have reason to believe that death was kinder.

He was lying quietly, that last afternoon, with his eyes closed, perhaps asleep, or nearly so. His father, who had come over on his regular daily visit, sat near him, but so little was the end expected at that particular time that his wife had left the room and gone downstairs on some errand connected with the children.

Suddenly and strongly he sat up in bed, turning a radiant face toward something—someone—only he could see.

"Why, I didn't know you were here!" he exclaimed joyfully—and was gone.

THE TWENTIETH GRAVE

E. CHAMBERS GOODE

son of

COL. THOMAS F. and
ROSA CHAMBERS GOODE

Born March 1, 1862

Died June 25th 1933

"They shall no more go out."

"Heart, mind and form,
All that doth make a man
that which he is
In God's cleft rock is
sheltered from death's storm."

WHAT Mr. E. C. Goode demanded of life was a straight road to all his objectives, large and small.

Naturally, he did not get it. Like Saul, he kicked against the pricks, and like Saul, it was hard for him. He was a captured eagle in a net. He was an untamed colt, struggling against the lasso. He was everything wild and unconquered, lashing out against whatever threatened restraint. Those who stood in his way suffered. What we did not understand was, that he suffered, too.

Some time ago I had occasion to look up in *Who's Who* a friend of ours—a man with whose record I had been familiar as it took shape, so that I was in a better position than most to read between the lines of the brief account; and as I glanced over it and thumbed through the pages filled with outstanding names, I thought how much living, how much struggle and achievement, can be condensed into a few paragraphs. Indeed, it seemed to me, the more notable the achievement the fewer the words, for a truly great man is content for his work, and himself, to be judged on their merits, without

embellishment; and this is true not only of the notably successful, but of the man whose victories have been on a smaller scale, and are known to few.

For the all-important thing, there are no words at all: the silent, never-ending struggle of the spiritual man to free himself from the domination of whatever drags him down, to at once master and yield to the eternal laws which in the last analysis will decide his destiny, to find an answer to the problems and adversities of life and fashion out of that answer something to go with "that part of him which is indestructible" into the unknown—these are things you will not find recorded in *Who's Who*. And yet they are the far more true and important story of some lives than any measurable accomplishment. Not always, for some are born with an inner grace which leaves little to achieve, but for some the way is long and hard, and the price of victory comes high.

Jacob was such a man. Never in all the turns and twists of his devious mind did he escape God—or wish to escape God; he merely underestimated Him until at last he came face to face with Him and saw himself reflected in God's eyes: until at last, fleeing again from the resentment of a man he had tricked, confronted again with a brother whose birthright he had stolen, he was ready to answer without equivocation the implacable question of his long adversary: "What is thy name?"—"My name is Jacob." Jacob: one who supplants another.

My father was such a man. Not that there was any deviousness or guile in my father. Each soul has its own key word. For Jacob—honesty. No blessing for Jacob until he was ready to stand without subterfuge and without evasion before his God, and before himself. Now, Jacob, and only now, is your name no longer Jacob; now, and only now, is your name Israel: the son of a king. For my father, the key word was submission. Not the forced submission of a captive or a slave, but at long last the quiet, touching submission of that arrogant, fighting soul to a mightier Power, not through fear, but through a hard-earned acceptance.

Sometimes, though by no means always, those living in a period of great historical significance realize the situation, and understand its effects upon themselves; but in the case of a child, this is manifestly impossible. E. Chambers Goode touched the fringe of a catastrophic war, and his childhood was spent in that period ironically known as "Reconstruction," when so much was destroyed. Their effects on his life must have been profound, but no more so than on

the lives of his companions, they shared the common lot of their generation, and there was never any time wasted on excuses or self-pity. Perhaps the most serious immediate result to the children of the south, was the effect on their education. Virginians were a cultured people, they valued education, and one of their first objectives, after the war ended, was to make what provision they could for its survival and promotion. General Lee himself refused more advantageous offers to accept the presidency of Washington College (Washington and Lee) because he saw in it an opportunity to serve his state in its dire need of trained youth. But anything like what was adequate or desirable was out of the question, for the time being. In this, as in so much else, the ravaged population simply did the best they could.

Little Ed Goode's education, like that of all other babies, began in the cradle; and a little tintype taken of him at about the age of four, shows that the struggle to conform, or against conforming, had not made a dent in his spirit up to then; a beautiful child, upstanding and alert, beaming happily at a world which he evidently considered all his. But the next step on the road to learning—the first formal, official step—was not far ahead, and this was where his honeymoon with life ended. He learned to read. It must have been a great ordeal to him and to his mother, who was his teacher. He learned from a book deceitfully labelled "Reading Without Tears"—Reading A-thout Tears, he called it, and cried over it every day.

What succeeded this stage I do not know, but there was not only no royal road to learning at that time and place, there was hardly a visible road at all, just a sort of foot-path, wandering erratically toward its goal. I suppose that by today's standards he could not be said to have any formal education whatever, though he was in brief contact, in his teens, with Hampden-Sidney College, and after that was advanced enough, along lines of his own choosing, to enter Trinity College, near Durham—the present Duke University. He was there a whole month, which I would say indicated a great deal of tolerance and forbearance on the part of the faculty. But there was a limit. I am not certain who reached this limit first, he or the faculty, but the result was the same in either case: in the interests of harmony, Freshman Goode and Trinity parted company.

He had discovered some time before this—when he was fifteen, to be exact—that he did not have to obey his mother. They differed about some minor matter, and suddenly he realized that there was no way in which she could compel him to do anything, or to leave

any forbidden thing undone. "I never obeyed her again," he told me simply. I suppose it was virtually impossible for him, at that age, to see his mother for what she was—a still young, loving woman, helpless between the needs of a defiant adolescent and the frail husband who must be protected as far as possible from the problems she tried to solve alone. I do not think he ever saw her so, even in retrospect. They were very close in his earlier years—he told me so; but when, with adolescence, she became to him a restraining force—the thing he would not tolerate—he could see no other picture. There could be no compromise between them, it had to be victory or defeat, or so it seemed to him. He was too young to know how empty is the victory over a man or woman one loves.

He had a great deal of affection and respect for his father, and while Colonel Goode had to be shielded as far as practicable from the day by day worries and conflicts, he was too intelligent a man not to have had some idea of the situation. It is my belief that he refrained deliberately, and not without misgivings, from any course of action which would cause friction between him and his son—not because he was a weakling, but because he realized how very little he, or anyone, could do, and felt it all-important not to alienate him. What propositions he made, or had it in mind to make, after the Trinity *fiasco*, I do not know, but college was out. Edward had had enough college. His father mapped out a course of reading for him, and paid him a nominal sum to spend regular hours every day, for the rest of that scholastic year, studying the books he had selected from what was available. He had a fine mind, and whatever his motive in sticking faithfully to this arrangement, whether affection for his father, or pride in doing thoroughly something he had voluntarily undertaken, he got a great deal out of that course, familiarizing himself with many of the classics, including Shakespeare and some of the great orators, in a way that was to be of lasting benefit to him. Like his mother, he was always quoting unexpectedly and very aptly from his readings, and applied to those about him much that he remembered from books. He was absorbing not only literature, but a good deal of practical psychology as well. He used to accuse me of being like Kipling's *Bander-log*, the monkey people, "Full of great things they were going to do, All complete in a minute or two;" and sometimes, when offering us candy or fruit or anything which involved a choice, he would say earnestly, "Look well, O wolves—look well!" He had a way, too, of casually giving absurd names to this one or that one with whom he came in contact, for no

reason whatever. There was a permanently disheveled colored woman, extremely primitive in appearance, to whom he always alluded as Caddywaldahooey, and the cook's little boy, to whom he was sincerely attached, answered to the name of G. Washington Mooks. Mabel and Gena and I shortened this to Mooks. Once Mabel and Gena decided to make Mooks a new pair of pants, of which he stood in obvious need. They had no pattern, they simply looked at Mooks and used their judgment, which apparently was good, for when his mother sent him to express his gratitude he looked very fine in them—standing up. It was a blow to discover that he could not sit down in them. No allowance had been made for bending.

Trying as were young Edward's explosive reactions to opposition or restraint in any form, his parents were spared some of the anxieties which are a nightmare to many parents. He was never a drinking man, and he was a gambling man for only one night. The stakes were high, and in one all-night session he learned his lesson. Not in the way you think. He won. The loser was a married man with small children, who could not afford the loss. Father realized that it was the woman, with her little family, who would really pay, and one of the hardest things he ever did was to put that money in his pocket. He tried to cancel the debt, but the loser, suddenly noble, proclaimed the very suggestion an insult. He had to be restrained from upholding his honor with his fists, and was hustled out of the door and headed toward his unhappy home by some of the good-time boys before some spark should ignite the winner and the fire get out of control. But the winner was in no inflammable mood that night, he had things to think over. He never gambled again.

I never heard of any emotional involvement serious enough to cause concern to his parents, or to be long remembered. There was a dark, sultry girl named "Jacksie" at Buffalo one summer, who played around with him. She was from another state, and I have no idea that we would ever have heard of her, or that he would ever have thought of her again, if she had not turned up at Buffalo a summer or two after Mother died. We paid little attention to her, and yet I remember her very well: dark and sultry still, a little overweight and a little over-ripe for romance, but willing to work at it.

The summer he was seventeen there was a fleeting boy-and-girl romance with quite a different type of girl named Julia, who was at Buffalo with her widowed mother, Mrs. Thomas Jackson. Very little was made of this association in my time, but from the few

references to it I ever heard, I retain an impression of a purity and gentleness in their friendship that left behind it a sort of lingering fragrance. I suppose that as Stonewall Jackson's daughter she walked in light and was escorted by angels, not to be touched by a too-familiar thought any more than by a too-familiar act. I never heard Father himself mention her, but after his death I found in an old desk belonging to him two little perforated cards on each of which was pencilled in a childish hand, "Julia Jackson."

His education, in one sense of the word, being now finished, Father bought tobacco on the Clarksville market for several seasons. The market coincided with the Buffalo season, and with the two places so near, I suppose it was more a matter of following the course of least resistance than any serious preference. Whether he made any money is not recorded, but certainly it was not enough to finance a family, and when he met Miss Morton, during this Clarksville interlude, and had to give Mr. Morton some assurance that he could take care of her, other plans had to be made. He suffered at that time from a bronchial condition which disturbed his family with the shadow of possible tuberculosis, means of positive diagnosis not being available then as now. It was decided that a life in the open, with unlimited fresh air, would be to his advantage, and the river plantation "Oklahoma" was bought, and there he took his bride. In his father's will, a substantial sum is charged against Edward's interest in the estate, and as he was not an extravagant man, handling his finances conservatively all his life, I assume the larger part of this amount represented the purchase price of the plantation and its equipment.

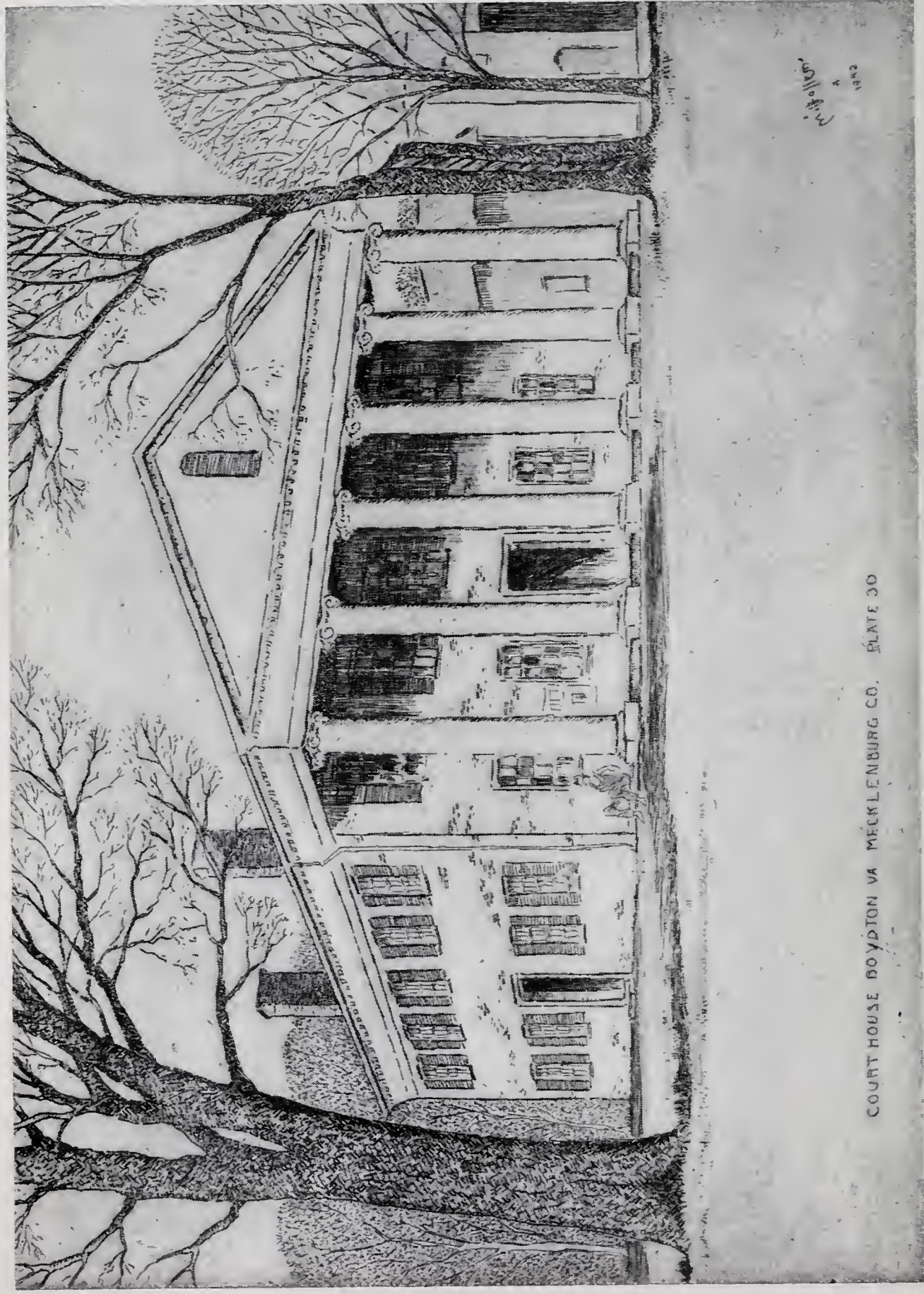
He was not satisfied at the plantation. An active, energetic man who threw himself with his whole heart into whatever he attempted, he farmed furiously, and as far as I know, successfully, but now, with the seed-time of his life behind him, he knew at last what he wanted to do. In the time for studying, he had not wanted to study. In the time for laying a foundation, he had fooled away time on tobacco, about which he cared nothing. In the time for achievement, he was working hard at something which had turned out to be the wrong thing. This is not to impute blame. The young have to experiment, they have only the word of their elders that this or that course will lead to this or that result, and one look at their elders often puts the voice of experience in its place. They must find out for themselves, and if they have to find out the hard way—well, they have to find out the hard way. Now, with a plantation, a wife



EDWARD CHAMBERS GOODE

Age twenty

You see what I mean



MECKLENBURG COUNTY COURT HOUSE

From an Original Etching by Hirst Milbollen

In the Court Room is a photograph of Judge Edward R. Chambers, and oil paintings of Colonel Thomas F. Goode and Edward Chambers Goode, each of whom served as Commonwealth Attorney for Mecklenburg County.

and two children on his hands, Mr. E. C. Goode discovered what he really wanted to do, and he could not put it out of his mind. He tried to put it out of his mind—he told me he did—but it was there to stay. He wanted to practise law.

With his father's guidance, he ran the plantation and read law simultaneously. His education was not so finished as he had thought.

On September 17, 1889, he moved his family to Boydton to the house we children knew as home. (He made a note of the date in his Bible.) The house was deeded to Mother, and I suppose there was some exchange involving the Oklahoma property. Grandmother owned a farm near Boydton, probably in some way connected with her mother's estate, and this, too, became his, and the river plantation became hers. On the 21st of October, 1889, he was admitted to the Mecklenburg Bar, and that same week he tried and won his first case. Put away in the old desk along with the little perforated cards was a letter from his father, dated Buffalo Lithia Springs, October 28th, 1889:

" . . . I was gratified to hear from several competent witnesses that you had made a handsome and successful defense of your negro client and I sincerely trust that you may meet with a full measure of success in your profession—

"You must recollect however that the successful lawyer depends entirely upon his ability to control other people, and he can only control others by learning to control himself—I mention this for the reason that I have known many clever men in the profession make shipwreck of themselves by giving way to passionate opposition of opposing counsel's witnesses who did not testify to suit them and sometimes with their own clients. It is the cool man that always has the advantage.

"I think we will poll a very handsome Democratic vote at this precinct but Mahone has so much money at his command to say nothing of the support of the Federal Administration that I cannot but feel anxiety as to the result— "

With a partner, Charles T. Reekes, Father practised law very successfully for the next six years, when the following brief item appeared in a local paper: "Politics are not much discussed . . . The present Sheriff and Treasurer have no opposition, neither has Mr. Edward Chambers Goode for Commonwealth's Attorney. He is the son of Colonel Thomas F. Goode of Buffalo Lithia Springs, and a young gentleman of high character and excellent attainments. All parties support him." The reason this little paragraph survived is, that Mother cut it out and put it in her Bible.

He served as Mecklenburg's Attorney for the Commonwealth

from 1895 to 1907, when he decided not to become a candidate to succeed himself, in order to devote his time to his private practice. In the Resolutions of Respect drawn after his death by a Committee appointed by the Court, he is described as "an outstanding member of his profession, an advocate of unexcelled ability and force, and while courageous in the discharge of the difficult duties of attorney for the Commonwealth he was kind and considerate of the rights of the accused."

This was true. Even when the penalty was death by hanging, he did not pull his punches when he thought Justice demanded a verdict of guilty; but he did respect the rights of the accused, and once they were convicted and sentenced, he suffered with them as the days passed. I remember that on two different occasions when men he had prosecuted were hung at the jail in Boynton, he got on his horse and went off with his dogs and his gun for an all-day hunt on the day of the execution. It was pathetically transparent. He had to be alone, that day. He had to ride, alone with God and with the man he had sent to his death. He would come back at nightfall, more worn than by an illness, and Mother would have cautioned us in advance not to ask him how many birds he had shot, or where he had been.

Some of the cases he prosecuted attracted wide attention. One of the men who died while Father rode blindly through the open fields, was the first white man ever hung in the United States for the murder of a Negro, and papers as far away as Oregon carried editorials about the trial. Perhaps that death was not in vain. Perhaps it stood as a wall of protection before other potential victims.

On another occasion, members of the state militia were sent out from Richmond to protect a young Negro being tried for the murder of a respected white citizen of the Buffalo neighborhood. I think the murder had followed a disagreement between the two over thirty cents the Negro claimed was owed him by the other. Feeling was very high, particularly among the neighbors of the slain man, and when it became necessary, in the course of the trial, to take the jury and the members of the Court, along with the prisoner, to view the scene of the crime, a very dangerous situation developed.

The party went by train to Buffalo Junction, four miles from the Springs, where it was met by an assortment of vehicles for the next stage of the trip, and by a large crowd of angry and determined

men armed with rifles, pistols, and shot-guns, who demanded the prisoner. Father and Sheriff Walter Beales addressed the crowd, reasoning with them as far as reasoning would go, and appealing to the leaders among them to let the law take its course; and finally, with the prisoner in a wagon surrounded by a detachment of soldiers, and the jury in another wagon, with other court officers in whatever was available, they set out through the woods to the home of the murdered man. The individual members of the mob knew Father well, as he knew them; they revered his father; and on this account, and influenced by the presence of the military and of the Sheriff, a courageous and respected man, they were reluctant to rush the party, and tried reasoning on their own account—their principle argument being that everybody knew the Negro was going to be hung anyway (which he was) and it would be tragic for innocent and valued lives to be sacrificed in his defense. This last, Father admitted, was only too true; but the prisoner, innocent or guilty, was in the custody of the Court, and tragedy or not, innocent and valued lives were going to be sacrificed in his defense if it should be necessary—including, he pointed out grimly, the valued lives of certain leaders of the mob who were pre-picked targets of the military in the event of a show-down.

The two groups made their slow way down the wooded road, the party of the law delayed at intervals by trees felled across their path, the angry mob dissolving and re-forming ahead of them, behind them, and in the woods on each side. In time they came to their destination, and with the soldiers in a ring about them, the scene of the crime was examined, the desired information brought out, and the object of the journey accomplished. It is a dreadful thing to be hung, but perhaps the real punishment of that prisoner took place that afternoon. Hanging is quicker.

All knew that now the real crisis had arrived. Up until then, the trip must be continued, further from the railroad, further from reinforcement, further from the possibility of return. The prisoner was available—more available, not less, as the party advanced. Now the prisoner was headed toward protection, toward safety, if only the protection and safety of a jail. If they did not take him before he reached that jail, they would never take him.

It began to grow darker on the woods road, but not so dark as the tempers of the milling men, still ahead of the out-numbered forces of the law, still behind them, still to the right and to the left

of them. The time when they could be reasoned with had passed. Still, foot by foot, the threatened group advanced, talking their way, holding the attention of the leaders, delaying the inevitable. The wagons crawled in the gathering dusk up to the little depot at the Junction, where the party was to take "the down train" due in about half an hour. A close knot of soldiers, blocked off by others of the group, made a rush for the tiny waiting-room. All but two came out, and the detachment patrolled up and down before the closed door with their muskets at the ready. But nothing had been accomplished. The prisoner must still get from the waiting-room to the train, and all hope that he would be surrendered being now abandoned, there was to be no more debate. This was it.

Far up the track a faint light showed. Far up the track a whistle blew, mournful and nostalgic. The Sheriff's men and the soldiers gathered their forces before the closed door of the waiting-room. The mob spread out along the track, ready wherever the train might stop. It ought to begin slowing for the station now. Tension mounted. Tension rose—soared—burst in stars and rockets. The train which ought to be slowing for the station roared by, whistle shrieking, bell clanging; and safe on it, Commonwealth Attorney Goode with his murderer. Somewhere along the wooded road he had given them the slip and driven eleven miles in an open buggy, alone but for the desperate man on the seat beside him; and while the Sheriff and soldiers guarded an empty room, he had boarded the train at Nelson, far up the line, and arranged for the non-stop run past Buffalo Junction.

Sheriff Walter Beales, Father told Mother that night, was the bravest man he had ever seen, and the coolest, he had rather have him at his back than a regiment. But Sheriff Beales wasn't the only brave man, that day.

That's the way it was, Ed Goode—*my* Ed Goode. The man for whom you were named was a fearless, responsible, forthright man. A little too forthright, we thought him at times. I remember an occasion when a caller with an axe to grind was dwelling on the closeness of the tie between them. "Eddie Goode, you haven't got a better friend than I am," he said ingratiatingly. "I'm the best friend you've got in this world."

"I do not so regard you, sir," replied Father coldly. We could have died. Perhaps something of our mortification showed in our faces, hard as we tried to keep them blank, for after his best friend

had departed, Father condescended to clarify his position. "I make it a rule," he observed, "never to let anyone assume a greater friendship or intimacy with me than actually exists."

You notice I said he was a responsible man, and that brings to my mind a picture of him which I have carried in my mind all these years. After we had moved to Boydton, but while we were still very small, there was a terrific blizzard one winter. The roads were impassible with a coating of ice which was like glass. The temperature hovered around zero. And this kept up. About the third day, I stood at the window and watched Father going down our lane. He had on high rubber boots, and was bundled in his heaviest garments, and he was leading our two horses, hitched to a wagon loaded with cut lengths of stove wood. He slipped and slid, the horses slipped and slid, but they crawled at last up the hill and out of sight. He had remembered a poor family, living in a small, poor home, and he knew their resources would be about exhausted. When he reached that home, the people in it were burning their last poor sticks of furniture to keep from freezing. Having built up the fire and unloaded the wood, Father got hold of his partner and the two of them routed out a merchant who opened his grocery store for them, and carried food to go with the fuel. He must have slept well that night in his own warm bed.

He was devoted to his children, and he was great friends with his sons-in-law, respecting their rights as heads of their own households, and never interfering with any plan or arrangement they might have in mind. Reading an old letter of his written not long after my marriage, I came across this sentence: "I am going to send you the plants very soon, you can make Mac plant them. If he does not know how, you can show him, and if he does not want to, just 'make him chaw fire' until he does." But I knew very well what his opinion would be of a wife who made her husband chaw fire, even in joke. Such was not the kind of wife he admired, or would have tolerated himself. He goes on to say, "I attended the Presbyterian Church last night. The new preacher makes a poor selection of sermons, and at present treats them in a very sophmoric way. He will probably learn as time goes on."

"A whole train of auto trucks passed here this morning. They had on thirty thousand rifles and much ammunition. While they stopped for gasoline, I bought a lot of nice apples and treated the crowd. To my surprise nearly all of the boys came over to shake

hands with me when they were ready to move, and I had short but pleasant chats with some of them. The fact that my boy is wearing khaki makes me feel a tender interest in all who have it on. I never lose a chance of showing some little attention or kindness to a soldier boy, and never do so without hoping that someone, somewhere, will show kindness to him.

"Gordon is much interested in two little French orphans that came to his camp, begging for food. I have written him that if he can send me their names and address (I don't know whether he will be allowed to, or not) I will adopt one of them, and find someone to adopt the other. I would take special interest in providing for a child that he had seen, and knew."

In another letter, dated November 4th, 1924, he says: "Four years ago last night, the first effort to broadcast was made. Now there are about 536 broad-casting stations, and millions of receiving sets. Probably ten million folks, at least, heard the presidential candidates last night. Tonight, I expect a dozen or so friends and acquaintances to hear election returns. I feel that radio has brought me into closer touch with the world and to a better understanding of men. In that respect, I hope I am a broader and more sympathetic man."

Not long before your daddy's death, I asked him, (just like a woman!) if there had been anything in our married life that he could wish, looking back on it, had been different. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "one thing." My heart tightened in a knot. Whatever the one thing was, I didn't want to know it, I didn't want to hear about it. "I wish," said your daddy, "that I had lived near enough to your Father to see more of him."

In 1923—the year you were born—Father decided to run again for Commonwealth Attorney, and was elected without opposition, remaining in office until 1932, when he declined to be a candidate again, on account of his health.

He was blind the last eighteen months of his life. Blind Samson. But he wasn't going to pull down the pillars of any temple. He was heroic, those last months. He asked no pity, and voiced no complaint. He made his own arrangements, and carried them out; he was very proud of the little expedients he devised for getting about the house and lot without assistance, the little devices that reduced us to silent tears, but we were proud, too. He was keenly interested, as always, in people and events; warmly appreciative of any kindness

shown him; full of tolerance and understanding for men he would have blasted to the earth twenty years before. He cried when his dog died, but he did not even mention its death in the letters he dictated to his children, knowing it would distress them. He would not let his children visit him oftener, or stay longer, than usual—when the time came for them to leave, he would say, “You have responsibilities of your own to meet. I am glad that my children have their own places to fill, where they are needed.”

One summer afternoon, talking to a caller in his home, he sat down on the stair-steps in the hall, remarking that he felt a little dizzy. He put aside even the suggestion that it might be of any consequence; but said it was a source of satisfaction to him that his affairs were all in order, and that whatever came, he was ready to meet it. By the next morning, he was unconscious, and he died a week later.

It seems to me that I said aloud as I turned to leave the room—but to this day I do not know whether I really said it aloud, or only thought I did—“And all the trumpets blew for joy that Christian had passed safely over the river.”

We were going through town, on our way back from his funeral, when the Court House bell, to which he had responded so many times, rang once for the resumption of Court.

Life went on.

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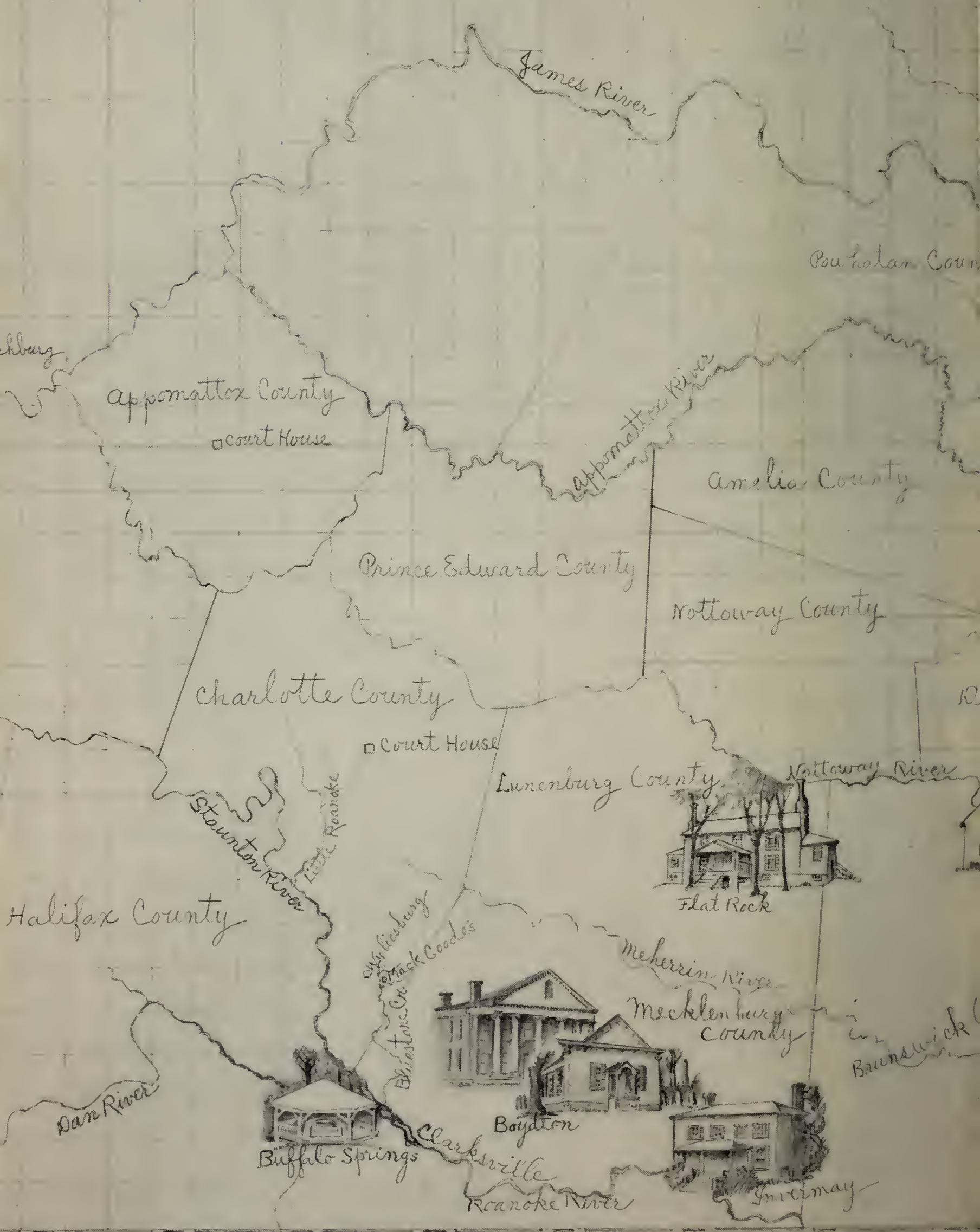
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